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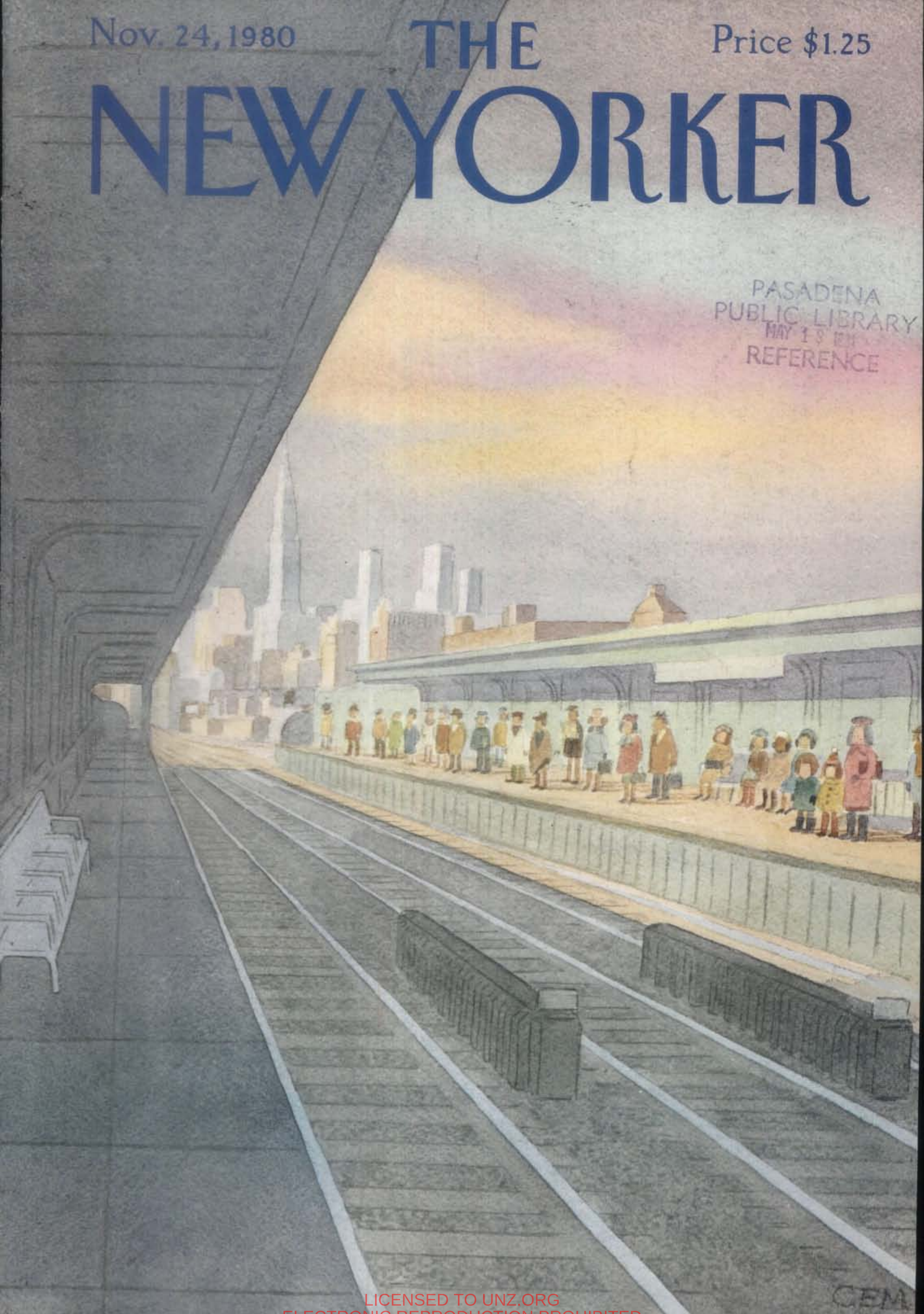

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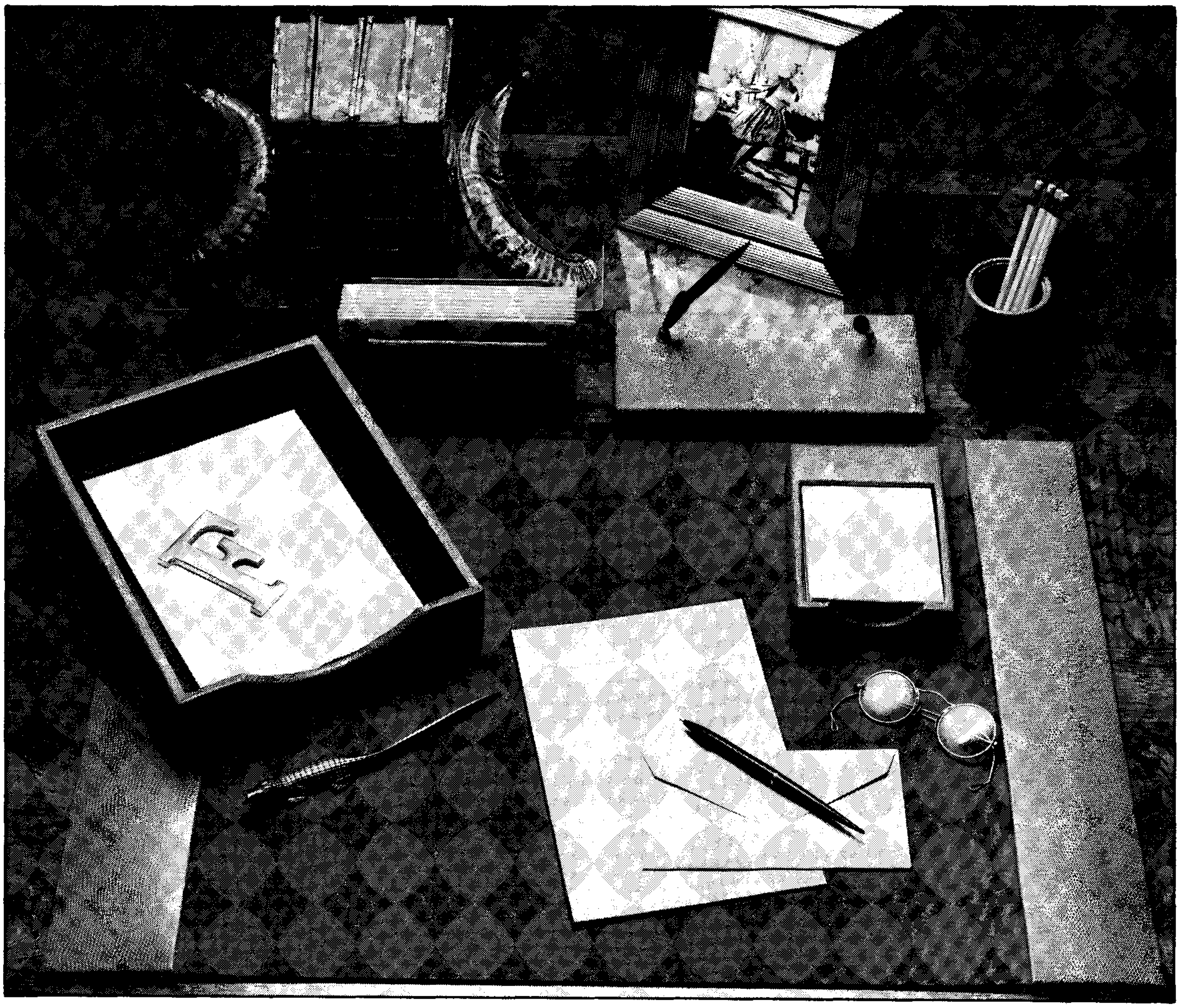

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The American Clock—A play by Arthur Miller. It was inspired by Studs Terkel's book "Hard Times," and will have in its cast Joan Copeland, John Randolph, and William Atherton. Directed by Vivian Matalon. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 20. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5438. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

The Bacchae—Michael Cacoyannis has translated and directed a version of the ancient tragedy by Euripides that comes to life only when Irene Papas dominates the stage, and that is for only a few minutes late in the show. Philip Bosco is her co-star. (10/13/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Banjo Dancing; or, the 48th Annual Squitters Mountain Song Dance Folklore Convention and Banjo Contest and How I Lost—What could make for a thinner evening in the theatre than a young Chicagoan pretending to be Hal Holbrook pretending to be Mark Twain as he strums hard at the banjo and tells stories? The Chicagoan's name is Stephen Wade. (11/3/80) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Between Two Worlds—A musical adaptation of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," with an English narration. (Frank Theatre, 30 W. 68th St. 362-0707. Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Brigadoon—The Lerner-Loewe musical is getting on in years, but then so is eighteenth-century Scotland, where the scene is laid. A flawless score, admirably sung, and the de Mille dance numbers are executed with zest and accuracy, Miss de Mille having been on hand to oversee them. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Penelope Allen, Frank Bara, John Heard, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and Robert Steinberg as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., **the diviners.** Set in a farm community in Indiana during the Depression, it is about the friendship between a thirteen-year-old idiot boy who dowses for water and a young ex-preacher. The action is a matter of small scenes, all of them well done and to the point. The dramatist is twenty-three. (10/27/80) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 19-20, at 8.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sun-

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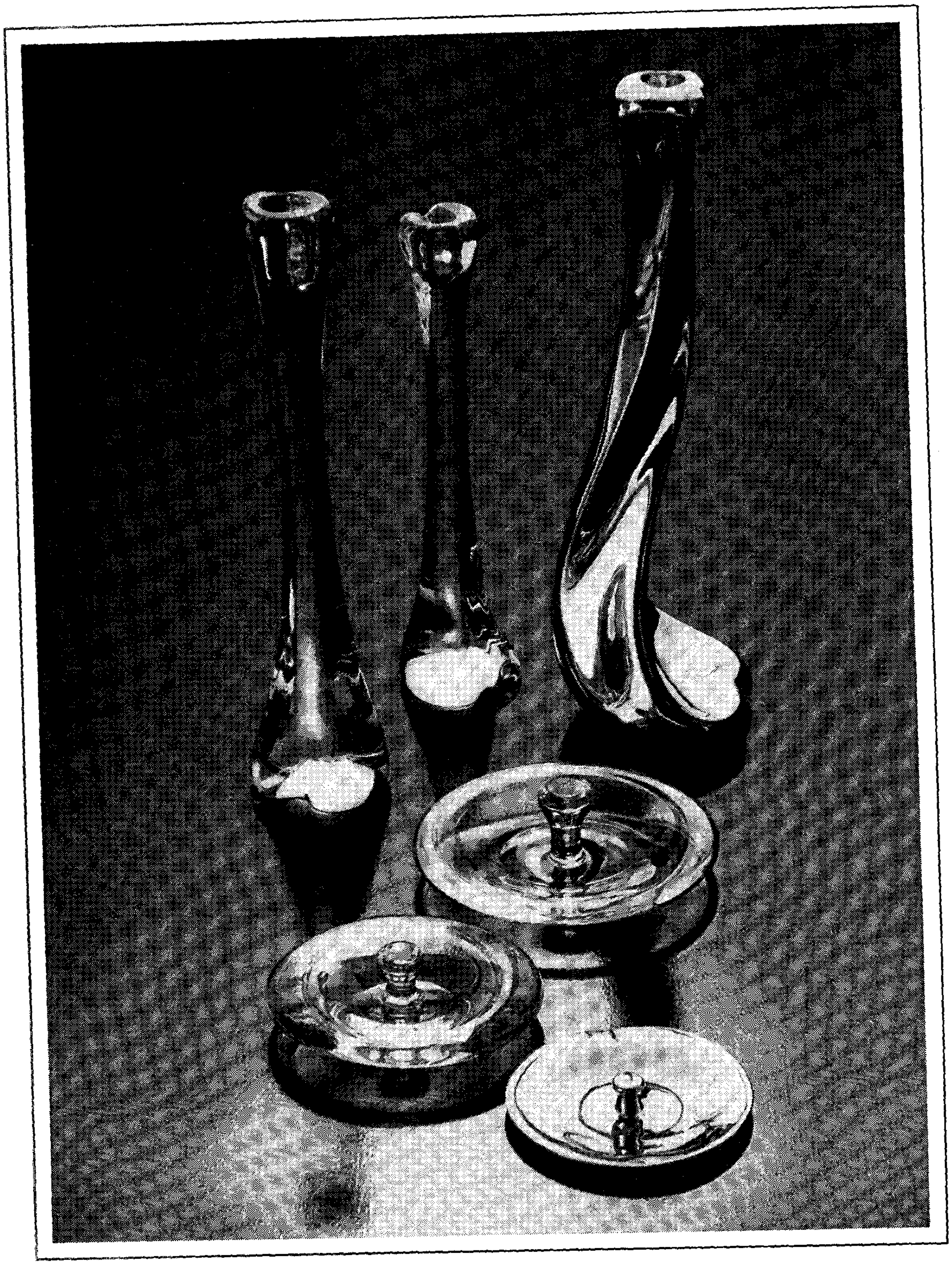

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Sondheim-Gelbart-Shevelove musical **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23. (For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. *Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams,* well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by *Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose.* (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Dick Latessa, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

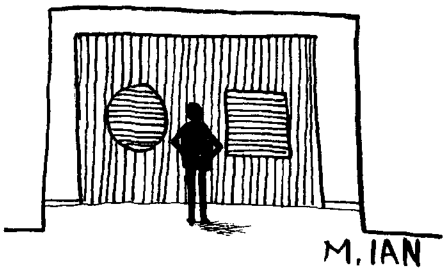
Judgement—Philip Anglim in a one-character play by Barry Collins. Staged by Ellen Burstyn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 7, and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 20-23, at 8.)

A Lesson from Aloes—A play by Athol Fugard (who also directed), with James Earl Jones, Maria Tucci, and Harris Yulin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

A Life—Hugh Leonard is so eloquent a playwright that he is able single-handed to sustain the Irish reputation for having a way with words. The hero of this sad comedy is a "dry old stick" of a man, bitterly humorous even in the face of death. The excellent cast is headed by Roy Dotrice. (11/10/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Sigmund Romberg's **The Desert Song** will play through Sunday, Nov. 23. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 4. . . . ¶ Victor Herbert's **Babes in Toyland** will follow, opening Wednesday, Nov. 26, and running through Sunday, Jan. 4. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)



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Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

One Tiger to a Hill—A play by Sharon Pollock. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

The Philadelphia Story—A delightful new production of Philip Barry's masterly examination—at once admiring and mocking—of life on the Main Line. Blythe Danner is the irresistible Tracy Lord. The gorgeous set (itself *worth the price of admission) is by John* Conklin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Moves on Wednesday, Nov. 26, to the American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St., 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

The Seagull—Even Rosemary Harris's fine *Mme. Arkadina cannot save this shallow,* scattered production, under Andrei Serban's direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Slab Boys—A play set in a Glasgow carpet factory during the teddy-boy era, by Scottish playwright John Byrne. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 19, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 21. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 West 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Something Lost—A play by Anthony Wisdom. Opens Thursday, Nov. 20, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

The Suicide—A comedy written in Russia in the nineteen-thirties but never performed there. It is the story of a nebbish who makes good by announcing that he is about to commit suicide. Derek Jacobi is superb in the leading role, but the play lacks invention and has been preposterously overproduced. (10/20/80) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28.)

Tintypes—Five young people, all exceptionally talented, singing and dancing and making delightful fun of our turn-of-the-century forebears. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Vikings—The Vikings are a middle-aged widower, his son and partner, and his old father, all of Danish stock. Steve Metcalfe's play is on the right track every step of the way, but, unfortunately, it seldom takes off. It is well acted by Tom Atkins, Boyd Gaines, and William Swetland, and by Sheila Allen, who provides some romantic interest; and it is very well directed by Lynn Meadow. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**Ain't Misbehavin'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written *by others which Waller recorded and helped* to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **Annie**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Alice Ghostley playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**: A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **A Chorus Line**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **Dancin'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Deathtrap**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Robert Reed, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.) . . . **The Elephant Man**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 2 and Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,552 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3 and Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Friday, Nov. 28, at 10:30.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's Christmas show will incorporate a hundred performers, a spectacle called the "Living Nativity," the singing of Chanukkah songs—and, of course, the Rockettes. Opens Friday evening, Nov. 21, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursdays through Saturdays at 2:30 and 7:30, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30. Extra performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 11 A.M.)

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DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Orpheus," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 23, at 1: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 23, at 7, and Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Orpheus," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

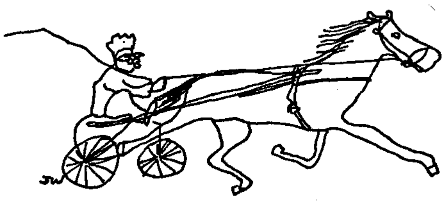
Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Parade," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Relache." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Celebration," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Postcards." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Night," and "Relache." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Fanfarita," "Celebration," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2: "Helena," "Epode," "Random Dances," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 23, at 7:30: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Relache." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Nureyev and the Boston Ballet—In a full-length production of "La Sylphide," with Ghislaine Thesmar. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Final performances Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 19-21, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Royal Winnipeg Ballet—Appearing for two performances. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Song Without Words," "Adagietto," "Family Scenes," and "5 Tangos." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Pulcinella Variations," "Belong," "Napoli," "A Dance for You," and "Four Last Songs." (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833.)

Contemporary Ballet Company—A six-day engagement by a new New York company—Tuesday, Nov. 25; Thursday, Nov. 27; and Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Night and Day," "Juice," "Yerma," "Work #6," and "Casella 1, 3, 4." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 28, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: "Suite for Annelle," "Time Cycle," "Sequenza" (with guest singer Francesca Howe), and "Closing." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "Night and Day," "Closing," "Work #6," "Casella 1, 3, 4," and "Juice." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Jamaica National Dance Theatre Company—In a three-day engagement, presenting a program that will include "Caribbean Suite" and "Two Drums for Babylon." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2.)



Irene Feigenheimer and Company—In a program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Nov. 20, Saturday, Nov. 22, and Sunday, Nov. 23, all at 8.)

Harry Streep's Third Dance Theatre—In a program including two new works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday, Nov. 28, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—This new club, named for the great Creole soprano saxophonist, is encrusted with mirrors—they form the wainscotting on the side dining-room walls, and there are mirrored panels in back of the bandstand at the far end of the room. Trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** works with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Sunday, Nov. 23. Tuesday, Nov. 25, will be somewhat special, because that's when guitarist **TAL FARLOW** will begin an extremely rare night-club engagement. He'll be playing with a trio for six nights. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred seats—rock palace. The varied line-up: Wednesday, Nov. 19, Texas folkie Delbert McClinton and New England folkie Kate Taylor; Thursday, Nov. 20, rock singer Jimmie Mack; Friday, Nov. 21, female impersonator Craig Russell; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 22-23, saxophonist **STAN GETZ** and his quartet, along with percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and *his* group; Monday, Nov. 24, folkie Jonathan Edwards; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 25-26, Al Stewart, a folk-rocking Scot; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 27-29, blues-rock guitarist Roy Buchanan. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER,** through Saturday, Nov. 22, and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **EDDIE GOMEZ,** beginning Monday, Nov. 24. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** holds court with his trusty sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBERT SCOTT**—at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams,

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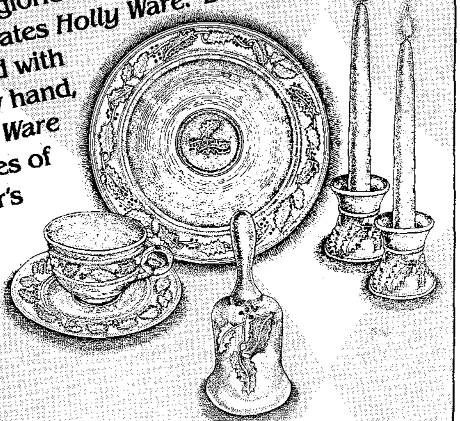

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Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—With its exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and general ramshackle feel, this downtown rock-and-roll club looks like exactly what it is: the ultimate garage—i.e., the place to which garage bands everywhere aspire. The musicians: Urban Blight, the Lords, and Stickmen on Wednesday, Nov. 19; X-Davis, China Davis, and the Bedsheets on Thursday, Nov. 20; **NONA HENDRYX** & Zero Cool and the Sirens on Friday, Nov. 21; and Sharks, Tiger Beats, and Drew MacKay on Saturday, Nov. 22. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is once again in action conserving American popular music, along with bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings "Down-hearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976, and other tunes. Her shows begin at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sundays, a swing-and-bebop quintet functions from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and positively first-rate jazz. Tenor saxophonist, keyboardist, and singer **EDDIE HARRIS** leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 23; on Tuesday, Nov. 25, pianist **MC COY TYNER,** intense and vertiginous, will arrive with his sextet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square bi-level room that has brought in no less than **SARAH VAUGHAN,** who will be singing through Sunday, Nov. 23, to the accompaniment of her backing crew and of many oohs, ahs, and assorted other sighs from her audiences. On Tuesday, Nov. 25, **BILLY ECKSTINE** will take over. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last year—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Marion Cowings sings with his backup trio through Thursday, Nov. 20, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 21-23, will belong to alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE.** On Monday, Nov. 24, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** performs with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and the guest player of the week, trombonist **STEVE TURRE.** Live pop, pop-jazz, and jazz music nightly after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** an obvious Wynton Kelly admirer, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall perform for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of David Bowie. The live-entertainment schedule: Thursday, Nov. 20, Windows, Colors, and Ex-Husbands; Friday, Nov. 21, Young Marble Giants and Tymon Dog; Saturday, Nov. 22, Young Marble Giants and Y Pants. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sunday and Monday, Nov. 23-24.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, the guest musicians will be multinational, multi-instrumentalist **DAVID AMRAM** and his quintet, which will feature alto saxophonist **JERRY DODGION** and percussionist **RAY MANTILLA,** on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22; and trombonist **STEVE TURRE'S** quintet on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29. On Sundays, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** directs a ten-piece loose and limber rehearsal-style Brazilian jazz band. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** co-pilot a combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **RON CARTER,** who, thank heavens, is back in the accompanying business—Carter can seem downright magical when he's working just with a pianist or guitarist—collaborate through Saturday, Nov. 22. On Tuesday, Nov. 25, pianist and City College prof **JOHN LEWIS** will take over with **MARC JOHNSON,** a fine young bass player. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** play on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than Dallas. The musical standouts: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 19-20, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT;** Sunday, Nov. 23, New Orleans swamp-rock pianist **DR. JOHN;** Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 24-25, blues singer and guitarist **ALBERT KING;** and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27, **JUNIOR WALKER,** a melodious honky-tonk sax player and singer. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. **HELEN O'CONNELL** sings, among other tunes, "Tangerine," "Green Eyes," and "Amapola" through Saturday, Nov. 22. On Monday, Nov. 24, **BILLY DANIELS** will come in to sing, among other tunes, "That Old Black Magic." Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 19, Sorcerers and Dutch Treat; Thursday, Nov. 20, Circus Mort, Strain, and Pleazers; Friday, Nov. 21, the Fast and Minors Aloud; Saturday, Nov. 22, Nitecaps and Sirius; Sunday, Nov. 23, Wayne Kramer and Jaguars; Monday, Nov. 24, Johnny Thunders Revue and Mental Notes; and Tuesday, Nov. 25, Alcoholics Anonymous and Goen Brothers. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (composer Arthur's), has settled in at this Anglophile restaurant. He performs Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesdays through Saturdays, trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** guides his African-funk band and plays for their guest singer, **MIRIAM MAKEBA.** Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday, Nov. 19, Junk Rock; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, Grateful Dead lyricist and singer Robert Hunter; Tuesday, Nov. 25, Splat; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 27-29, **DAVE VAN RONK,** the great gravelly-voiced folksinger. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—An upstairs jazz room and bar. Wednesday, Nov. 19, bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** vibraharpist **DAVE FRIEDMAN,** and drummer **BOB MOSES** join forces; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 20-22, pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** will lead his quartet; Sunday, Nov. 23, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will perform with **EDDIE GOMEZ;** Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 24-26, will be devoted to **JOE LEE WILSON,** a thrilling, risk-taking jazz singer; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 27-29, **TED CURSON,** the vibrant hard-bop trumpet soloist, will guide his group. Music from about ten. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a

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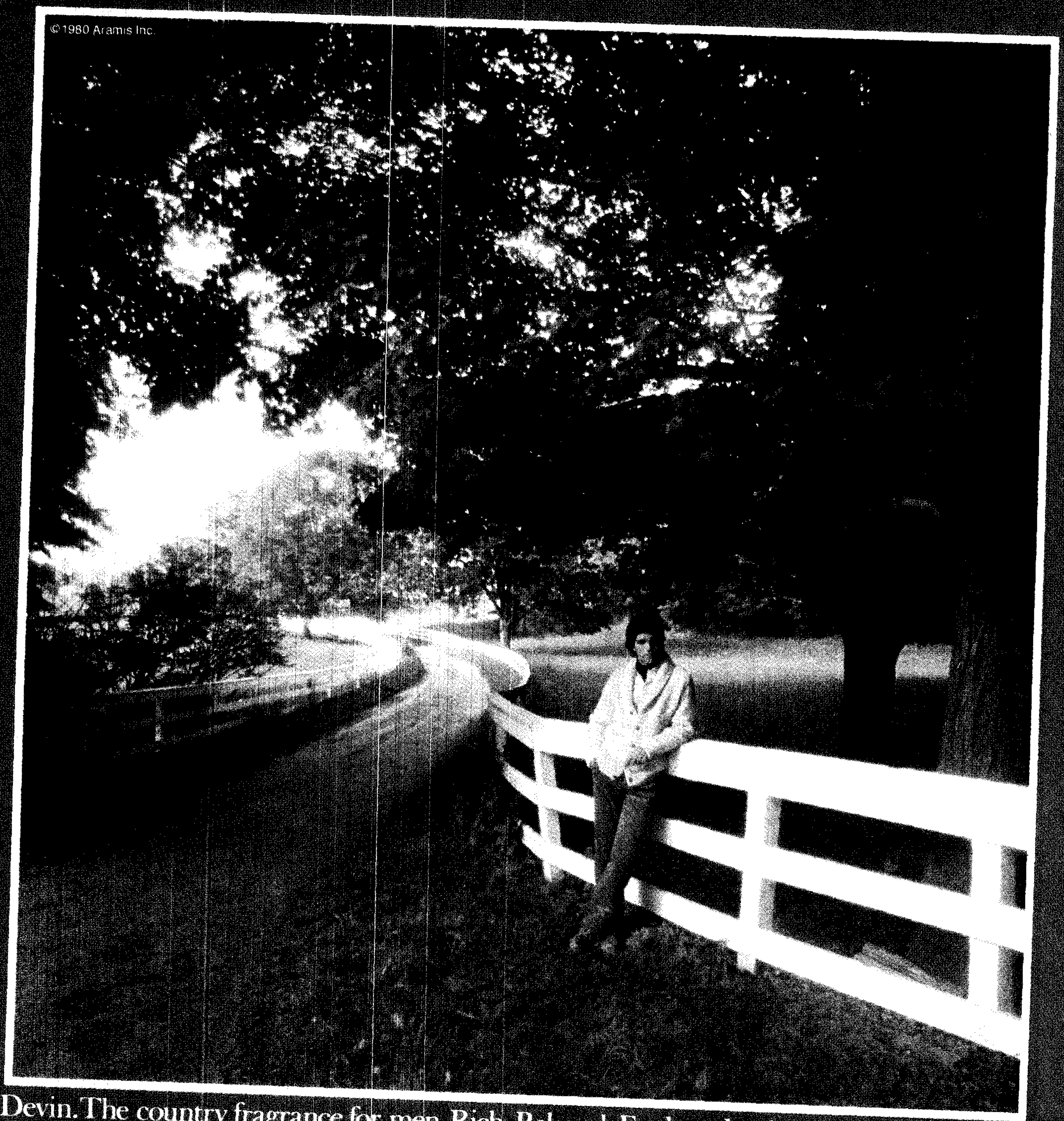

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sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his band play bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. If you've never before heard "Oh, What a Thrill," "When Will I Be Loved?," or "Girls Talk," then you might be perfectly satisfied with the cover versions that **ROCKPILE**—a group that has been making a fair-sized splash lately—does of these tunes, which were written and recorded by, respectively, Chuck Berry, the Everly Brothers, and Elvis Costello. Rockpile is an English quartet made up of **DAVE EDMUNDS,** a guitarist, vocalist, and record producer (he's produced records by Foghat, among other groups); **NICK LOWE,** a bassist, vocalist, and record producer (he produces Elvis Costello & the Attractions and Rockpile); **BILLY BREMNER,** a guitarist and vocalist; and **TERRY WILLIAMS,** a drummer. The group has two things going for it: Dave Edmunds' distinctively reedy, loping vocals and Nick Lowe's taste in early rock. Rockpile's playing is a bit better than serviceable but not much; it's not special. The players don't swing as hard as, say, Elvis Costello's vivacious quartet, and, unlike Elvis's, their arrangements and new tunes really don't take the R. & B., rockabilly, and other traditional forms of rock and roll they paddle around in noticeably further. Rockpile will be at the Ritz on Monday, Nov. 24, and again on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27 The rest of the lineup includes a whole bunch of Brit rock bands and **JERRY LEE LEWIS,** the forty-five-year-old singer and piano pounder, who, whether he's singing country or rock and roll, is hardly ever not wonderful. Mr. Lewis performs on Thursday, Nov. 20. On Wednesday, Nov. 19, it's the Gang of Four; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, Average White Band; and on Sunday, Nov. 23, the Buzzcocks. Music after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, an uninspired tribute to Gershwin is under way, with Annie Jo Edwards, Christine Andreas, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett comprising the singing and hoofing cast. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Convenient to SoHo (South of Houston), NoHo (North of Houston), Tribeca (Triangle Below-Canal), and Benthwesh (Beneath the West Side Highway). The club is actually worth a trip from any part of the city. **RANDY WESTON,** a very fine pianist who doesn't play New York all that often, will be performing through Saturday, Nov. 22. Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Pianist and composer **CEDAR WALTON** teams up with saxophonist **BOB BERG,** bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 20-23. Music from ten to two nightly. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A room where one can just wander in, take a seat, and listen to pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, Nov. 22, and to pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and his bassist, **SAM JONES,** beginning Tuesday, Nov. 25. Music from nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON,** who plays some of the loveliest, most fulfilling blues around, leads his group through Saturday, Nov. 22; **CHRIS CONNOR** will sing with her accompanists on Sunday, Nov. 23; and tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will play hard bop from Tuesday, Nov. 25. Shows from about ten. Dining.

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Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Pianist **ALBERT DAILEY,** drummer **FREDDIE WAITS,** and saxophonist **GARY BARTZ,** who all just finished three weeks performing in the New Federal Theatre production of "The Connection," are making cameo appearances here through Friday, Nov. 21. They begin about nine-thirty. Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass); they start at eight.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup. Friday, Nov. 21, soul singers **SAM & DAVE;** Wednesday, Nov. 26, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **LUTHER ALLISON;** and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, soul singer **SOLOMON BURKE.** Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, Nov. 19, Yorkville Saints; Thursday, Nov. 20, Amy Kanter and Hardbeats; Friday, Nov. 21, Elliott Murphy; and Saturday, Nov. 22, Jim Carroll and Romeos. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Fridays from ten, **THE WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA** plays dance music from the thirties and forties. And, fortunately, the management has installed a dance floor in the barnlike downstairs room where the band works. Mondays are given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. **ELVIN JONES** plays drums and leads his latest quartet through Sunday, Nov. 23; and on Tuesday, Nov. 25, alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** will bring in his quintet, Alto Madness. The **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Harris Simon Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 19-22, **AL CASEY,** a pioneer of a rhythm-jazz guitarist—he recorded many years ago with the likes of James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and Teddy Wilson—leads his quartet; on Sunday, Nov. 23, **JAZZ À CORDES,** a convincing hot-jazz quintet, will be present; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 24-25, have been set aside for pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.;** and on Wednesday, Nov. 26, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will take charge. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Kansas—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 20-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Vic Damone—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.

Teddy Pendergrass and **Stephanie Mills**—With Ecstasy. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Ray Charles—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.

Roy Orbison—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 242-1664.

Bennie Wallace Quartet and **Giorgio Gaslini**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Nov. 21, at 10:30.

Pat Benatar—With Gamma. (Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Jimmy Cliff—With Kid Creole and the Coconuts. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Bluegrass Festival—Doyle Lawson & Quicksilver and the Yankee Rebels. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

Claude Lawrence, Sirone, and Dennis Charles—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Dewey Redman Quartet and **Giorgio Gaslini**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 10:30.

Benny Goodman Sextet—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8.

Ephat Mujuru & Paul Berliner—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8.

Al Jarreau—With David Sanborn. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 25-26, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, all at 8.)

Boz Scaggs—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.

Mitchell-Ruff Duo—With Dizzy Gillespie. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Pete Seeger—With the Weavers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8.)

Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.

Captain Beefheart & the Magic Band—With James (Blood) Ulmer. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.

Oliver Lake Quintet—Public Theatre. Friday, Nov. 28, at 10:30, with Walt Dickerson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 10:30, with Antonello Salis.

Roy Ayers—With Mtume. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

William Hooker—Alternative Museum. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.

Jazz Gallery—Saturday, Nov. 22, at 9 and 11: Abdullah. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: Michele Rosewoman quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 10: Byard Lancaster Unit, with Nikki Coleman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: Marilyn Crispell quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 10: Jay Clayton quintet. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or

11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Paintings and steel sculptures on Hopi Indian themes by a German artist who collects the religious dolls, called kachinas, the Hopi are famous for. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Dina Gustin Baker—Abstract oils. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Wolfgang Behl—Fanciful figurative sculptures in wood and bronze. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Collages. Through Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

François Boucher (1703-70)—A benefit loan show of more than sixty paintings, drawings, and tapestries by an artist said to have set the fashion in interior decoration in eighteenth-century France, and who when reproached by contemporaries for not working from nature responded that nature was "too green and badly lit." Through Dec. 19. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alexander Brook (1898-1980)—A retrospective of paintings by an artist best known for his portraiture—of Raphael Soyer, Peggy Bacon, and others in this show. Through Dec. 6. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Bernard Cathelin—Semi-abstract paintings of figures in landscapes and of still-lifes. Through Dec. 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jo Davidson (1883-1952)—Portrait sculptures of important figures of the artist's day—George Bernard Shaw, Albert Einstein, Gertrude Stein, and Mussolini. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

José de Rivera—Abstract sculptures in stainless steel and bronze. Through Dec. 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—New paintings in the Ocean Park series, these numbering 117 to 125. Through Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

William Dole—Orderly collage paintings accented with words (often in a language other *than English). Through Saturday, Nov. 29.* (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Mary Faulconer—Small, meticulously executed egg-tempera paintings of such diverse subjects as the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, Moran tugboats, and Luciano Pavarotti. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gertrude Fiske (1878-1961)—Impressionist figure studies and landscapes painted during the first two decades of the century by this Boston artist. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Panels with the imprints of sponges and of bodies, paper scored with raindrops, actual sponges on sticks—all in blue. Through Dec. 3. (Arman, 817 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

John Koch (1909-78)—A retrospective of the realist works of a painter whose interior settings were often his own Central Park West apartment. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lois Lane—A maternity dress, a harlequin, and a hummingbird (a recurring figure in the artist's works) are reduced to barely recognizable abstractions in these large new paintings, done mostly in dark gray and an almost black indigo. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

William C. Maxwell—The Weiner gallery is showing paintings, drawings, and prints by this artist in two locations: at 21 E. 73rd St. and 112 Greene St. (the Greene St. hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, 1 to 5). Both shows through Saturday, Nov. 22.

Robert Natkin—Large paintings by an artist who saturates various fabrics with acrylics and presses them against a canvas, so that they leave a pattern when they are removed. A different pressing for each color, of course,

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and a final touching up with a brush. Through Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alice Neel / John White Alexander (1856-1915)—Recent paintings by this artist who, at the age of eighty, shows no signs of mellowing in her honest appraisals of her fellow-citizens. / Portraits of Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, and the actor Joseph Jefferson are among the selected works by this painter, whose specialty was idealized, Whistlerian figures. Through Dec. 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29).

Antoine Poncet—New sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

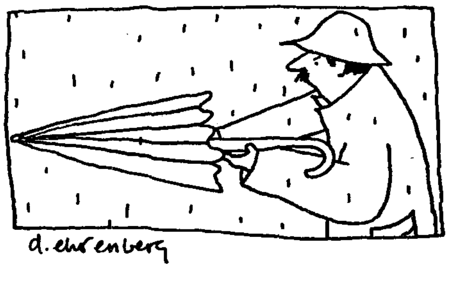
George Rickey—Twenty-one pieces dating from the fifties to the present by an innovator of kinetic sculpture. Through Dec. 13. (David-son, 43 E. 78th St.)

Ann Sperry—"Wall Flowers," a series of welded-steel sculptures daubed with paint. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils and works on paper. Through Dec. 6. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945)—Paintings of the Wild West by this master of the hell-for-leather genre—bronco-busting, Indians on the warpath, saloon gunfights, snarling grizzlies. Through Friday, Nov. 28. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **didier aaron,** 32 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth-century equestrian paintings ("A Lady Riding Side-Saddle on a White Hunter," "The Racehorse and His Lad," "Racing at Chantilly," and others) by British and French artists. Through Dec. 6. (Open Mondays; closed Friday, Nov. 28.) . . . **art latitude,** 29 E. 73rd St.: Richard Artschwager, Sylvia Mangold, and Joel Shapiro are among the fifteen artists represented in a show of paintings called "The Image Transformed." Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **davis & long,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Seventy-five watercolors by English painters, dating from the eighteenth century on and including works by Edward Lear, Gwen John, and Wyndham Lewis. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings of figures in groups by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Robert Henri, Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, David Levine, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: Eleven artists showing a single new work each; an oil on canvas by de Kooning and a Formica sculpture by Heizer are two. Through Dec. 31. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Another theme show, this one dealing with buildings as subjects of early twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Arthur G. Dove's "Slaughterhouse," Elsie Driggs' "St. Bartholomew's," Max Weber's "New York," and seven works apiece by Sheeler and Demuth are included. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **hutton,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists, *among them Alexej Jawlensky, Gabriele* Münter, and August Macke. Through Jan. 31. *(Open Mondays.)* . . . **mathes,** 19 E. 71st St. "American Flower Painting 1850-1950," a survey that includes works by Demuth O'Keeffe, and Glackens. Through Dec. 6. . . **nardin,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Several generations o social-protest works of art make up this exhibition, called "Apokalypsis." Among th protesters are Jack Levine, Leonard Baskin Robert Gwathmey, Rosemarie Castoro Anthony Toney, and many others. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are to 6.) . . . **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77t St.: Drawings and watercolors by Germa Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde and Schiele. Through Saturday, Nov. 29 (Opens at noon.)



GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Fernando Botero—Paintings done over the pas two years by this Colombian-born artist; included are a sort of recycling of Mantegna' portrait of the Marchesa Gonzaga and he court, and a small series in which a deadpa junta dignitary is roused from his bed by soldiers and put, still deadpan, before a firin squad. Through Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W 57th St. Open Mondays.)

***Patrick Henry Bruce** (1881-1936)—Still-life* and landscapes done between 1910-12 whic reflect the tutelage of his friend Matisse bu give little hint of the lyrical Synchromist abstractions that he was to be doing a few year later. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 42 E 57th St.)

Diane Burko—Colored-pencil drawings of th Southwest. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi—Representational landscape Through Dec. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Coignard—Semi-abstract works (scarre and slashed canvases) by a French artis Through Dec. 6. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Diamond—Small-scale city views, som reduced almost to abstraction. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Two exhibits of New Yor and Maine landscapes by an artist whose vision covers a sweep of about a hundred an eighty degrees. The polished oils are a Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. (through Saturda Nov. 29), and the working drawings, i pencil, are at Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th S (through Saturday, Nov. 22).

Walter Dusenbery—Monumental sculptures i lavender marble and red and yellow travertine. Through Dec. 13. (Hamilton, 20 W 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—Clean-cut paintings of th Maine scene—mushroom anchors on th beach, tall pines across the cove—and also the Caribbean seaside by a veteran realis Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Midtown, 11 E 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Studio still-lifes and Greenwich Village and Long Island landscapes, b this well-known realist. Through Dec. 1 (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Severely formal abstract work in which rectangular areas of color a worked over, and transformed, by shadin done with a hard pencil. Through Saturda Nov. 22. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey—Recent paintings of h familiar Southern subjects. Through Frida Nov. 21. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Abstract designs painted i acrylic on linen canvas and on handmac paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pear 29 W. 57th St.)

***Frederick Kiesler** (1890-1965)—Drawings f* theatre projects and an aluminum model the never-realized but architecturally influential proposal called the Universal Theatre. Through Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57t St.)

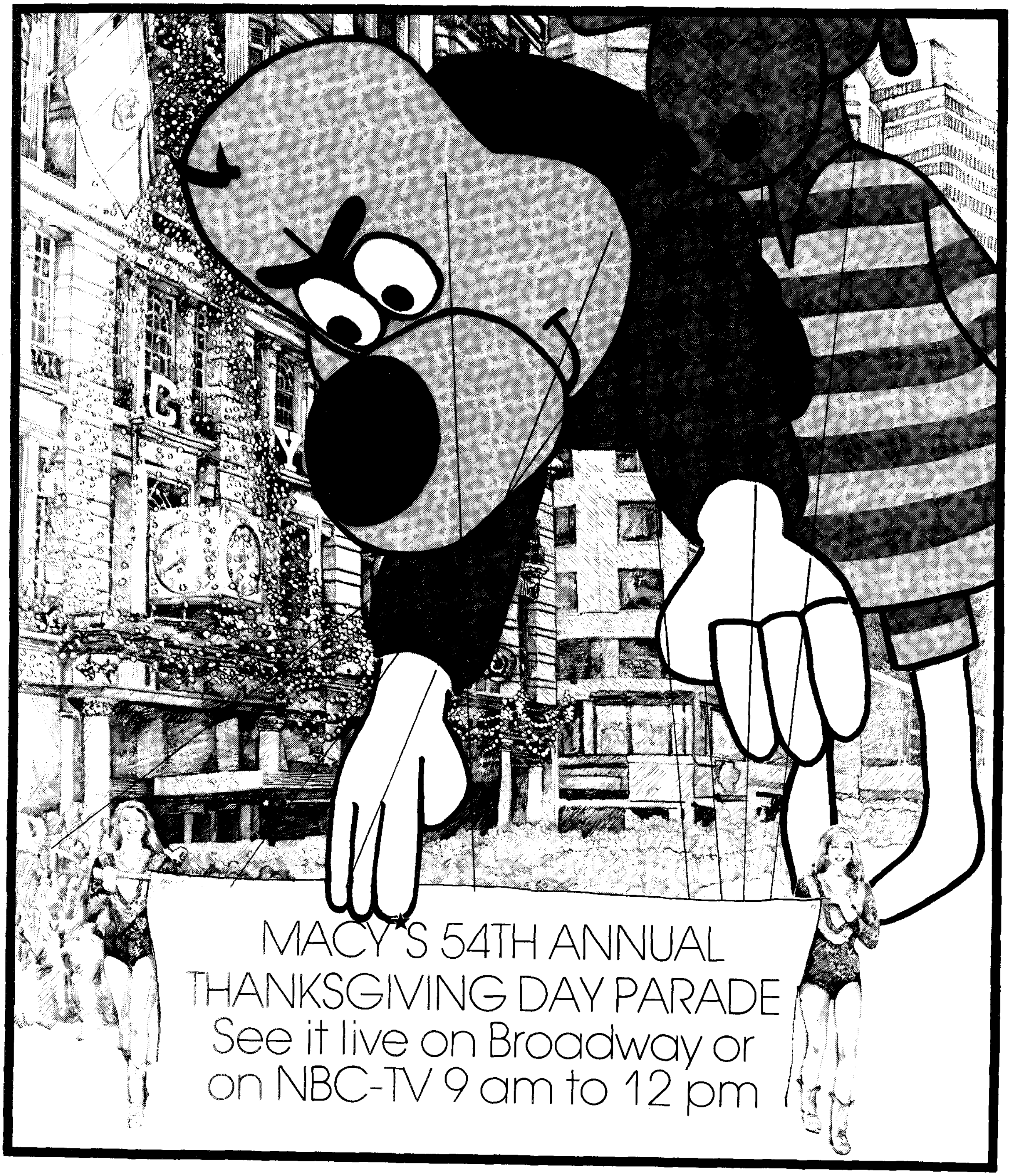
Gustav Klimt (1862-1918) **and Egon Schie** (1890-1918)—Paintings and drawings by th Austrian Expressionists, including Schiele famous portrait of his father-in-law an Klimt's two portraits of Mäda Primaves Nearly all the works were handled by th dealer Otto Kallir, in whose memory the loa exhibit was organized. Through Dec. 2 (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—Three huge figure paintings and sixteen-foot-long landscape of the Green Rive

here comes the parade

Macy★s holiday treat for children of all ages.

Don't miss a moment of it! The balloons! The floats! The clowns! The celebrities! And, of course, the arrival of Santa himself, marking the official start of the Christmas season in New York. It all starts at 9 am sharp at Central Park West and 77th Street and marches down Broadway (and into the hearts of millions) to Macy's Herald Square at 34th Street. Come share it with us.


MACY★S 54TH ANNUAL
THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE
See it live on Broadway or
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cemetery near East Hampton. The latter concludes the artist's Killing Cycle series, related to the death of the poet Frank O'Hara, who is buried in the cemetery, along with Jackson Pollock, Stuart Davis, and a number of other art-world figures. Also preparatory drawings. Through Dec. 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Agnes Martin / Jean Dubuffet—New grid paintings. Through Dec. 13. / New, and somehow more innocent, examples of this artist's "brutal" art, in which he meets head-on the problems of depicting modern life, and does it in the way that a child draws a taxicab or an airplane or a hospital. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sandro Martini—A gala environment in which layers of bright-dyed canvas are hung diagonally from the ceiling, like sails. Working drawings for the layout, plus small abstract watercolors, are also on view. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Rosemary Mayer—Sculptures from the seventies. Through Dec. 23. (Women's Interart Center, 549 W. 52nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Henry Moore—Recent small sculptures and a number of colored lithographs, many of them on view in New York for the first time. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan / August Sander (1876-1964)—Odd corners of this English artist's studio are depicted in a lean, precise style on oval, round, and rectangular canvases, and the man himself is seen in a number of small, equally economical self-portraits. / Photographic portraits of German artists, including Mahler. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—A group of his mosaic-like paintings, many of which have simplified figures worked into the pattern. Through Dec. 6. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Obuck—Stylish-looking black-and-white wooden wall constructions, some of them boxed. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Gladstone, in new quarters at 41 W. 57th St.)

Steven Sloman—Paintings of compact, weighty-looking abstract forms, done in earthy colors. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Solman—Recent monotypes. Through Dec. 4. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

D. Jack Solomon—Oil-stick drawings of animal heads, done on paper, and a couple of installations, one of them centered on a rhinoceros head (painted wood and Styrofoam) jutting from the wall. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Allen Tucker (1866-1939)—Forty-one paintings by an artist who had seven works in the 1913 Armory show. Through Dec. 6. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Paule Vezelay—Paintings, drawings, and constructions done over the past fifty years by an eighty-eight-year-old woman who is said to have been the first British artist to work in a totally abstract manner. She lived in Paris for years and was a friend of Arp, and there is a similarity in their work. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Peter Vogel—Freestanding and wall sculptures made up of electronic components—photoelectric cells, motors, loudspeakers—that react with musical blips and beeps to the presence of a spectator. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A first show of sculptures; the titles for the major pieces are "Belt Still Life" (enamel on wood), "Dropped Bra" (painted aluminum), and "Smoking Cigarette" (oil and wood on Masonite). Also paintings, drawings, and maquettes. Through Dec. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Zao Wou-ki—Landscape paintings and ink drawings in which Oriental brushwork is combined with an Abstract Expressionist style. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Nonobjective works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

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Group Shows—At the **associated american artists**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century monotypes, including examples by George Luks, Degas, Henri, and Henry Bertoia. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **aaron berman**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by seven Los Angeles artists include abstracts done on burnished lead or copper by Joel Bass, and large wall pieces, six feet square, of wood and handmade paper by Anne Flaten Pixley. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: A rousing exhibition of American painting which ranges from 1750 to the present but concentrates on recent realists—Burchfield, Levine, O'Keeffe, Marsh, Marin, Demuth, and so on. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—A series of small Ingres-like pencil drawings along with panels of text (three hundred and sixty in all) narrating the adventures of two strange young men on a journey around the world. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

John Baeder / Raymon Elozua—Paintings by an artist at home in the world of the roadside diner and trailer park. / Ceramic sculptures of ore processors and billboards. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Linda Bastian—Paintings on paper and silk, usually flowers. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Tom Blackwell / Charles Bell—Photo-Realist paintings of Fifth Avenue store windows. / Realist paintings by an artist who maintains an abiding interest in gum-ball machines. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Ross Bleckner—Predominately black encaustic paintings. Through Dec. 4. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Agnes Denes—Drawings and photographs, mostly, documenting the planting of a half-acre rice field in upstate New York. Through Dec. 20. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Richard Friedberg—Large wall pieces and one freestanding sculpture made of painted steel rods and metal grilles welded together in abstract shapes; the spiky angularity of the pieces is modified by billows of hardware cloth. Through Dec. 3. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

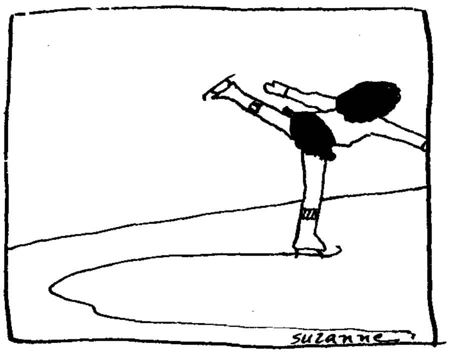
Sideo Fromboluti—Paintings of nudes and of Wellfleet landscapes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Ronnie Landfield / William Eggleston—Abstract paintings. / Photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt—A five-foot structure made of 1,553 wooden cubes painted white, plus wall drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Constance McMillan—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 4. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Franc Palaia—Trompe-l'oeil sculptures of decaying billboards, city walls, etc. Through Dec. 17. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)



Ed Paschke—Figure paintings that border on surrealism. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 20. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Lynton Wells—Paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—A retrospective of more than two hundred works (paintings, graphics, books, textiles, and costumes) by the School of Paris painter, who also collaborated on commercial endeavors with, among others, Tristan Tzara, Jacques Heim, Blaise Cendrars, and Diaghilev. Through Dec. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Anatol Kovarsky—Oil paintings by an artist who has contributed many drawings to this magazine. Through Dec. 14. (Zoma, 327 Columbus Ave., at 75th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Joe Neill—Sculptures and drawings. Through Dec. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Frank Young / Alan Kikuchi-Yngojo—Paintings and sculptures that refer to recent events: Mt. St. Helens, for instance. / Polaroid photographs (with added bits of wood and film) of the artist's hand and torso. Through Tuesday, Nov. 25. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Sculpture—A survey of figure sculptures of the seventies: Arlene Toonkel (cast-paper portrait), Louise Kruger (a life-size movable figure in wood and brass), and Howard Kalish (a figure in an interior in painted resin) are among the exhibitors. Through Tuesday, Nov. 25. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—A show of color photographs of China taken in 1979 has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Lyle Bongé / Richard J. Linke—Prints of landscape abstractions, Mardi Gras parades, nudes. / Landscapes. Through Dec. 6. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Builder Levy—Twenty-five photographs of Appalachian coal miners. Through Friday, Nov. 28. (SoHo Photo, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Gjon Mili / Robert Bourdeau—A retrospective of the works of a *Life* photojournalist responsible for introducing high-speed electronic flash units into the craft. / Contact prints of Utah mountains, the British Isles, and Canada. Through Jan. 18. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Molly—Eighty-four color photographs of slot-machine windows, showing the bells and the bars and the lemons and the cherries in various combinations, but never in a winning one. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Walter Rosenblum—Documentary photographs of the schools, hospitals, streets, and citizens of the South Bronx. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Stephen Shore / Harold Jones—Color prints of landscapes. / Enlarged photographs modified with spray paint and drawings, plus a series on Arizona. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Philip Trager / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Photographs of New York architecture, from ten studies of Harlem houses (and their details) to the Guggenheim Museum and the Metropoli-

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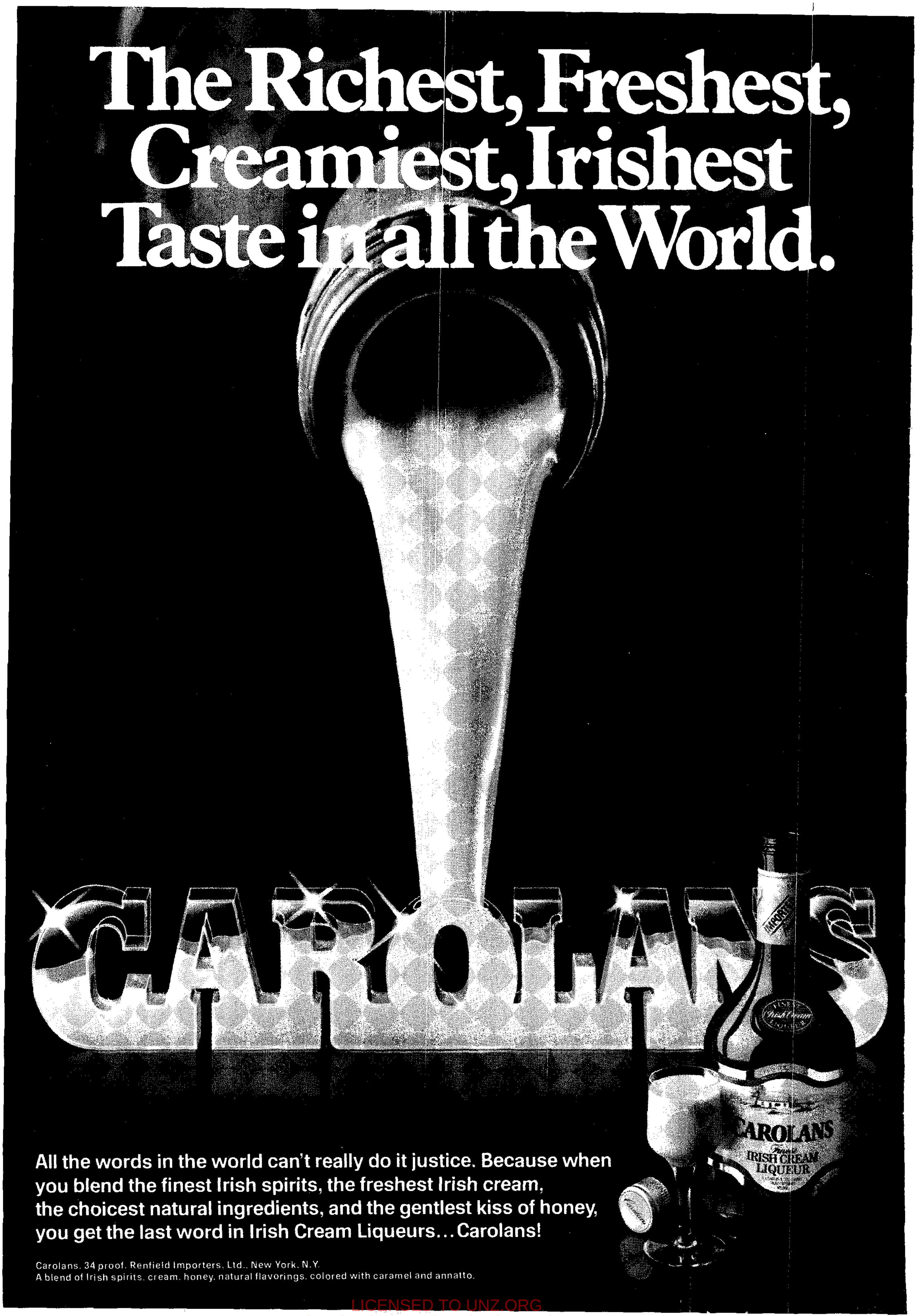
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tan Life Insurance Company tower. / Photographs of landscapes in Maine, Connecticut, and European cities. Through Dec. 6. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A historical survey of monotypes; the hundred or so prints are by Degas, Prendergast, Milton Avery, Jim Dine, and others. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Joseph Cornell retrospective consisting of two hundred assemblages in boxes and seventy-five collages. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs by William Klein. Shown primarily by slide projection, the works are street scenes in New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ A show of Robert Motherwell's graphics. Through Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving evening, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of German Expressionist paintings, drawings, and prints, centering on that movement's leading exponents—Nolde, Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, and Beckmann. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six installations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings, drawings, and photographs by Charles Sheeler, from the permanent collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, admission to this exhibit will be by ticket only. First come, first served. Through Jan. 18. . . . **photography:** Eve Arnold showing prints of China taken in 1979. Through Jan. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5. The Arnold exhibit opens at 1:15 on Wednesdays and closes at 12:30 on Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials, as well as rare art objects. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Alexander Brook, Philip Guston, and Clyfford Still. . . . ¶ The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund show: about forty paintings by contemporary artists, some of which will be bought by the Academy / Institute as gifts to museums. Through Dec. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to green to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A treatise on functional domestic wares and customs, both historical (a fifteenth-century alcove bed, a prototype of Buckminster Fuller's 1937 "Dymaxion" bathroom) and ecumenical (chopsticks and a fifty-piece Tiffany place setting). Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of silver pieces from the permanent collection—two eighteenth-century works are Claude Ballin II's candelabra and Thomas Heming's rococo tea urn; Joseph Angell III's claret jug made its début at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of paintings on scrolls, screens, and fans from the Rimpa school, which was originated in seventeenth-century Japan by a calligrapher and potter, Kōetsu, and a fan-shop owner, Sōtatsu, who themselves were greatly influenced by twelfth-century Heian-style painting, wherein a story, calligraphy, and decoration are unified in a single work. Starts Thursday, Nov. 20. (Open daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Starts Thursday, Nov. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of American landscape paintings, selected from the permanent collection. The bulk are from the second half of the nineteenth century, but three (by Anne Poor, Paul Resika, and Wolf Kahn) were painted as recently as the seventies. Kensett, Church, Cole, and Durand are among those represented. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. On view are a copy of his first printed work (published privately by Stephen Spender in a limited edition of twenty-five), a number of other compositions, both in typescript and manuscript, and selections from fourteen notebooks, from 1945 to 1970. A portion of the exhibit centers on his involvement with the theatre: his collaboration with Isherwood while in London in the thirties on "The Dog Beneath the Skin," and work done with Chester Kallman in New York during the war, including the libretto for Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" and their translation of "The Magic Flute." Many photographs. Opens Friday, Nov. 21. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.—Two exhibitions: one by eight artists from the Dutch experimental outpost De Appel (through Dec. 17), the other of copies of *291*, *Dada*, and similar publications from the years 1909-29, on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (through Saturday, Nov. 29).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 6.—Harry (Senta Driver and her company of dancers), Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 25-26, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, all at 8:30; photographs of the human torso by Ron Cooper, through Dec. 3.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bel Canto Opera—Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne," conducted by Jeanine Bryan and staged by Neil McKenzie. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8; Friday, Nov. 21, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 7:30: A varied program, with Clifford Curzon, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30: Performances of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony; no soloists.

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Slovenian Philharmonic of Yugoslavia—Anton Nanut conducting, with Primoz Novsak, violin, and Milôs Mlejnik, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti directing a Schumann-Mozart program, with Gwendolyn Bradley, soprano; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass, and the Singing City Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing, with Berenice Lipson-Gruzen, piano, and the Canticum Novum Singers. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th

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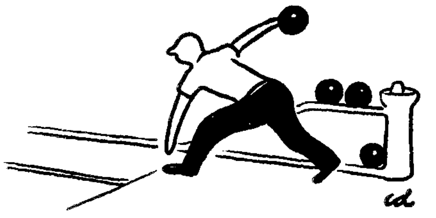

St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with William Whitehead, organ. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Carnegie-Mellon University Philharmonic—Istvan Jaray directing, with Haskell Small, piano; Philip Myers, French horn; and the Carnegie-Mellon University Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Manticore Chamber Orchestra—Thomas James conducting, with Zvi Zeitlin, violin, and Christine Whittlesey, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

American Composers Orchestra—Jorge Mester conducting, with Ursula Oppens, piano, and Paul Dunkel, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—A program of baroque music, performed by twenty-six members of the Symphony. With Ronald Roseman, oboe; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and Lionel Party, harpsichord. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Irish Light Orchestra of Dublin—A program of popular and Irish music. (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Metropolitan Singers / The Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing Honegger's dramatic oratorio "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," with Irene Papas, narrator; Philip Bosco, actor; Christine Flasch and Brionna McMahon, sopranos; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, contralto; John Gilmore, tenor; John West, bass; the Little Orchestra Society, and the Pierrepont Children's Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—A Boccherini-Mozart-Brahms program, performed by Alexander Schneider and Jaime Laredo, violin; Kim Kashkashian and Walter Trampler, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Joseph Villa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Robert Stallman—Flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Alvin Lucier—A composition by him called "Music for Pure Waves, Bass Drums, and Acoustic Pendulums." (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Figueroa Duo—Guillermo Figueroa, violin, and Yvonne Figueroa, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Joan Patenaude-Yarnell—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—An all-Bach program performed by Hermann Prey, baritone; the St. Thomas Choir; Theodore Arm, James Buswell, and Sung-Ju Lee, violin; Jodi Levitz, viola; Ronald Thomas, cello; Joseph Tamosaitis, bass; Leonard Arner and Stephen Taylor, oboe; Jane Cochran, horn; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Viola da Gamba Trio of Basel—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

League-ISCM—An Otto Luening-Henry Brant program, performed by Judith Bettina, soprano; Curtis Macomber, violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts, this one devoted to English music from 1250 to 1550. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Daniel Domb and Patricia Parr—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Judith Blegen, soprano; Ik-Hwan Bae and Hamao Fujiwara, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Barbara Bogatin, Charles Curtis, Bonnie Hartman, Jennifer Langham, Carol Morrow, Leslie Parnas, John Sharp, and Fred Sherry, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Leonard Arner, oboe; Edward Carroll, trumpet; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord, piano, and organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 5.)

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Mischa Dichter—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

James Galway—Flute. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber Music. (Washington Irving High School. Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Musicians of Swanne Alley—A six-member ensemble performing a program of early music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Franz Schubert Quartet—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Chinese Music Ensemble of New York—A program of traditional Chinese music. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—A program of five of his new works, performed by members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and guest soloists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Yefim Bronfman and Stephanie Brown, piano; Marcy Rosen and Fred Sherry, cello; and Robert Routch, horn. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Ilan Rogoff—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Ralph Zeitlin—Recorder, in a program of baroque and contemporary music. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

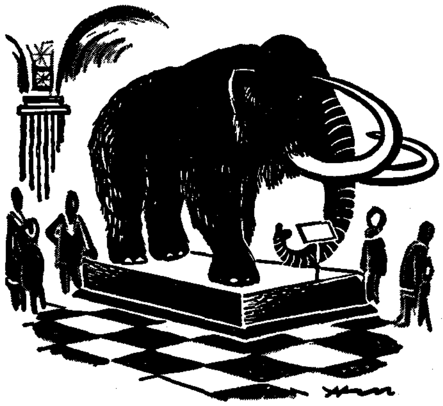
Thouvenel String Quartet—A Křenek-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

André Emelianoff—Cello, with Zeyda Ruga Suzuki, piano, and Steven Machamer, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Audubon String Quartet—With Stephanie Brown, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Lucy Shelton—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Ronald Roseman and Gilbert Kalish—Oboe and piano, with André Emelianoff, continuo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)



Robert Black—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Pia Sebastiani—Piano. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Guitar, in the second of two identical programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Jack Kreiselman—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Vermeer Quartet—With Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Copland—A free thirteen-hour marathon of music, dance, theatre, and readings celebrating Mr. Copland's eightieth birthday. With, among others, Richard Young and Rolfe Schulte, violin; Gilbert Kalish, Joan Tower, and Ursula Oppens, piano; Sheila Schonbrun and Rosalind Rees, sopranos; Paul Sperry, tenor; Laura Glenn and Gary Lund, dancers. The closing event will feature the birthday boy conducting a performance by the Harmonie Ensemble. A number of composers contemporary with Mr. Copland will also be on hand, to perform their own works; among them are Elliott Carter, Virgil Thomson, William Schuman, Morton Gould, and Jacob Druckman. To say nothing of Maureen Stapleton, Ruth Ford, Arthur Miller, Edward Albee, and others like *that.* (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Saturday, Nov. 22, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.) As a preamble, on Friday at 7, Mr. Copland will talk about writing music for the movies, and at 7:30 the movie "Something Wild" (1961), which contains his favorite film score, will be shown. Admission: five dollars.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Golden State, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Monday, Nov. 24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Friday, Nov. 28. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

Boxing: Closed-Circuit TV—Roberto Durán vs. Sugar Ray Leonard, 15 rounds, for the W.B.C. Welterweight Championship, televised from New Orleans. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 25 at 10. Prior to the telecast, there will be three live ten-round bouts, starting at 7:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 22: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 29: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 3:50. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 23: Jets vs. Houston Oilers, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at San Francisco.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Nov. 26. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Nov. 29. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Nashua, Saturday, Nov. 22, and the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 27. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Thursday, Nov. 20, at 6, and Friday, Nov. 21, at 6 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Women's quarter-finals, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 10 and noon. . . . ¶ Men's quarter-finals, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2 and 4:30. . . . ¶ Women's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 23 at 10 A.M. . . . ¶ Men's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 23, at noon. . . . ¶ Women's finals, Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Men's finals, Sunday, Nov. 23, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—At **city university graduate center:** Derek Walcott reading from his own poetry. (Room 207, 33 W. 42nd St. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y: Richard Brautigan reading from his own novels and poetry, Monday, Nov. 24, at 8. . . . ¶ V. S. Naipaul reading from his own novels, Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . **abraham goodman house:** Yehuda Amichai reading from his own poetry, plus songs by Elizabeth Swados. (129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirty-second annual exhibit will feature special showings by the British Postal administrations, the Faroe Islands, and Portugal. First-day issues from the United Nations and from Nevis Island and St. Kitts will go on sale Friday, Nov. 21. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, Nov. 20, from 11 to 7; Friday, Nov. 21, from 11 to 8; Saturday, Nov. 22, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 23, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 20, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings and historical and decorative prints. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 2: Drawings from the sixteenth through the nineteenth century. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 24, at 2: Americana books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 20. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Seven sales of Americana. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 2: Miniatures and silver. . . . Thursday, Nov. 20, at 10:15: Glass and English pottery and porcelain. . . . Thursday, Nov. 20, at 2: Chinese Export porcelain and other ceramics. . . . Friday, Nov. 21, at 10:15: Folk art. . . . Friday, Nov. 21, at 2: Furniture, decorations, hearth equipment, and pewter. . . . Saturday, Nov. 22, at 10:15: Folk art. . . . Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2: Furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 2: American arts and crafts. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 20. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Friday, Nov. 21, at 10 and 2: Continental and English pottery and porcelain. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 10 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, tapestries, sculptures, and objects of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. . . . **phillips,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 10: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French, English, and other Continental furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Sunday, Nov. 23.

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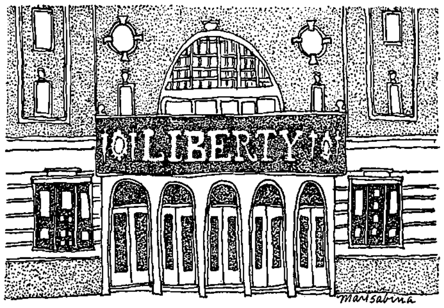
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 26. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 23: "The Third Generation."
Nov. 24: Theatre closed.
A Paul Robeson Festival:
Nov. 25: "Proud Valley."
Nov. 26: "King Solomon's Mines."
Nov. 27-28: "Show Boat."
From Nov. 29: "The Emperor Jones."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 25: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."
From Nov. 26: "The Children of Theatre Street."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 20: "Somewhere in Time" and "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."
Nov. 21-27: "The First Deadly Sin" and "Eyes of Laura Mars."
From Nov. 28: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 20: "Worlds Apart."
From Nov. 21: "Falling in Love Again."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"It's My Turn."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Idolmaker."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Elephant Man."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 20: "Airplane!"
From Nov. 21: "Hopscotch."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Raging Bull."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Nov. 20: "Gloria."
From Nov. 21: "Private Benjamin."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Nov. 20: "Private Benjamin."
From Nov. 21: "The Elephant Man."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Stardust Memories."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"From the Life of the Marionettes."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 20: "The Great Santini."
From Nov. 21: "One-Trick Pony."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Heaven's Gate."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Nov. 20: "The Elephant Man."
From Nov. 21: "Falling in Love Again."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Idolmaker."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Resurrection."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Melvin and Howard."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"It's My Turn."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Stunt Man."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ordinary People."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 20: "Somewhere in Time."
Nov. 21-27: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."
From Nov. 28: "Willie & Phil."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Gloria."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 20: "Breaker! Breaker!" and "Kill or Be Killed."
From Nov. 21: "Bogeyman."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Elephant Man."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Awakening."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 25: "The Idolmaker."
From Nov. 26: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "The Day Time Ended" and "Laser Blast." From Nov. 21: "Shogun Assassin."
Theatre 2: "Private Benjamin."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hopscotch."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Gloria."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Private Benjamin."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
Theatre 2: "Sir Henry at Rawlinson End."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 20: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith." From Nov. 21: "Shogun Assassin."
Theatre 4: "Melvin and Howard."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Space Movie."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 25: "Times Square."
From Nov. 26: "Rock Show."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Elephant Man."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Stunt Man."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Stardust Memories."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Nov. 25: "Hopscotch."
From Nov. 26: "The Great Santini."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 20: "Divine Madness."
From Nov. 21: "Falling in Love Again."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Gloria."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Airplane!"
Theatre 2: "The Black Hole" and "Sleeping Beauty."
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 20: "It's Not the Size That Counts." From Nov. 21: "The First Deadly Sin."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Hopscotch."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Nov. 20: "Children of Babylon."
From Nov. 21: "Shogun Assassin."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 20: "Divine Madness" and "Roadie."
Nov. 21-27: "The First Deadly Sin" and "Mad Max."
From Nov. 28: "Gloria" and "Lost and Found."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: "Divine Madness." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Awakening." (†)
Theatre 4: "Melvin and Howard." (†)
Theatre 5: "Fame."

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Gloria." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Fists of Fury" and "The Chinese Connection." From Nov. 21: "The First Deadly Sin." (†)
Theatre 3: "Airplane!" (†)
Theatre 4: "Fade to Black."

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Black Hole" (†) and "Sleeping Beauty." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Ordinary People." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"It's My Turn." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Nov. 20: "It's Not the Size That Counts." (†)
From Nov. 21: "Breaker! Breaker!" and "Kill or Be Killed."

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Idolmaker." (†)

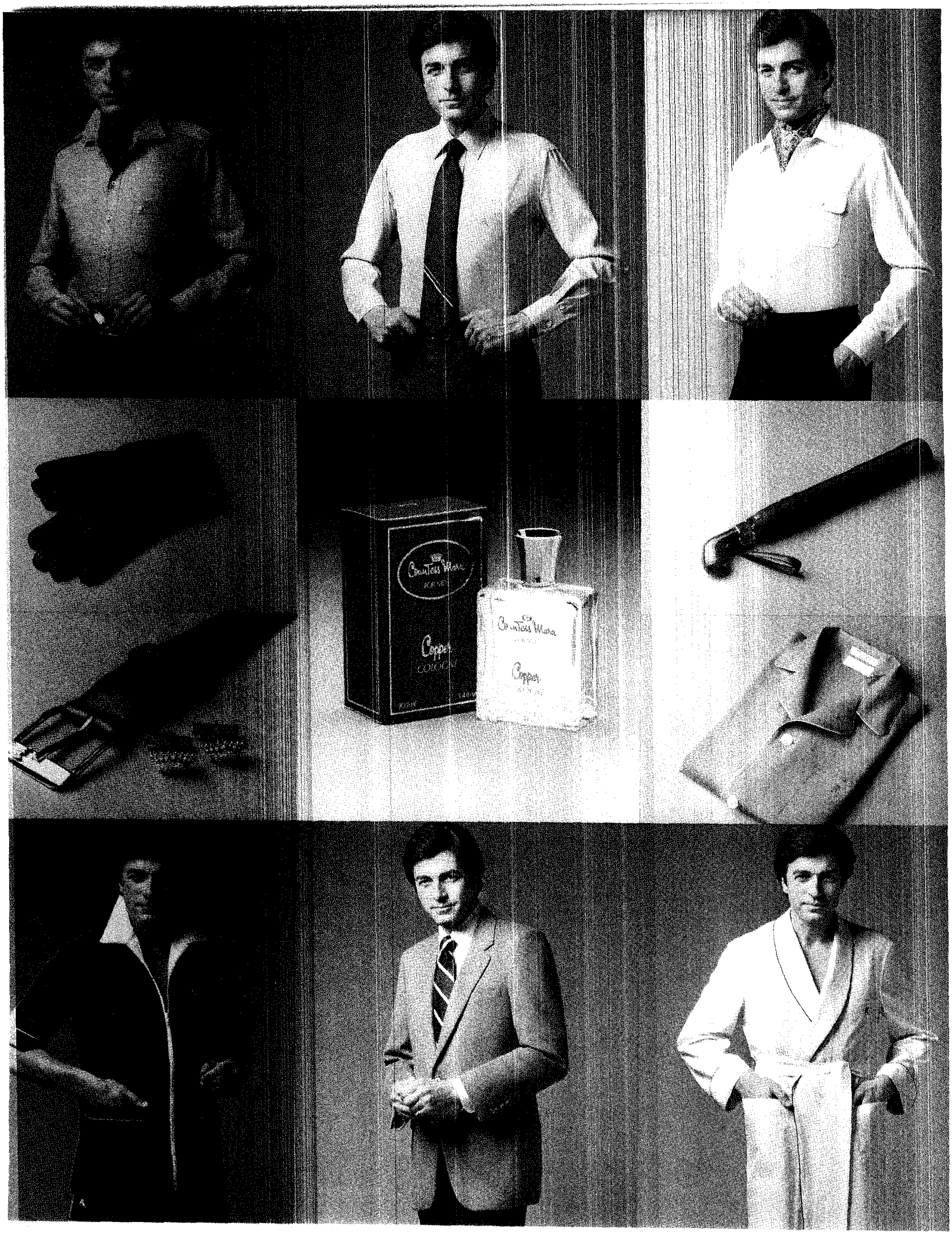
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Nov. 20: "Breaker! Breaker!" and "Kill or Be Killed."
From Nov. 21: "Bogeyman."

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Raging Bull." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Nov. 20: "The Day Time Ended" and "Laser Blast."
From Nov. 21: "Shogun Assassin." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 19: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
Nov. 20: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Nov. 21: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.
Nov. 22: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979), directed by Jeff Stein, with The Who; and "Punking Out" (1978), a documentary about punk rock.
Nov. 23: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Nov. 24: "Gates of Heaven" (1978), a documentary, directed by Errol Morris.
Nov. 25: "The Ghost of Oiwa" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori, with Kei Sato; and "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Nov. 26: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team.
Nov. 27: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.
Nov. 28: "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Days of Heaven." (†)
Nov. 29: "The Harder They Come" (†); and



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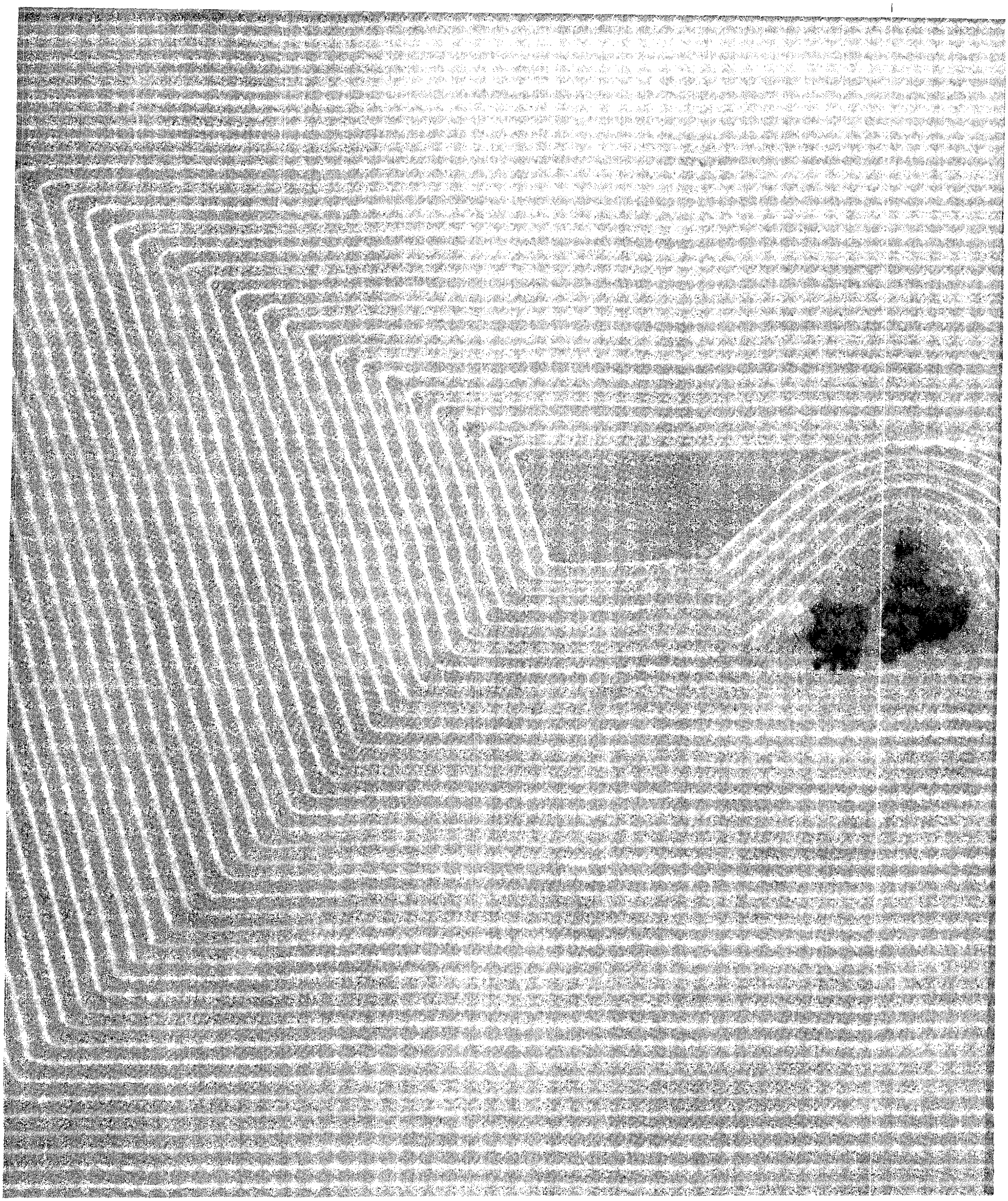

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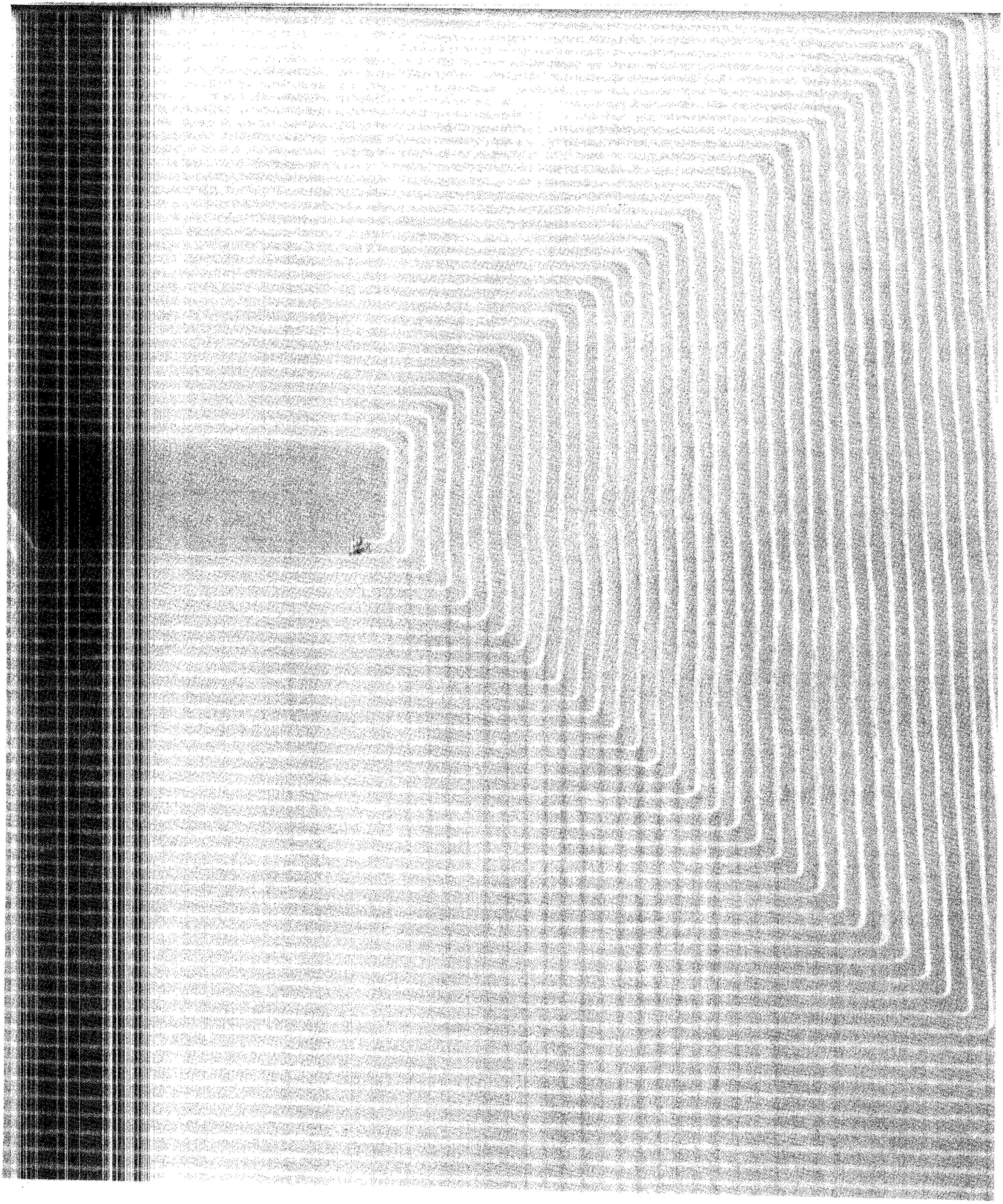

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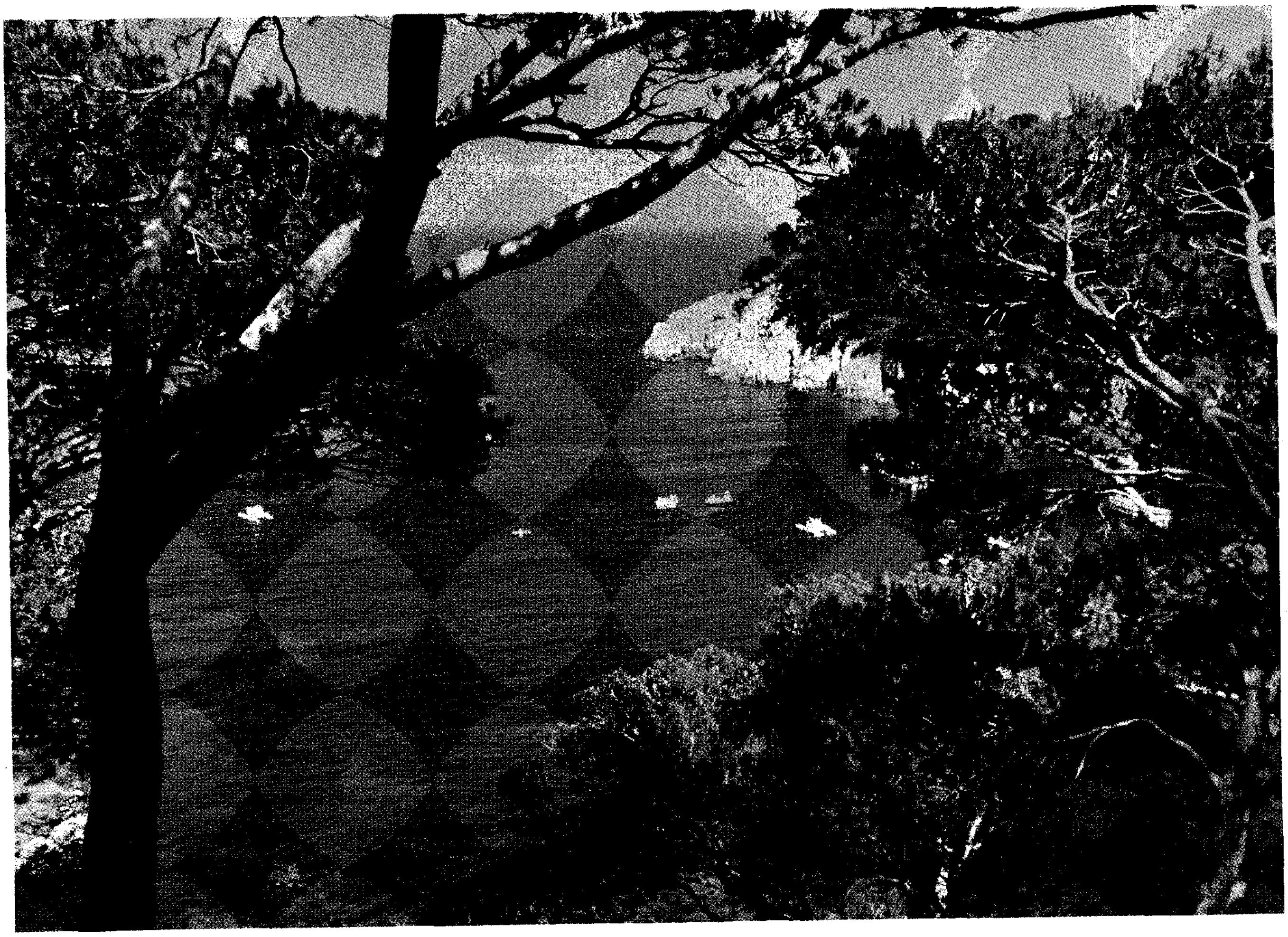

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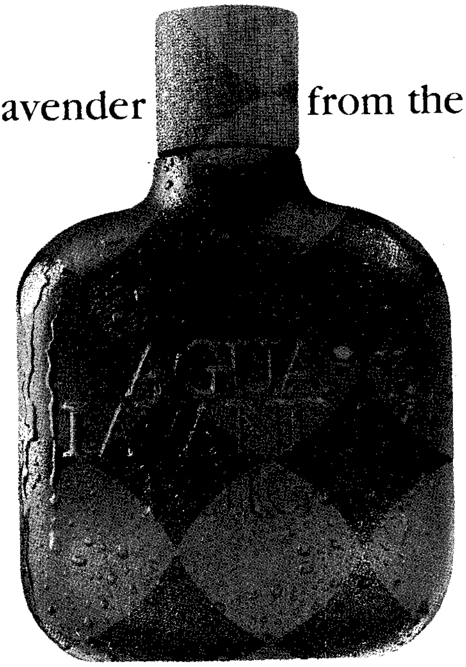

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Barcelona **Paris** **New York**

"Reggae" (1971), a film of the Caribbean Music Festival at Wembley, in London, in 1970, directed by Horace Ové.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Nov. 19: "The Master and Margarita" (1972), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Aleksandar Petrovic; and "I Even Met Happy Gypsies" (1968), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Aleksandar Petrovic. Mr. Petrovic will be present at 7:30.

Nov. 20: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970), directed by Christopher Miles, with Joanna Shimkus and Franco Nero.

Nov. 21: "A Story from Echijo" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Tadashi Imai; and "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.

Nov. 22: "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson; and "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell.

Nov. 23: "City Lights" (1931), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Nov. 24: "The Corsican Brothers" (1942), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ruth Warrick; and "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, and Ruth Warrick. Miss Warrick will be present at 7:20. At 10:10 only, a showing of "City Lights."

Nov. 25: "Two Women" (1961), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "A Special Day." (†)

Nov. 26: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Under Milk Wood." (†)

Nov. 27: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman.

Nov. 28: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.

Nov. 29: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 20: "Blood Feud" (1980), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini, Sophia Loren, and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.

Nov. 21-22: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977), directed by Steven Spielberg, with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr.

Nov. 23-24: "Wise Blood" (†) and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter." (†)

Nov. 25: "Being There" (1979), directed by Hal Ashby, with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, and Melvyn Douglas; and "The Party." (†)

Nov. 26-27: "Nashville." (†)

Nov. 28-29: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Divine Madness" (†); and "Gilda Live" (1980), filmed at Gilda Radner's stage performances on Broadway, Aug., 1979.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Nov. 20: "What Price Hollywood" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton, and Gregory Ratoff; and "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Kim Novak, Peter Finch, Coral Browne, Rossella Falk, and Valentina Cortese.

Nov. 21-23: "Raintree County" (1957), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint.

Nov. 24-25: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920), a silent film, directed by Rex Ingram, with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery; and "The Conquering Hero" (1921), directed by Rex Ingram, with Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry.

Nov. 26-27: "Humoresque" (1946), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Joan Crawford, John Garfield, Oscar Levant, and J. Carrol Naish; and "Sadie McKee." (†)

Nov. 28-29: "42nd Street" (†) and "Cain and Mabel." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 19: "The Reivers" (1969), directed by Mark Rydell, with Steve McQueen, Sharon Farrell, and Rupert Crosse; and "Jeremiah Johnson" (1972), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Robert Redford.

Nov. 20-22: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross; and "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman and Faye Dunaway.

Nov. 23-24: "Wilson" (1944), directed by Henry King, with Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Charles Coburn; and "American Madness." (†)

Nov. 25-26: "A Raisin in the Sun" (†); and "Bound for Glory" (1976), directed by Hal Ashby, with David Carradine.

Nov. 27-29: "Tin Pan Alley" (†); and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 19: "The Bigamist" (1954), directed by Ida Lupino, with Lupino, Edmond O'Brien, and Joan Fontaine; and "Hard, Fast and Beautiful!" (1951), directed by Ida Lupino, with Claire Trevor, Sally Forrest, and Robert Clarke.

Nov. 20: "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles Brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

Nov. 21-22: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Detail" (1974), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.

Nov. 23: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin; and "The Miracle." (†)

Nov. 24: A program of Betty Boop and Popeye cartoons and a program of other long-unseen cartoons by Max Fleischer, Van Buren, Ub Iwerks, and others.

Nov. 25: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Madame Bovary." (†)

Nov. 26: "Private Hell 36" (1954), directed by Donald Siegel, with Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran, Dean Jagger, and Howard Duff; and "The Hitch-Hiker" (1953), directed by Ida Lupino, with Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, and William Talman.

Nov. 27: "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" (1938), directed by Hans Schwartz, with Barry K. Barnes; "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (1935), directed by Harold Young, with Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and Raymond Massey; and "Pimpernel Smith" (1941), directed by Leslie Howard, with Howard and Francis Sullivan.

Nov. 28-29: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

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Nov. 19: "Rio Rita" (1942), directed by S. Sylvan Simon, with Abbott and Costello; and "Sunny Side Up" (1929), directed by David Butler, with Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and Joe Brown.

Nov. 20: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, Gustav Frölich, and Rudolf Klein-Rogge; and "The Woman in the Moon" (1929), a German silent

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film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Fritz Rasp.

Nov. 21-22: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Nov. 23: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, Jane Bryan, and Bobby Jordan.

Nov. 24: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Possessed" (1947), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey, and Geraldine Brooks.

Nov. 25: "Duck Soup" (1933) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 26: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "River of No Return" (1954), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Nov. 27: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

Nov. 28-29: "Roman Holiday" (†); and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films directed by Michael Powell: Nov. 20 at 6: "Return to the Edge of the World" (1978), with John Laurie, Belle Chrystall, and Niall MacGinnis. Mr. Powell will be present. . . . Nov. 20 at 8:30: "A Canterbury Tale" (1944), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Eric Portman, Sheila Sim, Bob Johnson, Dennis Price, and Esmond Knight. Mr. Pressburger will be present. . . . Nov. 21 at 2:30: "Return to the Edge of the World." . . . Nov. 21 at 6: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" (1943), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr, and Anton Walbrook. . . . Nov. 22 at 2:30: "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey, and Pamela Brown. . . . Nov. 22 at 5: "A Canterbury Tale." . . . Nov. 23 at 2: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp." . . . Nov. 23 at 5: "The Edge of the World" (1937), with John Laurie, Belle Chrystall, Eric Berry, and Kitty Kirwan. . . . Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Red Ensign" (1934), with Leslie Banks; and "Crown V. Stevens" (1936), with Beatrix Thomson and Patric Knowles. . . . Nov. 25 at 2:30: "The Edge of the World." . . . Nov. 27 at 2:30: "I Know Where I'm Going." . . . Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Spy in Black (U Boat 29)" (1939), with Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson, Sebastian Shaw, and Marius Goring. . . . Nov. 28 at 6: "Red Ensign" and "Crown V. Stevens." . . . Nov. 29 at 2: "The Red Shoes" (1948), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer, Anton Walbrook, and Marius Goring. . . . Nov. 29 at 5: "The Spy in Black (U Boat 29)." . . . ¶ Other, non-Powell films scheduled during this period are: Nov. 20 and 21 at noon: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Nov. 20 at 2:30: "If Music Be the Food of Love" (1980), a Norwegian film, directed by Hans Lingren, with Nils Sletta and Sigrid Hunn; English subtitles. . . . Nov. 22 and 23 at noon: "The Silent Enemy" (1930), directed by H. P. Carver, with Chief Yellow Robe and Chief Long Lance. . . . Nov. 24 and 25 at noon: A program of early collage animations, 1958-67, by Stan Vanderbeek. . . . Nov. 24 at 6: A program of computer-generated videographics, 1964-80, by Stan Vanderbeek. . . . Nov. 25 at 6: "Free Voice of Labor—The Jewish Anarchists" (1980), directed by Steven Fischler and Joel Sucher. . . . Nov. 29 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Nov. 22: "Text and Commentary" (1977), a video installation, directed by Beryl Korot. Showings hourly from noon until five (7 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Nov. 19 at 8: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a silent film, directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: A program of four video films by Nam June Paik. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8 and 10: Fifteen short films (1977-80) directed by Stuart Sherman. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2: "Made in Japan," a video film by Tomiyo Sasaki. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 8: "Zorns Lemma" (1970) and "Hapax Legomena I" (1971), both films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 8: A program of films, some silent, by Dwinell Grant, Jean Genet, Robert Frank, and Alfred Leslie. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 8: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part I: Huge Pupils" (1973), directed by Andrew Noren. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 3: A program of four video films by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: "Jeremelu" (1963), "Yes" (1964), "At My Mother's House" (1970), and "Aspects of a Hill, Part 1: The Periphery, and Part 2: The Grass" (1971-72), all films directed by Naomi Levine. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 8: A program of five films directed by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 11 A.M.: A program of four video films by Nam June Paik. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2: A program of video films by Isaac Cronin, Terrel Seltzer, Magdalen Pierrakos, Tony Yoursler, and Dan Brood. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: "Intolerance" (1916), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of samurai films, shown as double features, with a new combination every three days. Opening program starting at 6:05 Friday, Nov. 21; thereafter, every afternoon starting at 2. Among the films showing this week are "Yojimbo," "Sword of Doom," "Zatoichi Fire Festival," "Sanjuro," "Tattooed Swordsman," "Throne of Blood," and "Tokkan." For film schedules, call the theatre. No showings on Tuesday, Nov. 25.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

American Madness (1932)—A topical melodrama of the Depression. It's about a run on a bank—and with a twist that is purest Hollywood. The big banker (Walter Huston) is the hero, and it's his lower-echelon employees who are the villains. Frank Capra directed, and Robert Riskin wrote the script. Capra's dramatic use of the bank, where almost all the action is set, is ingenious, and the sequences of the mounting panic and the storming of the bank are effectively staged, but the resolution is the usual Capra-Riskin populist hokum: the small depositors, grateful to Huston for his help in the past, bring in their savings to preserve his bank from ruin. Even this early in his career, Capra often underestimated the audience. In some cities, the picture was *too* topical: in Baltimore, it opened the day after a bank panic and closed in forty-eight hours. With Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, and Gavin Gordon. (Regency; Nov. 23-24.)

The Awakening—With Charlton Heston, Susannah York, Jill Townsend, and Stephanie Zimbalist, directed by Mike Newell. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center.)

Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Quad Cinema.)

The Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects, but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cain and Mabel (1936)—Lloyd Bacon directed Marion Davies and Clark Gable in this Promethean-scaled musical about a prizefighter and a showgirl. The music doesn't compensate for the muscle-bound plot. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 28-29.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—The director of this Australian film, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother, a loyal easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Children of Babylon—A Jamaican film, with Tobi, directed by Lennie Little-White. (New Yorker 2; through Nov. 20.)

The Children of Theatre Street (1977)—An American production team was able to get behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then lost sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Art; starting Nov. 26.)

Days of Heaven (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an anti-nostalgic vision of the American past. The landscapes are vast and lonely, with the space in the images strained and the figures tilted; the characters are monosyllabic—near mute. What is unspoken in this picture weighs heavily on us, but we're not quite sure what it is. The film is an empty Christmas tree: you can hang all your dumb metaphors on it. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. The movie is oblique, except for the narration, which is by Linda; she's a little-girl wise guy, and all the humor in the film comes from her laconic remarks, but she's also precociously full of the wisdom of the ages, and at times her illiterate poetry is drenched in wistfulness and heartbreak. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but the overpowering images seem unrelated, pieced together. The movie suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic. It's an epic pastiche. Though the irregularly handsome, slightly snaggletooth Shepard has almost no lines, he makes a strong impression; he seems authentically an American of an earlier era. But Gere, with his post-fifties acting style and the associations it carries of Brando and Dean and Clift and all the others who shrugged and scowled and acted with their shoulders, is anachronistic. Shot in Alberta, Canada. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 28.)

Divine Madness—Essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes, but like Craig Russell, she seems to have a whole troupe of people inside. In this film, shot on three successive nights at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, she tells jokes (she may be better at bawdiness than any other woman entertainer alive) and she sings. She really gives a song a workout—she may swing it, wail it, shout it, rock it, and throw in some scat, gospel, funk, and punk. She's an emotional whirligig, and the film is hugely entertaining, though the best numbers come at the beginning; the last quarter—when Midler comes on as a boozing bag lady who is trying to capture the bird of happiness—has a sodden inspirational quality. Directed by Michael Ritchie; cinematography by William A. Fraker. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Paramount, and Olympia; through Nov. 20.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. There's something indefinably erotic going on here; it's submerged in the film's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. Scene by scene, you don't know what to expect; you're seeing something new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a conventional narrative. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Festival. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2: starting Nov. 21.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Nov. 29.)

Every Man for Himself—With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye; directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Eyes of Laura Mars (1978)—This New York-set thriller operates on mood and atmosphere, and it moves so fast, with such delicate changes of rhythm, that its excitement has a subterranean sexiness. Faye Dunaway, with long, thick, dark-red hair, is Laura Mars, a celebrity fashion photographer who specializes in the chic and pungency of sadism; the pictures she shoots have a furtive charge—we can see why they sell. Directed by Irvin Kershner, the film has a few shocking fast cuts, but it also has a scabrous elegance and a surprising amount of humor. Laura's scruffy, wild-eyed driver (Brad Dourif) epitomizes New York's crazed, hostile flunkies; he's so wound up he seems to have the tensions of the whole city in his gut. Her manager (René Auberjonois) is tense and ambivalent about Laura—about everything. Her models (Lisa Taylor and Darlanne Fluegel), who in their poses look wickedly decadent, are really just fun-loving ding-a-lings. As for Dunaway, constantly kneeling or sprawling to take photographs, her legs, especially her thighs, are far more important to her performance than her eyes; her flesh gives off heat. Tommy Lee Jones is the police lieutenant who represents old-fashioned morality, and when the neurotically vulnerable Laura, who has become telepathic about violence, falls in love with him, they're a very creepy pair. With the help of the editor, Michael Kahn, Kershner glides over the gaps in the very uneven script (by John Carpenter and David Z. Goodman, with an assist from Julian Barry). The cast includes Raul Julia, Rose Gregorio, Meg Mundy, and Bill Boggs (as himself). (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 21-27.)

Falling in Love Again—With Elliott Gould and Susannah York, directed by Steven Paul. (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Paramount; starting Nov. 21.)

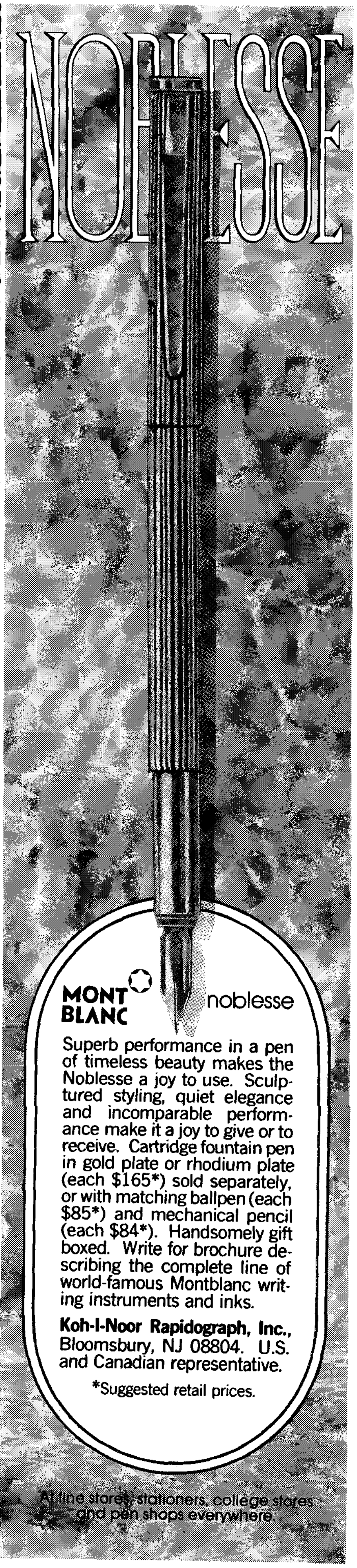
The First Deadly Sin—With Frank Sinatra and Faye Dunaway, directed by Brian Hutton. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Nov. 21-27. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Nov. 21.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 28-29.)

From the Life of the Marionettes—With Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In German. (Coronet.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Nov. 28.)

The Great Santini (Called "the Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a



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redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Nov. 26.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 29.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1968)—Carson McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (Cinema Village; Nov. 23-24.)

Heaven's Gate—With Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken, John Hurt, Sam Waterston, Brad Dourif, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Michael Cimino. (Cinema I.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Waverly, and New Yorker 1. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Nov. 21.)

The Idolmaker—With Ray Sharkey, directed by Taylor Hackford. (Murray Hill, Gemini 1, and National. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Nov. 25.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Bay Cinema, Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1.)

It's Not the Size That Counts—With Elke Sommer, directed by Ralph Thomas. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2; through Nov. 20.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

King Solomon's Mines (1937)—With Paul Robeson, Cedric Hardwicke, and Roland Young; directed by Robert Stevenson. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 26.)

Lost and Found (1979)—If there is a way to pass off George Segal and Glenda Jackson as a comic loving couple, it has not been discovered by Melvin Frank, as hinted at by his first attempt, "A Touch of Class," and proved beyond satisfaction by this misconceived and clumsy movie, which he produced, directed, and wrote (with Jack Rose). (7/30/79) (Olympia; starting Nov. 28.)

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Madame Bovary (1934)—Flaubert's Emma Bovary has usually been a role for screen beauties—Lila Lee in 1932, Pola Negri in 1937, and Jennifer Jones in 1949—but in this version, adapted and directed by Jean Renoir, Emma is played by Valentine Tessier as an anomalous creature, half swan, half goose. This large woman is not at all what one expects, yet she's surprisingly effective. The sunlight and the spaciousness emphasize Emma's loneliness; she's a middle-class woman with an ample figure, drifting along on romantic daydreams. When she's at the opera she's fatuously carried away from the emptiness of provincial life. Renoir's film ran three and a half hours; the backers cut it to two hours and had a commercial disaster anyway. Early viewers who saw the full version pronounced it a masterpiece; what's left is like a Renoir nature essay on Flaubertian themes. It lacks Flaubert's intensity, but it has fine, unstressed images and scenes that stay with one. The director's brother, Pierre Renoir, plays the uncomprehending philistine Charles Bovary, Max Dearly is M. Homais, and Robert Le Vigan is Lheureux. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 25.)

Mad Max—An Australian film, with Mel Gibson, directed by George Miller and Gibson. (Olympia; Nov. 21-27.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun (1979)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (72nd Street East; Nov. 21-27.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men (1979)—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Art; through Nov. 25.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as a Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief (43 minutes), utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved—and most sensual—of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. The screenplay is by Tullio Pinelli and Rossellini; the cinematography is by Aldo Tonti. In Italian. (Thalia; Nov. 23.)

Nashville (1975)—The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. The director, Robert Altman, uses improvisation, many cameras, and multitrack sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (Cinema Village; Nov. 26-27.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert Z. Young. (D. W. Griffith; starting Nov. 21.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family ethic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as an idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girlfriend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Party (1968)—Peter Sellers plays a bungling actor from New Delhi who accidentally blows up an expensive Hollywood set. Intending to blacklist him, the studio head writes his name down on a slip of paper; a secretary assumes that the name is to be added to a party guest list, and so the actor arrives at the home of the studio head, who wants to kill him. It's a promising beginning—too promising for what follows. Most of this Blake Edwards slapstick farce records the way the Indian innocently destroys the party, and it's too long for its one-note jokes, and often too obvious to be really funny. But it's agreeable in tone, though as it goes on, the gags don't have any particular connection with the touching, maddening Indian character that Sellers plays so wickedly well. With Claudine Longet and Marge Champion. (Cinema Village; Nov. 25.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honey bunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; starting Nov. 21.)

Proud Valley (1940)—With Paul Robeson, Edward Chapman, Edward Rigby, and Simon Lack; directed by Pen Tennyson. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 25.)

Raging Bull—The story of the boxer Jake La Motta, with Robert De Niro as La Motta. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (Sutton, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

A Raisin in the Sun (1961)—Ruby Dee, Claudia

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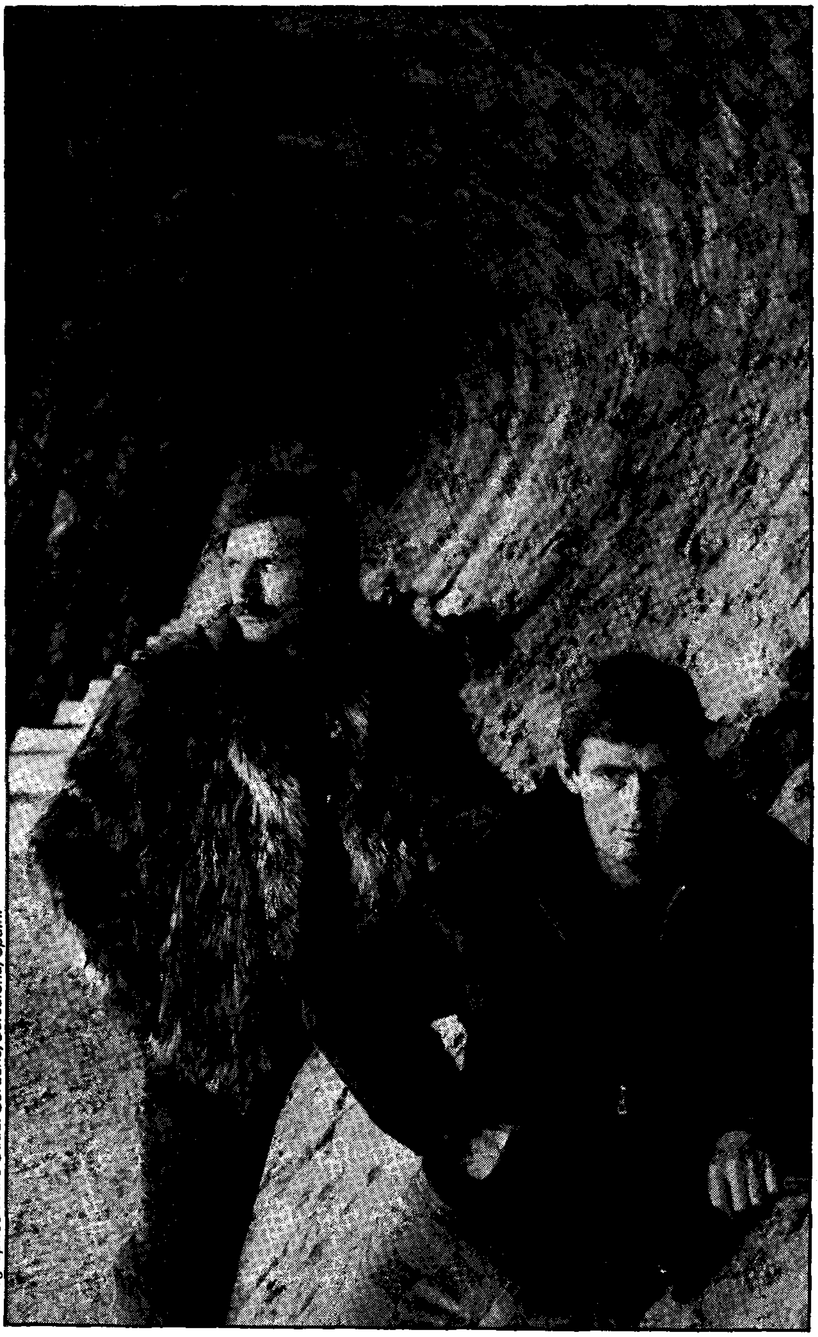

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McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a black family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. Adapted by Lorraine Hansberry from her own play, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Regency; Nov. 25-26.)

RESURRECTION—With Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; directed by Daniel Petrie. (Gemini 2.)

ROADIE—With Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Olympia; through Nov. 20.)

ROMAN HOLIDAY (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until she has the audience by the throat, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck, who is at his most animated and likable) and his photographer-sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. (Children adore this movie about a modern fairy-tale princess.) With Harcourt Williams, Hartley Power, Margaret Rawlings, and Tullio Carminati. Much of it was shot on Roman locations. The cinematography was by Franz Planer until he fell ill and Henri Alekan took over; the music is by Georges Auric; the editing is by Robert Swink; the story is credited to Ian McLellan Hunter and the script to him and John Dighton, though Ben Hecht also worked on it at one stage. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28-29.)

SADIE MCKEE (1934)—Joan Crawford, in her ruffles-on-the-shoulders days. She's a poor working girl, but surrounded by glamorous men—Franchot Tone, Edward Arnold (as a rich, happy drunk), and Gene Raymond (who sings "All I Do Is Dream of You"). An archetypal example of the M-G-M romantic gloss and glitter. It isn't frivolous like the Paramount films of the thirties; it's dressier, heavier, and more melodramatic, and though it's what used to be considered the shopgirls' delight, the audience actually cut across all groups. Clarence Brown directed, from a John Meehan screenplay based on a Viña Delmar story. With Esther Ralston, Akim Tamiroff, Jean Dixon, and Leo Carrillo. (Mini Cinema; Nov. 26-27.)

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN (1979)—An airless, pious study of political corruption (which, it is suggested, goes hand in hand with sleeping with Meryl Streep). The obvious is spelled out, and the interesting processes remain vague. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

SHOGUN ASSASSIN—With Tomisaburo Wakayama, directed by Robert Houston. (R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Nov. 21.)

SHOW BOAT (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 27-28.)

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SIR HENRY AT RAWLINSON END—With Trevor Howard and Patrick Magee, directed by Steve Roberts. (Quad Cinema.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

SOMEWHERE IN TIME—With Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Nov. 20.)

SPACE MOVIE—Directed by Tony Palmer. (Guild.)

A SPECIAL DAY (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 25.)

STARDUST MEMORIES—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsized thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

THE STUNT MAN—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

THE THIRD GENERATION—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Nov. 23.)

TIMES SQUARE—With Tim Curry, Trini Alvarado, and Robin Johnson; directed by Alan Moyle. (Ziegfeld; through Nov. 25.)

TIN PAN ALLEY (1940)—Big, splashy, pinheaded musical in the tasteless Fox style, with Alice Faye (the Fox queen of the thirties, on her way down), Betty Grable (scheduled to become the Fox queen of the forties), the Nicholas Brothers, Jack Oakie, Billy Gilbert, and that Fox inevitable John Payne. The numerous songs include "Honeysuckle Rose," "You Say the Sweetest Things," "The Sheik of Araby," "On Moonlight Bay," "K-K-K-Katy." Walter Lang directed. (Regency; Nov. 27-29.)

UNDER MILK WOOD (1973)—An affectionate and beautiful reading of Dylan Thomas's radio play—a celebration of the originality and eccentricity in "ordinary" life. Andrew Sinclair, who adapted and directed, provides a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; Peter O'Toole is the blind Captain Cat; Elizabeth Taylor is the Captain's lost love Rosie Probert. Also with Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, Sian Phillips, Ann Beach, and Vivien Merchant, in a cast of about seventy. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. The play was already complete in its original form as a radio play—a play for voices. For some of us, it took place nowhere but in the poet's unruly head, and the disembodiment played a part in its glorious windiness. Who could handle the sensations this language produces and take in rich visual imagery, too? The only strong visual images in the movie—some superb dark shots of seals—may, on one level, extend the poetry, but they also add something foreign, because they, too, have a life of their own. The adaptation includes a bit lifted from Thomas's short story "Just Like Little Dogs." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 26.)

WILLIE & PHIL—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Laurence Fishburne III as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (72nd Street East; starting Nov. 28.)

WISE BLOOD—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. The picture works in the end, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (2/25/80) (Cinema Village; Nov. 23-24.)

WORLDS APART—An Israeli picture, with Amos Kollek (who also wrote the novel on which the film is based), Shelby Leverington, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Barbara Noble. (Gramercy; through Nov. 20.)

Judith Shahn

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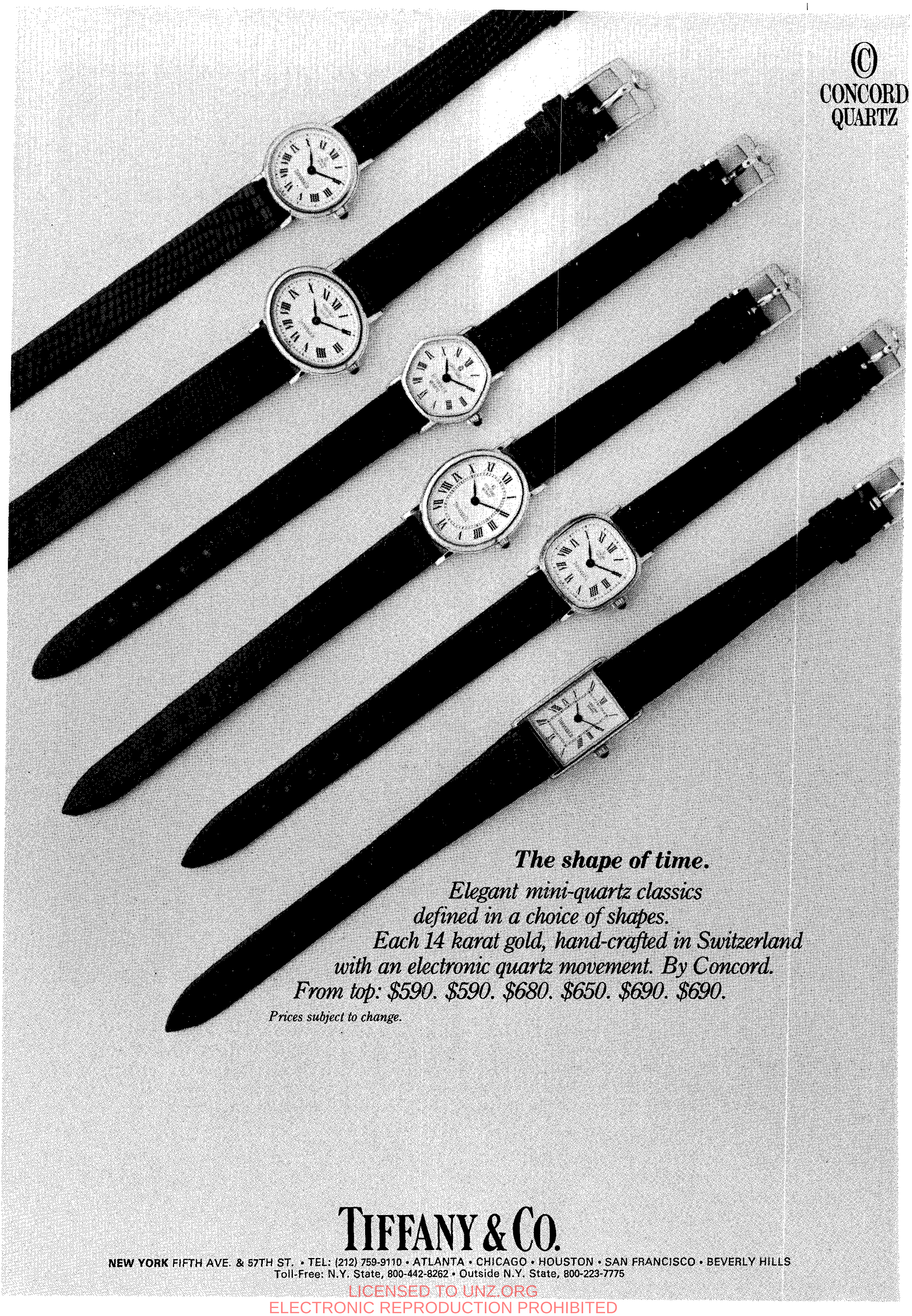

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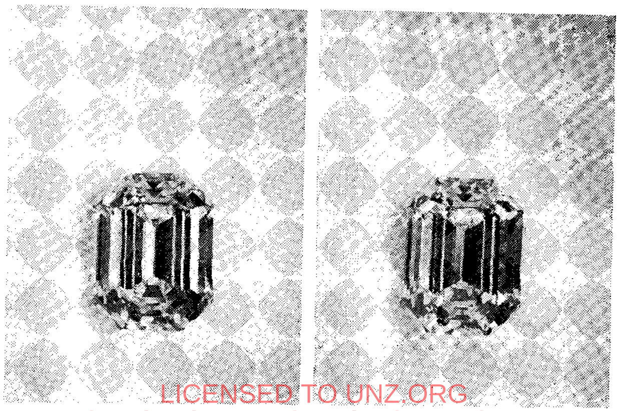

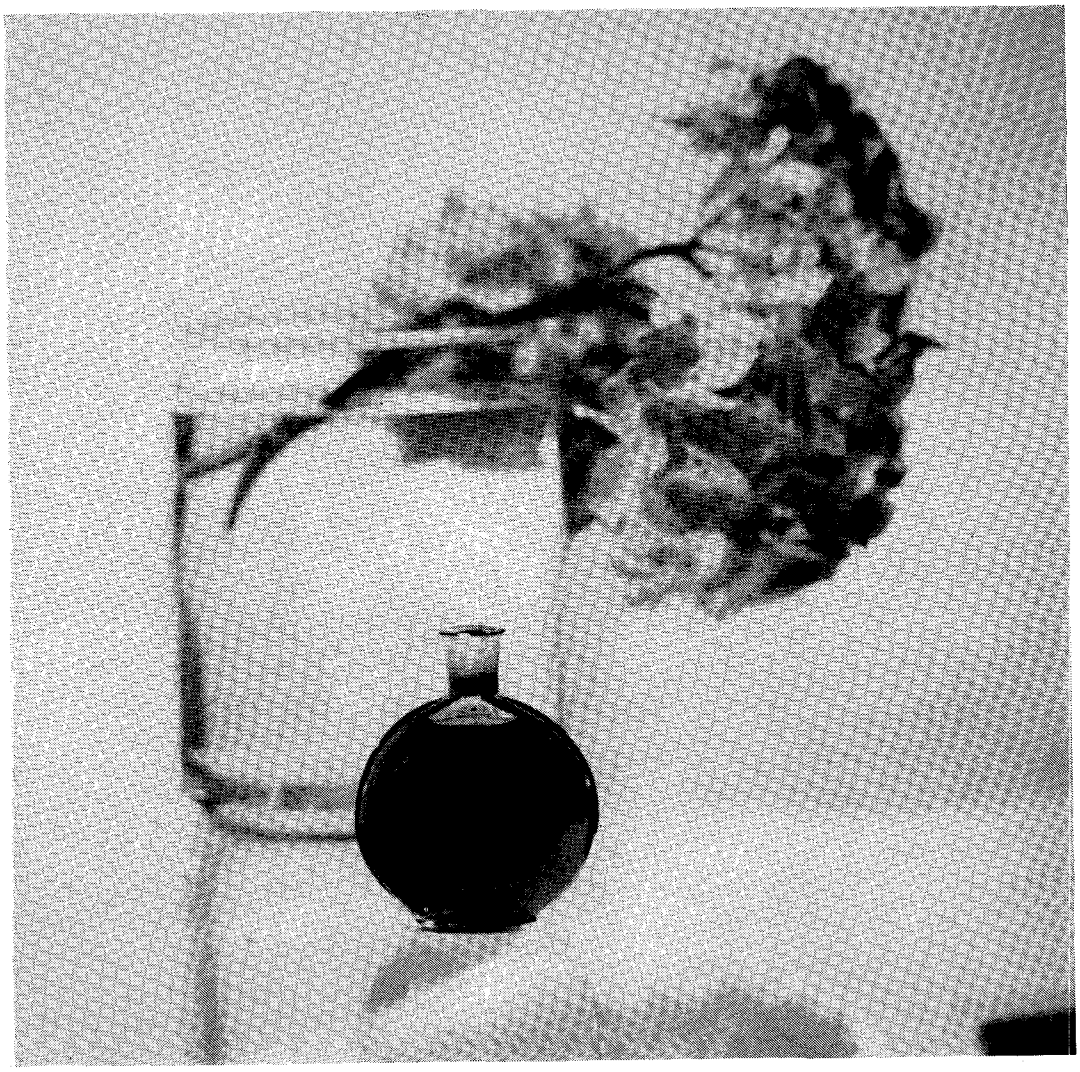

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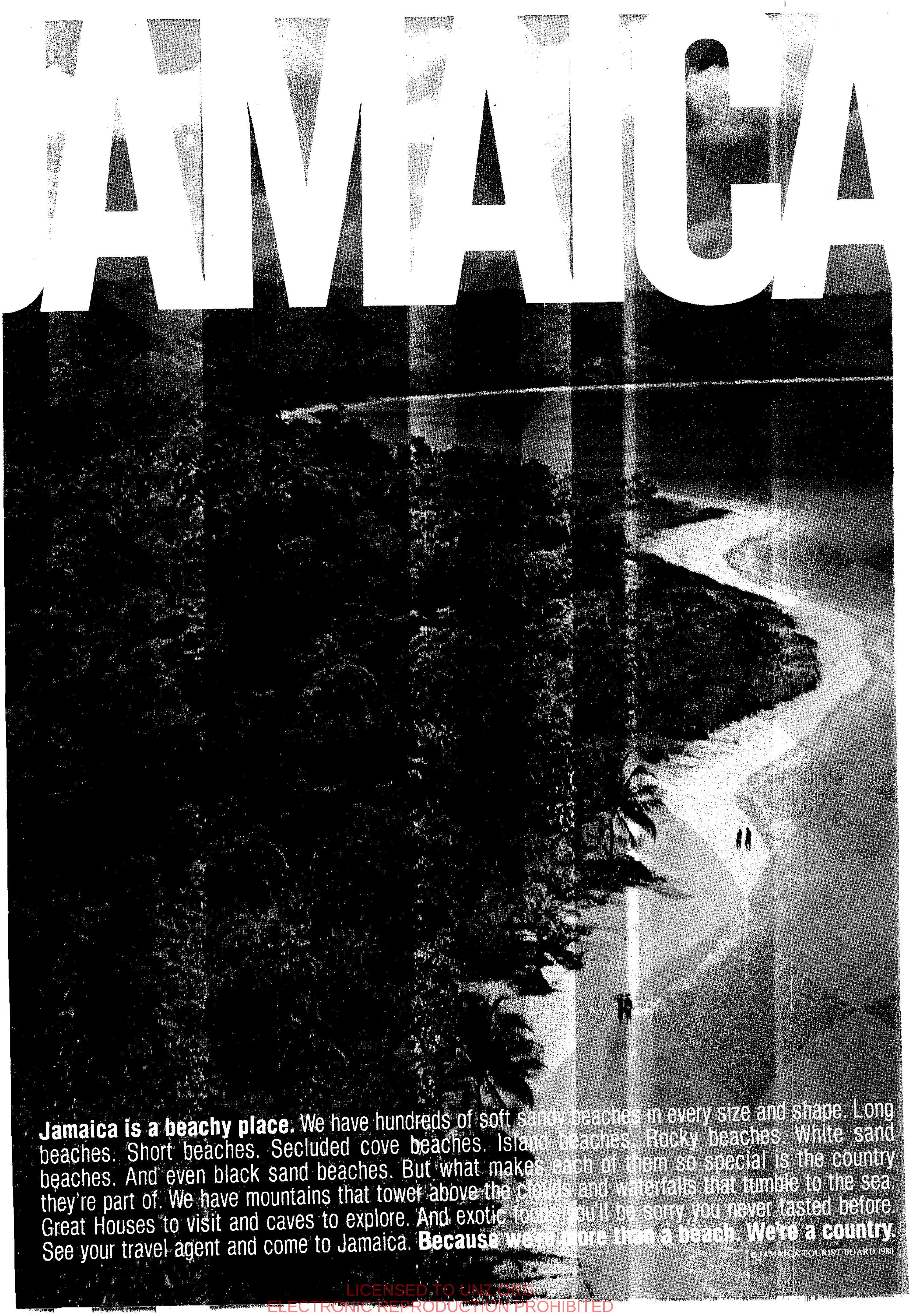

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I stayed home Tuesday afternoon last week to watch the first publicly transmitted live pictures of Saturn and its biggest moon, Titan, provided by Voyager 1 and sent through space to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, and into the television set in my living room. I was especially anxious to get a good look at Titan, which was said to have a substantial atmosphere, and to be the only moon in the solar system that does. It is roughly the size of Mercury, and might be in many respects like a terrestrial planet—possibly the home of some form of life. Or perhaps it could be turned into a home—by us. Actually, I saw more live pictures of terrestrial scientists than I did of Saturn and Titan, of which I saw only five or six. The scientists were very excited, talked at top speed, and wore suits and ties. All I really have to report in the way of startling visual effects were the eyes of Dr. Harold Masursky—a geologist member of the Voyager imaging team—which glowed like hot coals as he expressed his disappointment at not being able to get a look at any of the surface features of Titan, because of its relentless haze. I have never seen eyes quite so full of barely suppressed rage on television before, but of course what I had hoped to see was Titan. Turns out it has rather too *much* atmosphere. In fact, the many live J.P.L. scientists on the broadcast kept referring to it as "smog." Dr. Edward Stone, the chief Voyager scientist, suggested that the smog was so vast and so unpleasant as to be precipitating clumps of organic compounds onto Titan's inscrutable surface in the form of a kind of "tar," which he opined to be perhaps a kilometre deep. Well! It sounded a lot worse than the floor of the most dilapidated service station in the lowest depths of the Los Angeles Basin. Later interpretation of Voyager's data suggested the presence of vast freezing-cold oceans of liquid nitrogen, doubtless unsuitable for fish as we know them. Apparently, we have very nearly shot our bolt as far as the solar system is concerned. One had lingering hopes. However, it seems that our alternative to keeping things in reasonable working order on this planet is an extremely dicey future on a brave new world of liquid nitrogen, tar, and smog.

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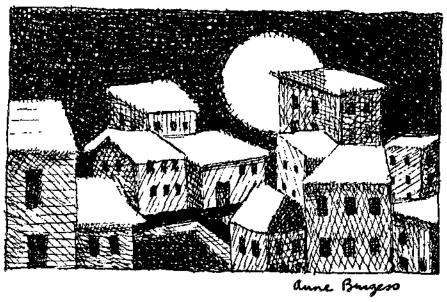
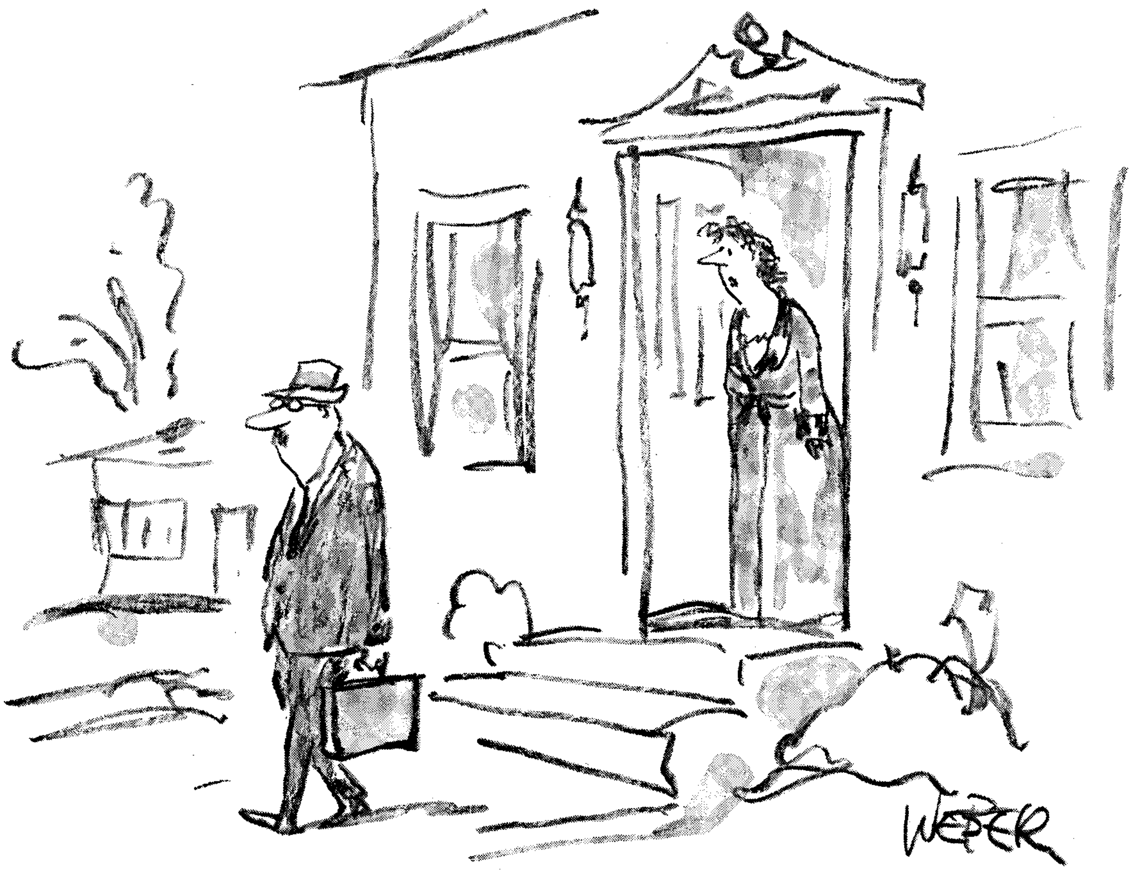
Local

A RED hat was proceeding smoothly along the pavement of West Forty-fourth Street at about 13 m.p.h.; a hatless woman in a dark coat was pursuing it at 8.5. Steam was churning up through a manhole cover and streaming horizontally down Sixth Avenue. High above the street, pieces of newspaper performed Immelmann turns and outside loops past upper-story windows. On a corner, a young man leaned on his heels, with his back to the freezing wind and his arms outstretched, seeing how far he could tip without falling over. Another man, one elbow out, held his hat down with a hand on the crown. People covered their noses with one hand and clutched the lapels of their coats with the other. Some, hunched over, shot glances upward, anticipating the unanticipated falling object ("PEDESTRIAN FELLED BY TV AERIAL"). Above a restaurant, the edges of a rolled-up awning flapped maniacally; behind the window, the fronds of a palm tree were immobile. Walking as if under water, we finally made it to our building. It was the first fierce wintry day, and we wondered where we had left our gloves last April. In our office, the window air-conditioner, which only a short time before had gurgled all day long, sat silent and glum while the wind sought and found small cracks in the frame around it; a paper was lifted off our desk. Outside, nasty purple clouds surged across a yellow sky. The windowpane shuddered; the sash rattled and thumped. The wind, beginning with a low legato moan (*woe . . . woe . . . woe*), rose quavering to a wail, accompanied by a tremolo whistle (with harmonics), a thrumming bass, and an intermittent, feathery *phfft-phfft*, and built to a North Atlantic fortissimo (*Wa-whoa! Wa-whoa! Wa-*WHOOOA!). Then the wind dropped, subsiding into a mournful coda (*aw, well . . . aw, well*), and we could hear the beep-beep of a car twenty stories below. We blew on our hands and opened the afternoon paper. An inch of snow, it said, in Binghamton.



Harrowing Walk

"HAVE I told you about my harrowing walk or the taupe sweater?" the voice on the telephone asked. It was Janet, who calls from time to time. "My brother and sister-in-law were going to see a show on Forty-fifth Street," she said. "We had been to a place called the Hors d'Oeuvrerie, where you can get whole-wheat soup for six-ninety-five for two. At least, that's what I thought it was called, but it was whole-meal soup—the whole meal in the soup. The three of us ate it. After I left them at Forty-fifth Street and Broadway, I decided to walk up to Fifty-third and Broadway to pick up



"When you said you were going to take a working vacation, you didn't say you were going to take it at the office!"

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some tickets. It was eight o'clock at night, and the street was so crowded you had to walk sideways. I got one block sideways, to Forty-sixth Street, and there was an even bigger crowd, so I peered in to see what was happening and somebody grabbed my— molested me from behind. I turned around, but I missed him. The crowd was watching a man making a red scarf disappear. At Forty-seventh Street, a man was lying either dead or alive—I didn't know which it was—on the street, and people were just staring at him. I said, 'Has *anybody* called the police?' Then I noticed a parked taxi with the driver talking on a telephone. He said he was calling the police. I said, 'That's very nice of you.' He said, 'I hit him.' Forty-eighth Street: A man came dashing out of Forty-eighth onto Broadway with an old man chasing him. I yelled 'Stop, thief!' helpfully, and I ran after them to Forty-ninth Street. The second man was beating the hell out of the first man, who was even older. Finally, a spectator pulled him off, and said, 'What are you trying to do, kill him?' It turned out that the first man had called the second one a filthy name.

"At this point, I decided I couldn't make it alone safely to Fifty-third Street, so I accosted a very neatly dressed young black man with an attaché case and I asked if he would mind accompanying me on the rest of my journey to Fifty-third. I found out that he was from Jamaica—the Caribbean one—so I asked him what he thought of the election there. He liked the new guy and I'm for Manley, the old guy, and he said that Manley used to go on TV wearing a safari shirt. I started to say 'Young man, we do not judge a person's character by the clothes he wears,' and then I realized that if he'd been wearing bluejeans and sneakers and no tie I wouldn't have stopped him in the first place. I told him all my thought processes and asked him to hold *my* attaché case while I paid for the tickets. He said that his name was Peter, and that he was going into a little neighborhood bar on Fifty-eighth Street, would I care to join him for a drink, but I remembered I had to watch Bill Moyers' after-the-election thing, because I'd seen his before-the-election show, so Peter came to my house. I forgot to tell him all the furniture was in the middle of the living room, because the house was being plastered by a Polish guy who's been in this country either one day, week, month, or year. When I asked him how long, he held up one finger.

"I got the taupe sweater out of the apartment. I was at Saks returning a pair of black pants that I got there two months ago, which I now couldn't zip, because I had gained fifteen pounds. I got one of those things stores give you instead of money, and I bought two sweaters for three times as much as the pants, but it always feels like saving money. The taupe sweater was too big, so I took that back, and this time they gave me real money. I went down to the fifth floor—because I was tired of the seventh floor, and the sixth floor is men and boys—and I was waiting for a dressing room, and a lady who wanted to try on a silk blouse was also waiting, and I suggested that we share one. I didn't think that the blouse looked so good on her, so I told her about the taupe sweater. She said she didn't think she needed a sweater, but I got her so excited that we went back up to the seventh floor and she loved it. She bought it, and we went out to that omelette place for lunch.

"That was the day I couldn't decide if I should go away to a spa in West End, New Jersey, which is built where my family's old red house used to be, or to Puerto Rico, where I can stay with friends for nothing, or to Italy to see Pavarotti. I decided to have my apartment painted. I asked Peter if he wanted to help me paint the apartment. He said 'No, thank you.'

"Did you just hear a click? I got a call the other day—'This is your phone company.' 'Oh, God,' I said. 'I paid my bill this time.' 'No, no,' they said. 'We have two services we can offer you. One is a click to let you know you have another call, and the other transfers your calls to wherever you are.' I took the click.

"I'm so glad that my theory about sex being good for arthritis is right. I just spotted it in a book on age and arthritis. My brother's a doctor, and he never knew about it till I told him. It doesn't cure it, but it's good for it. It eases it. You forget about it completely during the act.

"Last winter, either my arm or my leg went out—it hurt—and I was sent by a doctor I know to a very busy neurologist. They squeezed me in after the last appointment of the day. When he asked me what was the matter, I said, 'I haven't had a love life since November.' This was January, I think. He picked up the phone and called my doctor and said, 'I thought you said this was an emergency.' Then he hit me with a little hammer and sent me a bill for a hundred dollars."

Lists

EARLY one morning, in Connecticut, Martha Stewart made the following checklist:

5,500 apples, 17 varieties, polished
200 pears, Red and Golden Bartletts, polished
60 pounds New York State cheddar cheese, in wheels
8 gallons cheddar-cheese fondue, minus cheddar cheese
30 pounds New York State cheddar cheese, grated
3,000 lengthwise apple slices, for fondue
5 gallons fritter batter, minus egg whites
96 egg whites
3 quarts freshly squeezed lemon juice
2,000 crosswise apple slices, for fritters
9 gallons buttermilk-pancake batter
8 quarts maple syrup
50 cranberry breads
34 lemon breads
27 pumpkin breads
28 zucchini breads
600 pumpkin muffins
1,200 chive biscuits
1,500 corn muffins
12 pounds soda crackers
6 gallons apple butter
12 gallons applesauce
6 gallons carrot-turnip purée
4 gallons green-tomato mincemeat
1,500 organically grown Columbia County potatoes, baked
20 pounds butter
12 quarts sour cream
12 pounds bacon, cooked and crumbled
50 pounds onions, minced and sautéed
48 bunches parsley, chopped
5 corn-cob-smoked hams, baked and slivered
8 quarts my mustard sauce
80 gallons apple cider

On another sheet of paper, she wrote:

9 thermal chests for transporting hot and cold perishables
2 steam cabinets for warming breads, melting butter
2 hot plates for warming fondue, heating cider
2 thermal urns for cider
4 electric hand mixers, for beating egg whites
2 electric frying pans
2 electric griddles
8 heavy-duty extension cords
6 apple troughs, hand-hewn by George
40 baskets, from kitchen rafters
14 earthenware crocks, from kitchen cupboards
4 large brown cider jugs, ditto
6 wooden cheese and bread boards, ditto
42 white aprons
42 white sailor hats
20 white buffet cloths

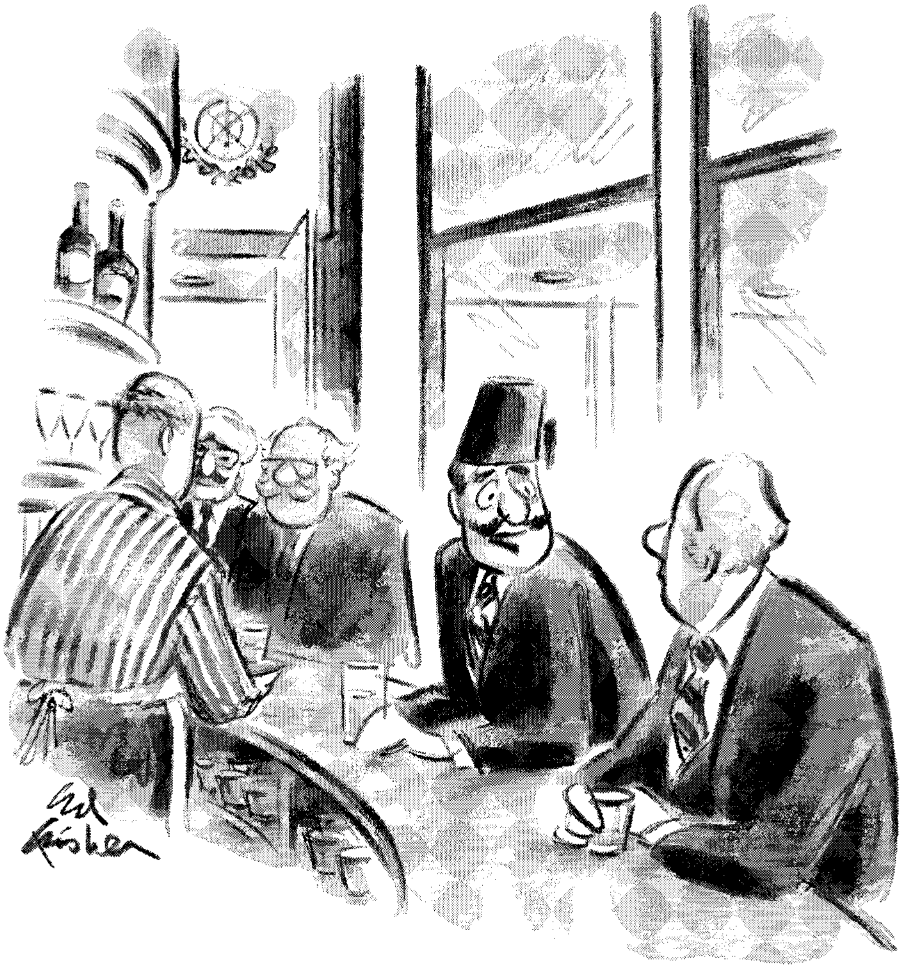
Then she and her staff loaded all the foregoing, plus

60 pumpkins, whole
8 pumpkins carved out for serving in
18 ears Indian corn
2 bushels decorative gourds
5 bunches autumn leaves
25 pounds red onions
9 bales hay

into

1 pickup truck
2 vans

and left for Pier 92, at the foot of Fifty-fourth Street, where at 6 P.M. she catered a light buffet supper for those attending the Preview Night Benefit—



"I grew up in an unstable home. I endured an unstable marriage. And now I represent an unstable portion of the globe!"

this year called Celebrate the Hudson—of the Fall Antiques Show.

Whitmania

OVER the past year, we have on occasion seen a record advertisement pop up on late-night television for a fellow called Slim Whitman which is distinctly different from the typical, throat-clutching offers of its kind. The ad shows clips of a middle-aged man with a manly mustache who is wearing a dark Western-style suit and a knotted neckerchief. The man has a homey-looking acoustic guitar strapped across his body, and for about one minute he lip-synchs along to bits of old-fashioned country-and-Western songs like "Indian Love Call" and "Red River Valley" in a polished tenor voice, which trails off at the end into an airy yodel. Even the announcer touting the record sounds like a good guy.

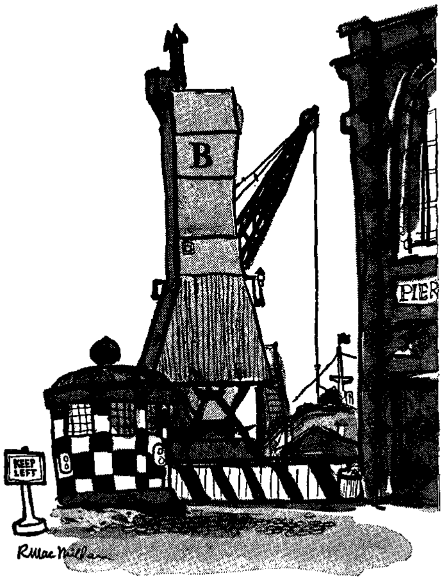
We gave no special thought to Slim Whitman until we recently came across an item in a music-industry trade magazine which reported that sales of the Slim Whitman record advertised on television had exceeded one and a half million copies—a figure that made it a national best-seller. Moreover, we read, the success of the TV offer had resulted in the signing of Slim Whitman to a major recording contract with Cleveland International Records, which is distributed by CBS Records, and the release of a brand-new Slim Whitman album, called "Songs I Love to Sing." The trade story was followed up some weeks later with a publicity photograph of Slim Whitman, dressed as he was in the television ad, signing copies of his new album in a crowded record shop in Ohio. The photograph was captioned "Whitmania."

Whitmania has since manifested itself in New York City, and we caught up with it in the studios of WHN, the AM country-music radio station on Park Avenue, where Slim was being interviewed by a young woman disc jockey while members of his entourage from Cleveland International Records and CBS Records waited in the engineer's room. Slim, who has thinning hair and a broad forehead, was dressed in a maroon polyester Western-style suit with a paisley neckerchief that was clasped just below his Adam's apple by a silver ring with a little horse's head mounted on it. He reminded us of an older Pernell Roberts in "Bonanza." As we arrived, Slim was telling the young woman that his career began thirty-two years ago, when he was discovered singing on a live broadcast over a radio station in Tampa.

"It was kinda like this one," Slim said in a wistful tone, looking first around the glassed-in booth where he was sitting and then out to the engineer manning the tape machine in the adjoining room. "And I'm still doin' what I was doin' then," he continued. "The yodels are still the same. The same songs I recorded here in the late forties and early fifties that later sold a ton in England are selling a ton for me here in the last nine months. I guess the reason I'm still around is that the public always liked me and what I was doin'. I always said, 'If a guy's friendly, he's gonna do well.' "

The disc jockey jumped in. "How is it that you were so successful in England?" she asked.

"Well," Slim said, "I was one of the first singers of this kind of music to go over there. Up until then, they'd only heard the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy version of 'Indian Love Call.' I guess they liked the whole singin'-cowboy image. But they didn't know too much about country-and-Western music, so when they asked me what it was, I said 'I'm it.' " He paused and collected his thoughts. "My career was very dormant in the seventies, though," he said. "I don't have a clue about why some company in the East suddenly decided to lease my old tapes and make those TV ads. The ads have sold nearly two million records, and I almost didn't do those records. I was just sittin' around in Jacksonville, where I live, and my wife and my son got on me. 'What're you doin'? You're not doin' anything anyway,' they told me. So I did them. Well, those ads not only brought out the artist, they brought out the most dormant guy in the U-nited States."



The tape was halted by the engineer, and when Slim stood up we had a chance to shake hands with him. It was apparent that Slim was actually a well-proportioned big man, so we asked him about the origin of his nickname.

"My first record company, RCA Victor, was gettin' ready to release my first single record—back in '49, this was—and they didn't know what name I wanted to put on it," Slim recalled. "But when they called my house to find out, I was out fishin', and they had to go with *somethin'*, so they decided to put 'Slim' on it, and it stuck." He smiled, and though his lips barely parted, his eyes crinkled deeply at the corners, and his eyebrows—dark and bushy—turned up like wings.

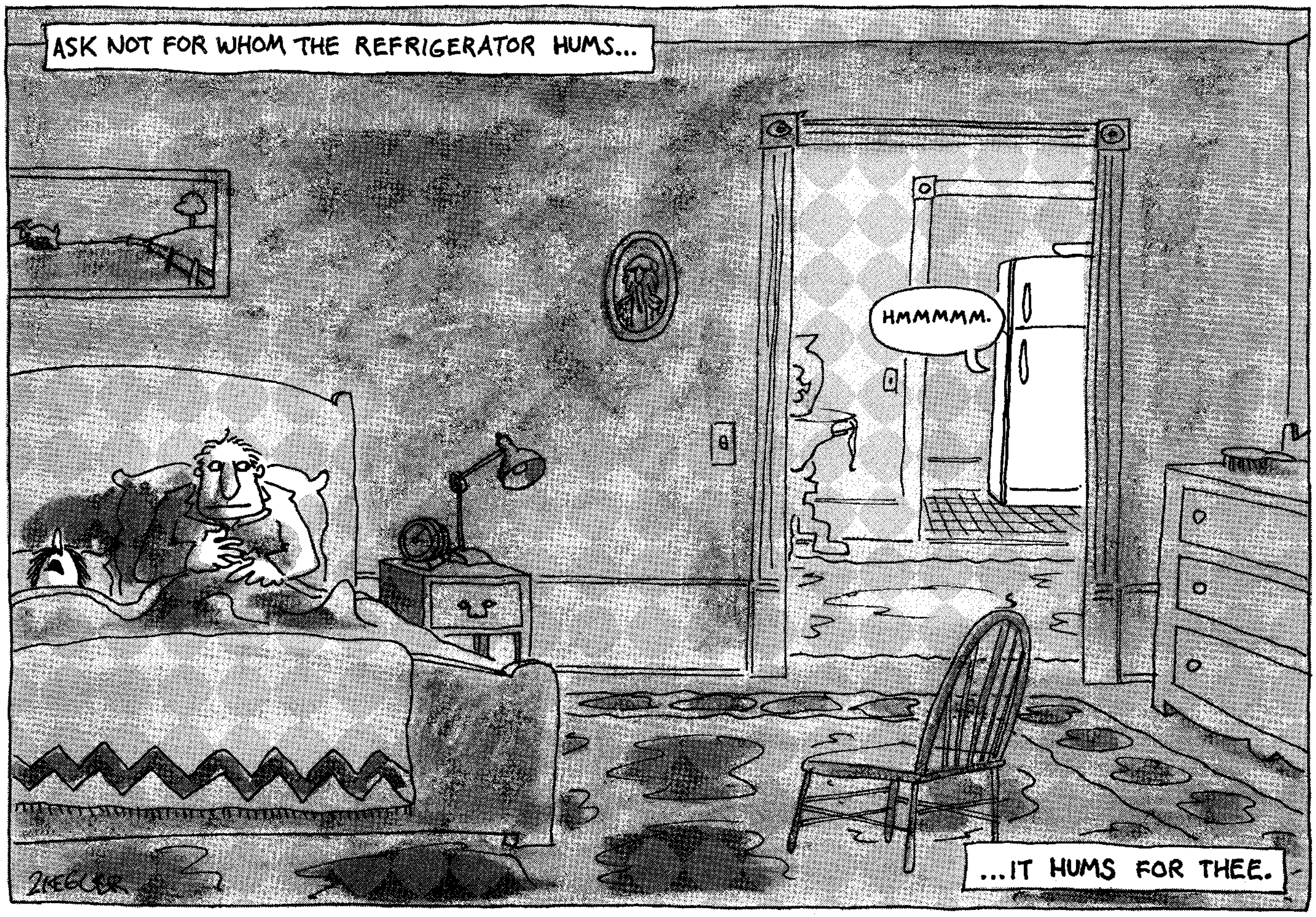
At that moment, a short man in a glen-plaid raincoat and a vinyl hat and carrying a large, hand-stitched leather shoulder bag burst into the studio and began gabbing and glad-handing everyone in sight. "Ray Free, New York area promo man," he said, thrusting his hand out to Slim. "I go way back with your stuff. I used to be a player, you know. Tenor sax. Played all the joints way back when. You ever hear of Lester Young? The greatest. Oh, yeah." He whooshed by Slim and addressed the disc jockey, who was standing nearby. "Hi, honey. Ray Free," he said to her. "What's your name?"

"Linda," she replied.

"Linda!" he cried, and he looked at Slim, who seemed unsure how to react. "Bu du bu du wop, bu du bu du wop, bu du bu du wee—Linda!" he sang loudly. "We played that one every night. Remember that one?" He clasped Slim's arm. "That's bebop. It's great. It's all music and I love it all, you know what I mean? Listen, we're working hard for you. Now I gotta go to the rock stations!" With that, he whirled, waved, laughed, and left.

Slim dropped back into his chair. Linda stepped forward and asked Slim if he would mind answering a question or two for a Christmas promotional spot that WHN was planning to run.

"We ask everyone about what their Christmas at home is like," she ex-


ASK NOT FOR WHOM THE REFRIGERATOR HUMS...
HMMMMM.
...IT HUMS FOR THEE.
ZIEGLER

• •

plained. She signalled to the engineer to roll the tape. "Slim, what was Christmas like when you were growing up?" she asked.

His glinty eyes fixed on Linda's face. "I don't remember," he said matter-of-factly.

Slim seemed quite happy at that point to move on to lunch, and we accompanied him and several record-company people out into the hallway, where, as we all waited for an elevator, his publicity man said, "We've got five radio syndications, United Media Enterprises, and A.P. and the *Daily News* lined up for Slim. I wish we had him here for more than two days, but Slim wants to get back to Jacksonville. It would be great if we could get him up here to play at the Lone Star, say, but Slim won't play anymore in clubs that serve alcohol." He shrugged.

In the elevator, we asked Slim whether he could recall his last appearance in New York City.

He tugged at his neckerchief and turned to the publicity man. "Carnegie Hall's in New York, isn't it?" he asked, and he waited until the man nodded. "Well, it was in the sixties sometime," he then said to us. "I was a headliner on a show for the Irish—in '57 I was tied with Bing Crosby for being tops in Ireland. I remember that by the time I came on, I was told, 'You've got ten minutes.' 'Danny Boy' had been sung about forty times, and all I had time for was 'Cattle Call,' 'Rose Marie,' and 'Indian Love Call,' and *adiós*, I was gone."

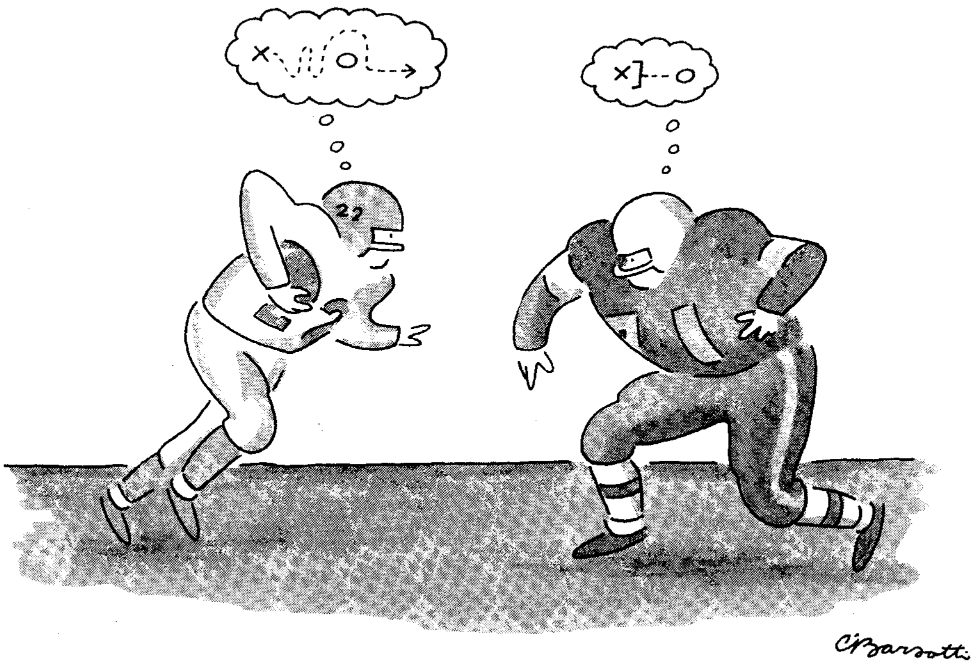
We arranged to meet Slim later that day, at a reception in his honor in the CBS Building, and he departed in a limousine. When we arrived at the CBS Building, around five-thirty, we found that the corridor leading to the party, in the eleventh-floor conference room, had been strewn with hay and was filled with the aroma of a stable. In the background, we heard a din of voices and a tape of Slim Whitman singing "Vaya con Dios." The conference room, a square, windowless chamber, was ringed with tables of food and drink, and in the center of the room someone had set several bales of hay next to a sawhorse with a rented saddle perched on top of it. Lots of people holding drinks and paper plates with pan-grilled hamburgers on them stood around the display chatting and now and then watching a videotape of a recent Slim Whitman concert in the Midwest. Old posters hailing Slim as "Britain's Longest Running Chart-Topper" were pinned up on the walls, together with newer ones, proclaiming the advent of Whitmania. Slim appeared at the entrance shortly after six and was ushered into the room by the vice-president of Epic Records and the president of Cleveland International Records. He had changed into a black suit with a black-and-white polka-dotted neckerchief, and he wore a tall black hat. He looked as if he could have stood in for Clark Gable in "The Misfits." All of a sudden, the other men in the room who were wearing cowboys hats and Western gear looked obvious and silly. Women who had giggled to each other when Slim arrived gradually found excuses to mill around him. Slim's eyes were set in a permanent deep crinkle as he signed his pictures and records. "I feel like I'm livin' thirty years ago," he said.

POLVO

EVEN farther S., the Pan-American Highway, unpaved at this point, passes a mule track (km. 1,024, not signposted), at the very end of which is the town of **Polvo** (pop. 87, Census of 1935). Mutton, lanolin, wool, and cactus fibre are the main products. Many travellers regard Polvo as the true Gateway to Patagonia. It was perhaps here, in 1832, that General Juan Manuel de Rosas began his mission of subduing the Indians. The conjecture is reasonable, as the Indians in the area are subdued to the point of invisibility. It is likely that the young Charles Darwin, who met Rosas during his (Rosas's) onslaught, might also have trod Polvo's narrow gravelled street and, on the precipitous rockslides nearby, collected the specimens of black toads he painstakingly describes in his "Journal of Researches" (often wrongly titled "The Voyage of the Beagle").

Unprepossessing in appearance, little more than two acres of habitation, and hardly discernible above the tops of its own low thornbushes, Polvo, although part of the former Kingdom of Araucanía and Patagonia, has been called "the hamlet without a prince." And yet it is not devoid of the charm that characterizes many another sheep-raising town. The annual sheep-clip (May 10–17) draws a score of visitors. Polvanos refuse to be drawn, but their silence implies that it may be worth the tourist's while to endure the overcrowded conditions and generally stretched amenities to which the town is subject during such local fiestas. (Jan. 4, Druids' Day, and July 22, Feast of Martyrs, are others.) At sheep-clip, the Market Square (*Plaza*) is said to take on something of the atmosphere of Act IV, Scene 4, of "The Winter's Tale," with a Wool Queen in her ancient cardigan and a good-humored Shearer's Dance, which has proved fatal to many an unwary onlooker! Once every ten years there is an *eisteddfod*—Welsh poems being sung and shouted. The simultaneous translation in Tehuelche is perhaps a hangover from the days of colonization.

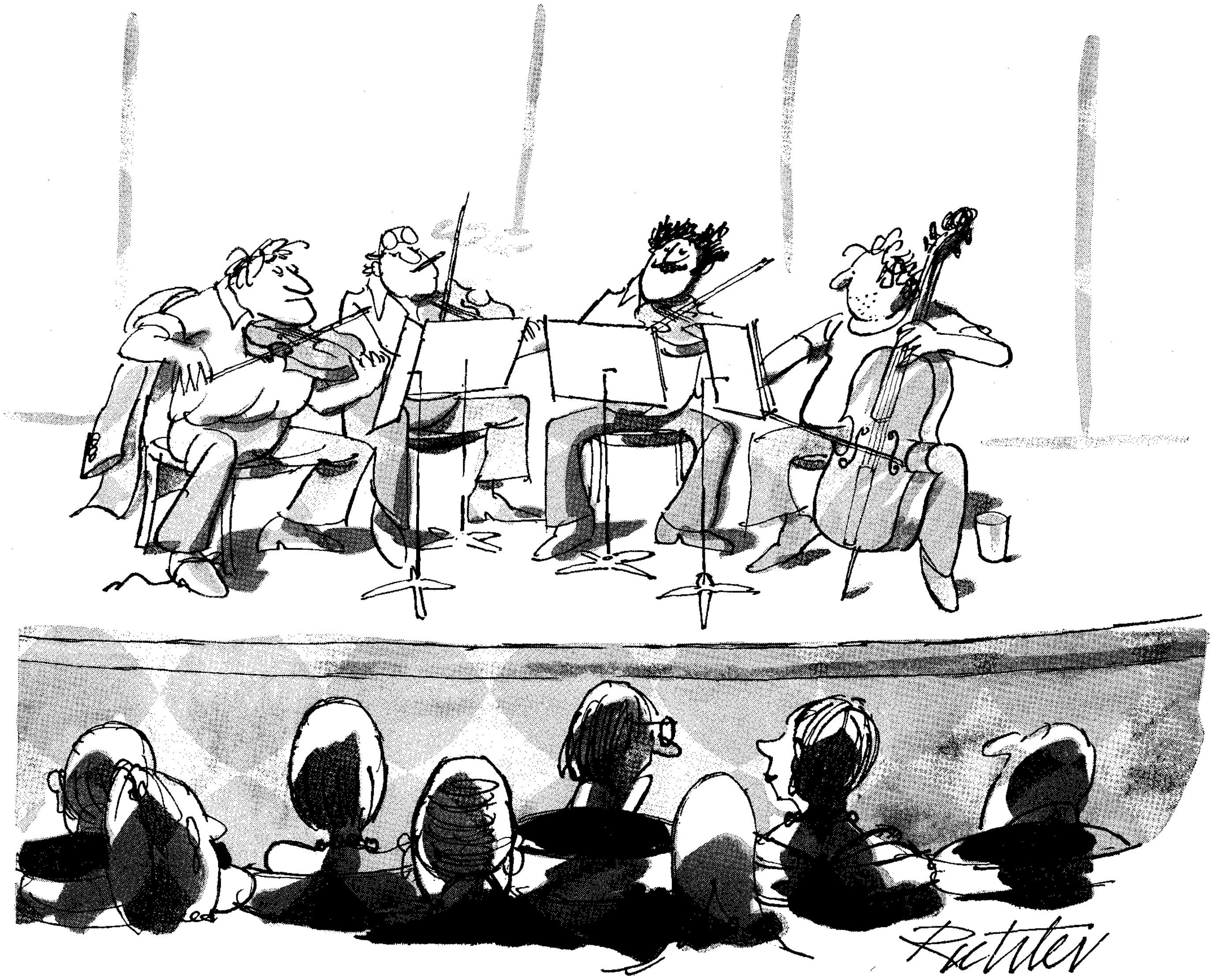
Visitors to Polvo cannot fail to notice the scarcity of water in the town, and the sensible wayfarer will carry enough to last him his stay. A visit of any length will necessitate the boring of a well, and the budget-minded traveller will want to allow for this additional expense. Years of privation have left their mark on the settlers, who tend to give the impression of truculence—an impression that is only confirmed by long acquaintance. Unaccustomed to strangers, and somewhat outside the mainstream of the tourist boom that has brought modernity to his distant neighbors, the Polvano is inclined to be brusque, except toward visitors who are thoroughly fluent in colloquial Welsh. More than usual care should be exercised in entering a farmhouse unannounced, and no one ought to expect a clear set of directions to the downtown area and hotel (*Residencial Penrhyndeudraeth*). Well stocked with some of the better Fuegian vintages, the restaurant, sumptuous by Polvo's standards, is nearly always shut. There is limitless scope in the hills for the spelunker.



Once the haunt of Patagonian giants, who are said to have been numerous in the region and to account for early maps bearing the reference "Regio Gigantum," Polvo has seen these natives dwindle in number as well as in size over the years, until by mid-century there was but one. That he was hunted for sport is part of Polvo's rich folklore. What remains of his small earthen hut may still be seen, though not every traveller will wish to make the two-day journey, as it can only be accomplished on foot. (Stout shoes a must.) Those who do (and the jaunt is a welcome relief from the odor of sheep-dip and uncured hides, which casts a blight on the otherwise attractive town) will glimpse herds of roving guanacos and, smeared on rocks, odd fingerprint markings reputed to be 10,000 years old. The trip to the gravesites of the early settlers takes slightly longer, at just under a week, and is to be recommended for the hardy. Those who manage it are rewarded by the simple grandeur of three solitary markers, shaped not unlike hubcaps, carved from local stone and bearing indistinct inscriptions in the Welsh language. Round about this tiny necropolis an impressive desolation soothes the eye of the footsore traveller.

Municipal buildings in Polvo include the Central Jail, the Founders' Orphanage, the Carding House, and the Methodist Chapel. The chapel is, in the words of the French traveller Gaston, "typical of its kind . . . notwithstanding its window, which is open to criticism." A Christian Science Reading Room is in the planning stages, and this will be housed in a chamber now known as the *Zona Rosa* (open most weekdays), where in former times gauchos are supposed to have gathered during the sheep-clip. (Note hook and scarred doorjamb, where, according to legend, spurs were hung.)

The *Mercado* (market) is close by, and although Polvo's barter system is almost certain to divest the enthusiastic traveller of his wristwatch, a visit is



"This is the most unbuttoned Brahms I've ever heard."

• •

well worth the risk. Apart from the root vegetables and the carcasses of sheep arranged sandbag-style around the dour venders, there are traditional Indian ornaments on sale, some thought to be of ancient manufacture, including penwipers, calendar holders, napkin rings, buckles, tie clasps, bookmarks, and plinths for digital clocks, all fashioned from dried cactus fibre, to which magical properties have been ascribed. Some distance from the market, but now derelict, are the shacks of quarrymen who worked the iron-ore deposit. There are few organized tours of this part of town.

STEEPED in Patagonian history, Polvo nonetheless wears its antiquity lightly, and it has steadily diminished in population. The youths of the town are understandably siphoned off by the oil pipeline and the bright lights of Río Gallegos. Consequently, the average age in Polvo is 73. The petrochemical plant, promised for the next decade, ought to go some way toward altering the scope of tourism. Bird life abounds, and the sky above Polvo is frequently black with the soaring Turkey Buzzard (*Cathartes aura*). Polecats and skunks (*Zorrillos*) must also be mentioned here. The flora is tenacious but thin, and limited to scrub thorn and the cactus from which the local artifacts are made. Oblivious of the stranger's taunt about the monotony of their unremarkable surroundings, Polvanos delight in their landscape's occasional fits of natural crankishness and will walk any distance to hear the rumble of a glacier "calving."

In another epoch, dinosaurs must have ranged this dusty plateau and laid eggs where sheep now graze, though all have vanished without a trace. The *Museo de Polvo* (Polvo Museum, open Mondays) contains a plaster model of a settler's homestead, a sketch map of the Spanish advance, an authentic Welsh dresser, a collection of skins and hides, a stuffed albatross, a fusilier's epaulets, and a canoe. Murals depict Rosas's massacres (north wall) and the flood damage of 1899 (west wall). The attendant on duty wakes from time to time to remind the browser not to lean on the display cases.

—PAUL THEROUX

•

THE ELEPHANT MAN—A film based on the life of David Merrick.—*The Times.*

Up to, but not including, "42nd Street."

ELEGY IN AN ABANDONED BOATYARD

. . . mindful of th' unhonour'd dead.
—*Thomas Gray.*

Here they stood, hour after hour, whom the Kecoughtan believed
gods from another world, one pair of longjohns
each, bad-yellow, knotted with lice,
the godless, bandy-legged runts
with ear bit off, or eye gouged,
a fair fight and no fault,

who killed and prayed
over whatever flew, squatted, or swam.

In huts hacked from mulberry, pine, and swamp cypress,
they huddled, ripe as hounds.
At cock-crow scratched, shuffled
down sucking marsh paths,
took skiffs and ferried to dead-rise scows,
twenty-footers dutifully designed and of right draft
for oysters, crabs, and croakers.
They were seaworthy.

According to diaries hand-scrawled, and terse court records,
our ancestors: barbarous, habitual, Virginians.

Some would not sail, came ashore, walked on the land,
kept faces clenched, lay seed and family,
moved often, and are gone. Of them
this ground says nothing.
Of the sea's workmen, not much,
no brass plate of honor, no monument in the square,
no square, merely the wreckage of a place.

But they stood,
tanned, surly, black and white,
in the morning mist at the hovel of the boatwright,
some thieves, some new married,
the hard arm pointed—
Build me one like that yonder!

Meaning
the gray hull I see across the cove,
bottom caved in, canting in the ashen water.

The arm was daddy's or granddaddy's, nameless as the hull,
but no need, then, for name, not to the boatwright
hunched in his shadow and bulk. He was known
to crush clams in his scarred palms,
and thus got his payment.
Our kin like as not, he built the derelicts,
snaking trees weeklong with the pap of each
that stood trying to bear his black countersunk eyes.

Who gave credit to each son
(unless feud intervened in some veiled remark, in which case
spit drawled between the boots)
and took a stick into the great hand,
an awl good as any, to dig
on the earth the grave first line of a keel,

whose broad brow
would sometimes lift seaward, but nothing said
as the shape buried in memory hove up
and was
changed some, though God knows little enough,
the result, we suppose, of material weaker than ever,
or creator's whim, that eye-blink,
or a young man's desire to be unlike
the drab hulls he must lie by days out, nights in.
But not too unlike as to start talk.

Like that one yonder!

He did not have an image to name change,
and tomorrow only a best guess,
the lie gagged back in brown-toothed
laughter, known
as the riddling of hulls

is known: the habitual story of kin
changed at these walls waist-high

and rotten as teeth.

He had some kind of notion we must labor to forgive.
Fathers, hearing him, shipped some of us to school in coarse linen,
the message sewn on our chest, with Bible and slate
where the smart-sounding future loomed,

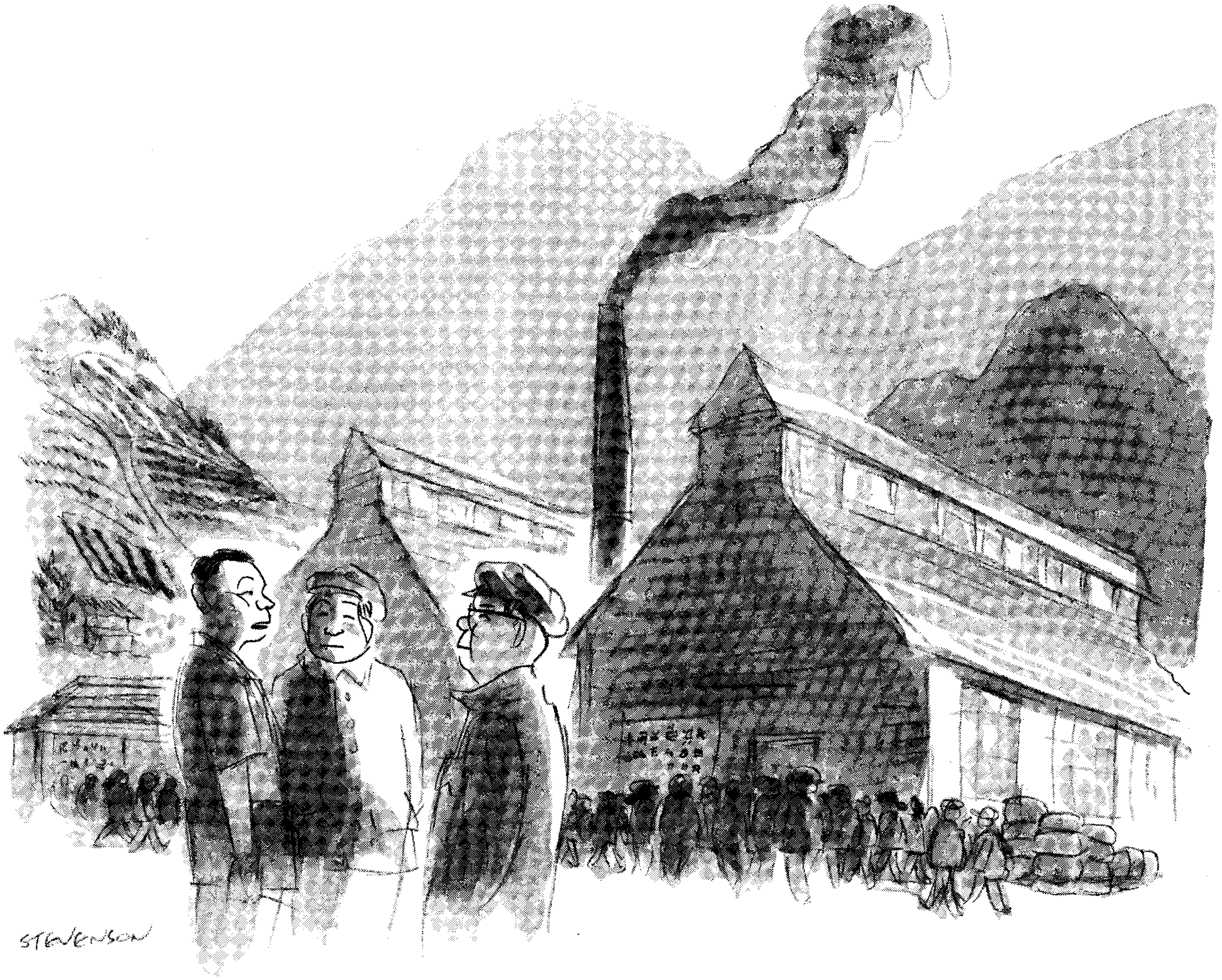
the world we entered

as slowly as I now have entered his place, feeling
through the back-flung gates of light
for the builder.

I sit on the charred, flood-smoothed log to learn dying
is living, not events but the readiness
of memory to boil pitch for joints,
for the plank-by-plank joy
of joining all,

and take up a cap
left as worthless to hang on a cypress stump,
and fit its stained round to my head.

Merely to wait where the builder heaved shards and chips
and abortive cuts to the tide's tongue-lap
is to feel the unconceived shape
pulse down the arm and into fingers
almost another self's, perfect, enough
to take up a stick



"Before we decide on our next expansion of the people's industry, shouldn't we check with Bloomingdale's?"

• •

and loose the ingathered
wilderness of loon, crow, and gull,
who cannot believe what they see, but see it,

an immense shadow
on water.

Stick in hand, I feel
my eyes harden

and there it is,
the far wind-cradle
of the eagle's wing, hunter now there, now
vanished. I hold my face up
to study how the air heats,
how under him builds the rising funnel,
building steadily myself, but also dreaming change

until I understand, almost, a problem:
is he not harnessed,
himself, this light father
designed to sail like a minor god,
to come screeching down to the soft chicks
he will drive off, well fed,
with his lethal, callus-colored talons?

Our brothers float and sink,
lovely shadows, by the millions all over the earth.
Putting my back to the one bark-shorn trunk
they have left me, I pull the stick
in the dirt, remembering the long relevance of usage.

The line grows

quick with light, with the answering of birds
crying out the only speech they have
for the unfinished country
that looms still
dreamed, clearer and deeper,
out of the water that seeps,
out of the water that bore us all here.

—DAVE SMITH

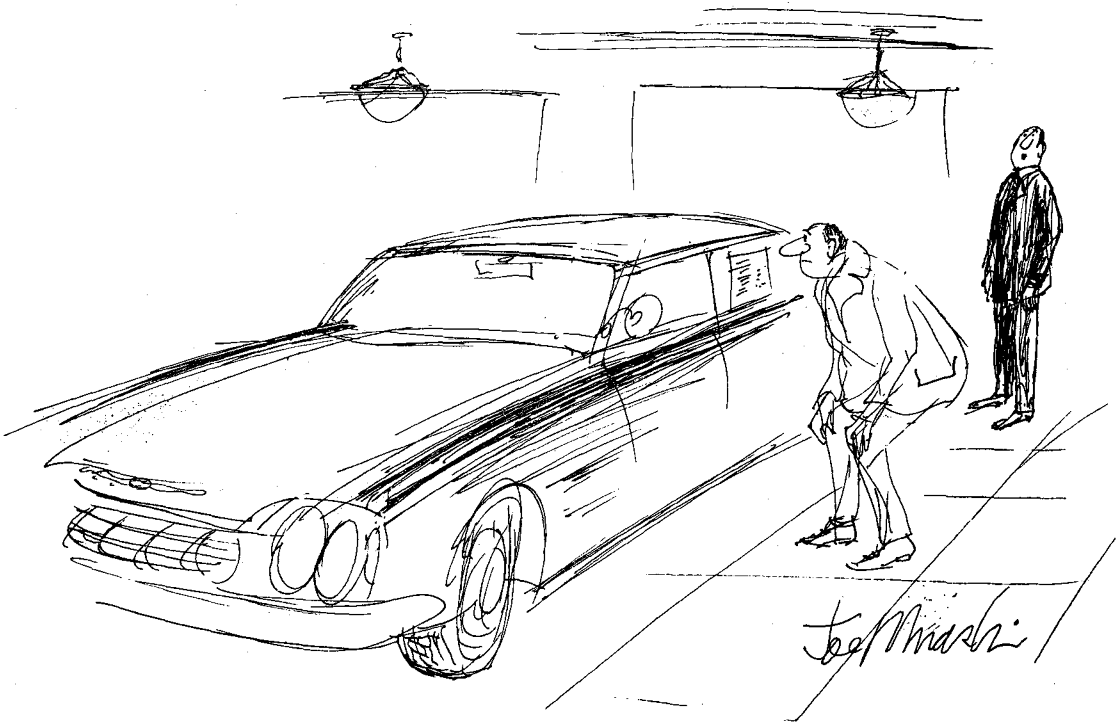
WOOD

Roy Fowler has a business in Logan, Ontario. He is a sign painter, the only one in this part of the country, and he gets more business than he can handle. He doesn't want so much business. If he hires anybody to work for him, it means he has to go through a lot of red tape, and he doesn't want that. He is a very good sign painter; he can do any kind of lettering, and a picture if required. Often the farmers want a picture to hang beside their gates; they want a picture of a pig or a turkey or a Hereford or a Black Angus or a Charolais. They always want a background of rolling green farmland and blue summer sky, even though the pigs and turkeys are raised by modern methods in specially designed and equipped barns, where they never see daylight, and the cattle are often fattened in feedlots.

Roy does his painting in a shed behind the house. It is heated by a small wood stove and smells strongly of paint, turpentine, linseed oil, and lumber. Getting the fuel for the stove led him to his other interest, which is private but not secret; that is, everybody knows about it but nobody knows how much he thinks about it or how important it has become to him: woodcutting. He has a four-wheel-drive truck and a chain saw and an eight-pound splitting axe. He spends more and more time in the bush cutting firewood—not just for himself but to sell. His wife, Lila, suspects that he is more interested in cutting wood than in painting signs; she worries about his letting his business go and about his going into the bush alone. He is aware of this, though they never discuss the subject. If he is going out to the bush, he waits till she has gone to work. She works in the office of the new dentist—a good thing for her, because she is friendly and talkative and needs company, as well as some extra money; and a very good thing for the dentist, because he is building up his practice and if he gets all Lila's relatives that is a sizable block of patients.

These relatives, the Voles and the Pooles and the Devlins, are a close-knit clan. They don't always enjoy each other's company but they make sure they get a lot of it. At Christmas and Thanksgiving they squeeze into a house thirty or forty people, counting children. On ordinary Sundays they manage a dozen or so, watching television, talking, cooking and eating a big meal. Roy says he likes to watch television or talk—either one but not both at the same time. Sometimes on a Sunday, with the living room full of his wife's relatives, he gets up and goes out to the shed and builds up a fire of either ironwood or apple wood; both burn with a pleasant smell. On the shelf with his paint he has a bottle of rye, and he will take a drink by himself, but he doesn't drink very much: seldom when he's working on a sign and never when he's going into the bush—just on these Sundays full of visitors. It doesn't cause trouble. The relatives don't feel slighted—they are too busy visiting—and Lila doesn't reproach him or apologize for him. She is an easygoing person most of the time, and her family has a limited interest in people like Roy, who have just married into it, not been born in it, and haven't even contributed any children. As a rule, they don't take much notice of people who aren't like themselves. They are large, spread-out, talkative; Roy is short, compact, quiet.

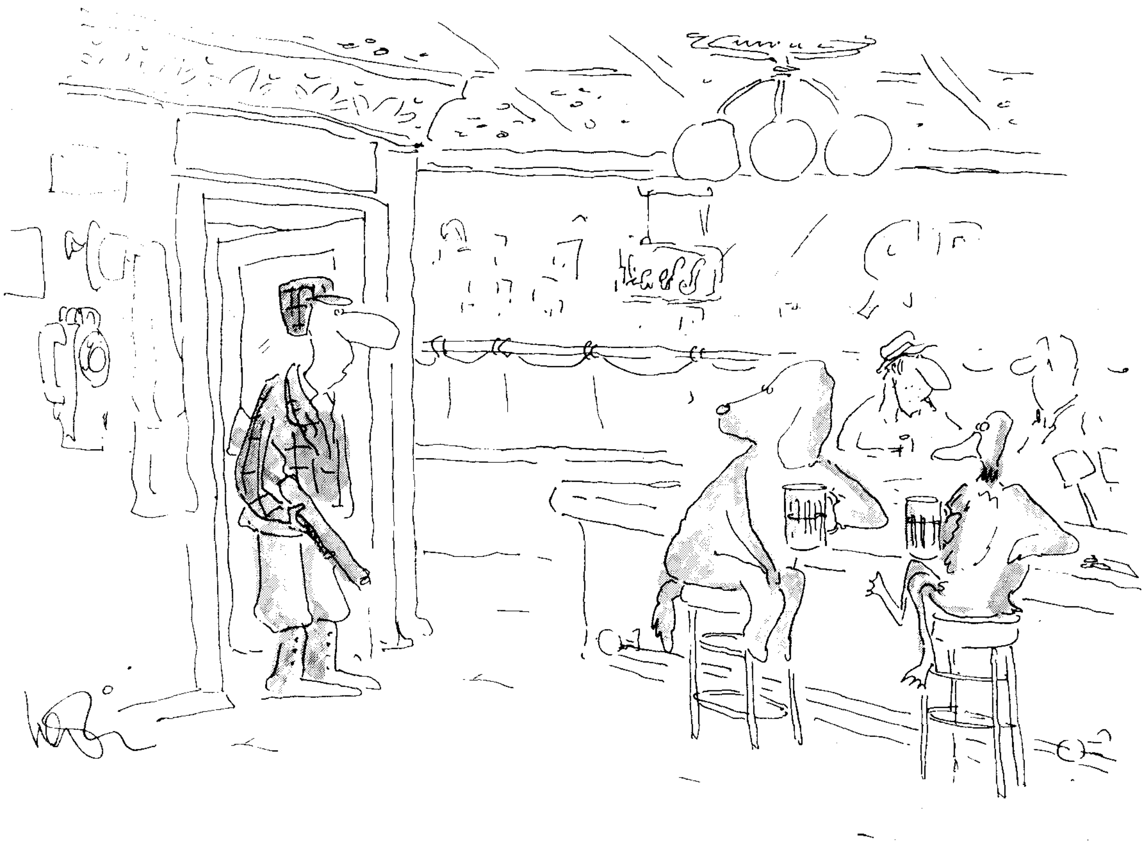
Sometimes Roy finds a bush that the sawmill people have logged out, leaving the tops on the ground, and sometimes he finds out where the forest-management people have gone in and girdled the trees they think should come out because they are diseased or crooked or no good for lumber. Ironwood, for instance, is no good for lumber, and neither is hawthorn or blue beech, though blue beech is seldom worth cutting for firewood, either. When he spots a bush like this he goes and bargains with the farmer or whoever owns it, and if the payment is agreed on he goes in to get the wood. A lot of this activity goes on in late fall—in November or early December—both because that is the time for selling firewood and because it is a good time to get the truck into the bush. Farmers nowadays don't always have good lanes going back to the bush, as they did when they cut and hauled wood themselves. Often you have to drive in across the fields, and this is possible at only two times during the year: when the crop is just coming up, and you can drive between the rows,



"Nonsense! Someday you'll look back on that price and think, My God, they were giving them away."

or after the crop is off.

This fall the demand for wood was greater than ever, and Roy was going out two or three times in a week. Most people recognize trees by their leaves or by their general shape and size, but Roy, walking in the leafless deep bush, knows them by their bark. Ironwood, that heavy and reliable firewood, has a shaggy brown bark on its stocky trunk, but its limbs are smooth at their tips and decidedly reddish. Cherry is the blackest tree in the bush, and the bark lies in neat scales. Most people would be surprised at how high the cherry trees grow in the bush; they are nothing like orchard trees there. Apple trees are not so tall, or so dark, or so definitely scaled, but their wood burns for a long time and smells sweet. Ash is a soldierly tree—straight, corduroy-ribbed columns. Maple has a gray bark with irregular roughness, the shadows making black streaks; there is some comfortable carelessness about these streaks and shadows—which meet sometimes in rough rectangles, sometimes not—that is suitable to the maple, which is homely and familiar and what everybody thinks of when they think of a tree. Beech trees and oak are another matter; there is something notable and dramatic about them, though neither is so lovely in shape as the elm trees, which are gone. Beech has the smooth gray bark that is usually chosen for the carving of initials. These carvings widen with the years, the decades, from the knife's slim groove to blotches that make the letters wider than long. Beech will grow a hundred feet high in the bush. In the open they spread out—they are as wide as high—but in the bush they shoot up, and then the limbs at the top will take radical turns; they look like stag horns. But this arrogant-looking tree can have a weakness of twisted grain, which can be detected by ripples in the bark. That is a sign that it may break, or go down in a high wind. As for oak trees, they are not common in this country, not so common as beech, and always easy to spot. Just as maple trees always look like the common, necessary tree in the back yard, so oak trees look like trees in storybooks, as if in all the stories that begin "Once upon a time on the edge of the woods," the woods were full of oak trees. Their dark, shiny, elaborately indented leaves contribute to this look, but they are just as remarkable when the leaves are off and they show their thick corky bark, with its gray-black color and intricate surface, and the elaborate twisting and curling of their branches.



"I've been looking all over for you two."

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Roy thinks that there is very little danger in going tree cutting alone if you know what you are doing. When you are going to cut down a tree, the first thing is to assess its center of gravity, then cut a seventy-degree wedge, so that the center of gravity is just over it. The side the wedge is on, of course, determines the direction in which the tree will fall. You make a falling cut, from the opposite side, not to connect with the wedge cut but in line with its high point. The idea is to cut through the tree, leaving at the end a hinge of wood which is the very center of the tree's weight and from which it must fall. It is best to make it fall clear of all other branches, but sometimes there is no way this can happen. If a tree is leaning into the branches of other trees, and you can't get a truck into position to haul it out with a chain, you cut the trunk in sections from beneath, till the upper part drops free and falls. When you've dropped a tree and it's resting on its branches, you get the trunk to the ground by cutting through the limb wood until you find the limbs that are holding it up. These limbs are under pressure—they may be bent like a bow—and the trick is to cut so that the trunk will roll away from you and the limbs won't whack you. When it is safely down, you cut the trunk into stove lengths, and split the stove lengths with the axe. Sometimes there's a surpise. Some squirrelly wood blocks can't be split with the axe; they have to be laid on their sides and ripped with a chain saw; the sawdust cut this way, with the grain, is ripped away in long shreds. Also, some beech or maple has to be sidesplit, the great round chunk cut along the growth rings on all sides until it is almost square and can be more easily attacked. Sometimes there's dozy wood, in which a fungus has grown inside, between the rings. But in general the toughness of the blocks is as you'd expect: greater in the body wood than in the limb wood, and greater in the broad trunks that have grown up in the open than in the tall, slim ones that have pushed up in the middle of the bush.

Roy's thoughts about wood are covetous and nearly obsessive, though he has never been a greedy man in any other way. He can lie awake nights thinking of a splendid beech he wants to get at. He thinks of all the woodlots in the county that he has never even seen, because they are hidden at the back of farms. If he is driving along a road that goes through a bush, he swings his head from side to side, afraid of missing something. Even what is worthless for his purposes will interest him; for instance, a stand of blue beech, too delicate, too weedy to bother with. He sees the dark, vertical ribs slanting down the paler trunks; he remembers where they are. He would like to map every bush he sees, get it in his mind, know what is there.

In the bush it isn't good to let your mind wander or your worries intrude. Roy is not a worrier anyway. He doesn't think about the signs he hasn't finished or about the number of relatives who will be invading his house next Sunday. Sometimes he does think, not exactly with worry but with bewilderment and sadness, of his niece Karen—his wife's niece, really. They had her with them from the time she was eight until she was seventeen, when she quit school to marry a truck driver *they didn't even know* she knew. She had a talent for drawing, and she loved lettering, including the Old English style. She called those the twitchy letters. When she was helping him in the shop, people naturally thought that she was Roy's daughter and had inherited her talent from him. She had a round face like his, and a neat, strong body, but she was not quiet; before she had the door of the shop halfway open she was into everything that had happened at school and every joke she had heard. He used to wonder how any child who went around in such high gear could be patient enough to do lettering.

Now she is the mother of five children and has lost most of her back teeth. When she smiles, as she still does readily, you can see that. She has got thick and shapeless, as the women tend to do in that family, and Roy has seen her on the street in an old torn ski jacket, with her hair held back with a bit of elastic. Her husband doesn't work steadily, so she took a job in a highway tavern, where the noise was so loud it damaged her hearing. Now at least she is out of that—she works as a chambermaid at the River Inn.

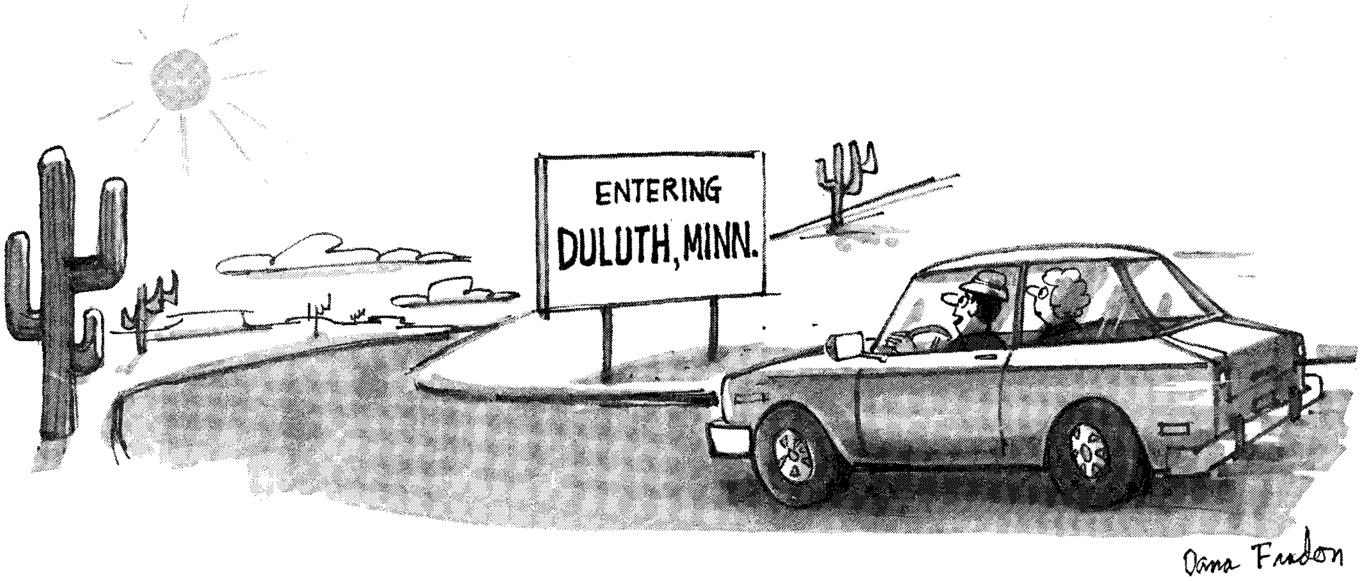
Lila never seems to think that anything much has gone wrong with this girl's life, though of course she would like to see them living in a better house and taking in a bit more money. It is Roy who thinks Karen has wasted herself, and wishes there were something he could do for her. If her husband would get a wood stove Roy could keep them in fuel, but they burn oil.

A DAY or so after the first snow Roy was out in the bush looking at some girdled trees. At the edge of the bush, by the road, was an illegal dump. People had been throwing their trash in this lonely spot rather than taking it to the township dump, which was open only at certain hours, and Roy saw something moving there. He thought it was a dog, but when the figure straightened up he saw that it was a man in a ragged brown coat. When he got a little closer he saw that it was Percy Marshall, poking through the dump to see what he could find. Sometimes you used to be able to find valuable old jars and bottles, or even a copper boiler, at these places, but that is not likely anymore. Percy was not a knowledgeable scavenger anyway—he would just be on the lookout for something he could use, though it was hard to see what that might be in this pile of torn plastic bags, detergent bottles, mattresses with the stuffing popping out.

Percy lives alone in a room at the back of an empty, boarded-up store at a crossroads a few miles from here. He walks everywhere, talking to himself, poking about. His life of malnutrition, dirt, and solitude is his own choice. He has tried the comforts of the County Home, but he couldn't stand being shut up with a lot of other old people, so he left. Starting out with a fairly good farm, Percy has worked his way down—through bootlegging, odd jobs, penury, brief spells in jail—and in the last ten years worked his way up again, maintained by the Old Age Pension, getting his picture and a writeup in the paper. He was described as the last of a breed of

WmHamilton

"Can I have him get back to you? He's in a fit of pique at the moment."



"When things go wrong in this country, they really *go wrong."*

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colorful, independent, self-reliant men. Under his picture it said, "A Genuine Local Character."

"You going to be taking them trees out?" Percy said when he saw Roy.

"I might," said Roy, who thought Percy could be after a donation of firewood.

"You better hurry up."

"Why's that?"

"This bush is all supposed to be going under contract."

Roy could not help asking what this contract was. Percy was a gossip but not a liar. He was constantly interested in deals, sales, inheritances, insurance, money matters, to the surprise of people who expected him to be all wrapped up in memories of olden times. It is a mistake to think that people who never managed to get any money aren't interested in it.

"There's this fellow from Goderich is under contract to the River Inn to get them all the wood they need for the winter. He's got to get them a cord a day. They burn a cord a day."

"I never heard about that," Roy said.

"I was into Goderich the day before yesterday and that's where I heard it."

"Where in Goderich?"

"Wasn't in the beer parlor," said Percy. "It was on the Square. Fellows talking."

"Did you hear who it was then?"

"No. I didn't hear the name. If I did, it didn't mean nothing to me, so I forgot it. I did hear what he does. I think it was carpentering. No. Painting or maybe paperhanging. Some work like that."

"Does he work for Coombs Decorating?"

"I don't know who he works for."

"He's going into this bush?"

"This and across the road as well. See, this is a big bush."

"Well, I don't know," said Roy. "I was just looking around." He had actually spoken to the farmer last week and got a price on these trees.

"They got them big fireplaces. They don't heat with it—they just burn it for the looks. They burn a cord a day."

"Lot of wood."

"It is."

"I never heard that any fellow from Goderich was interested."

"If I could think of his name, I'd tell you."

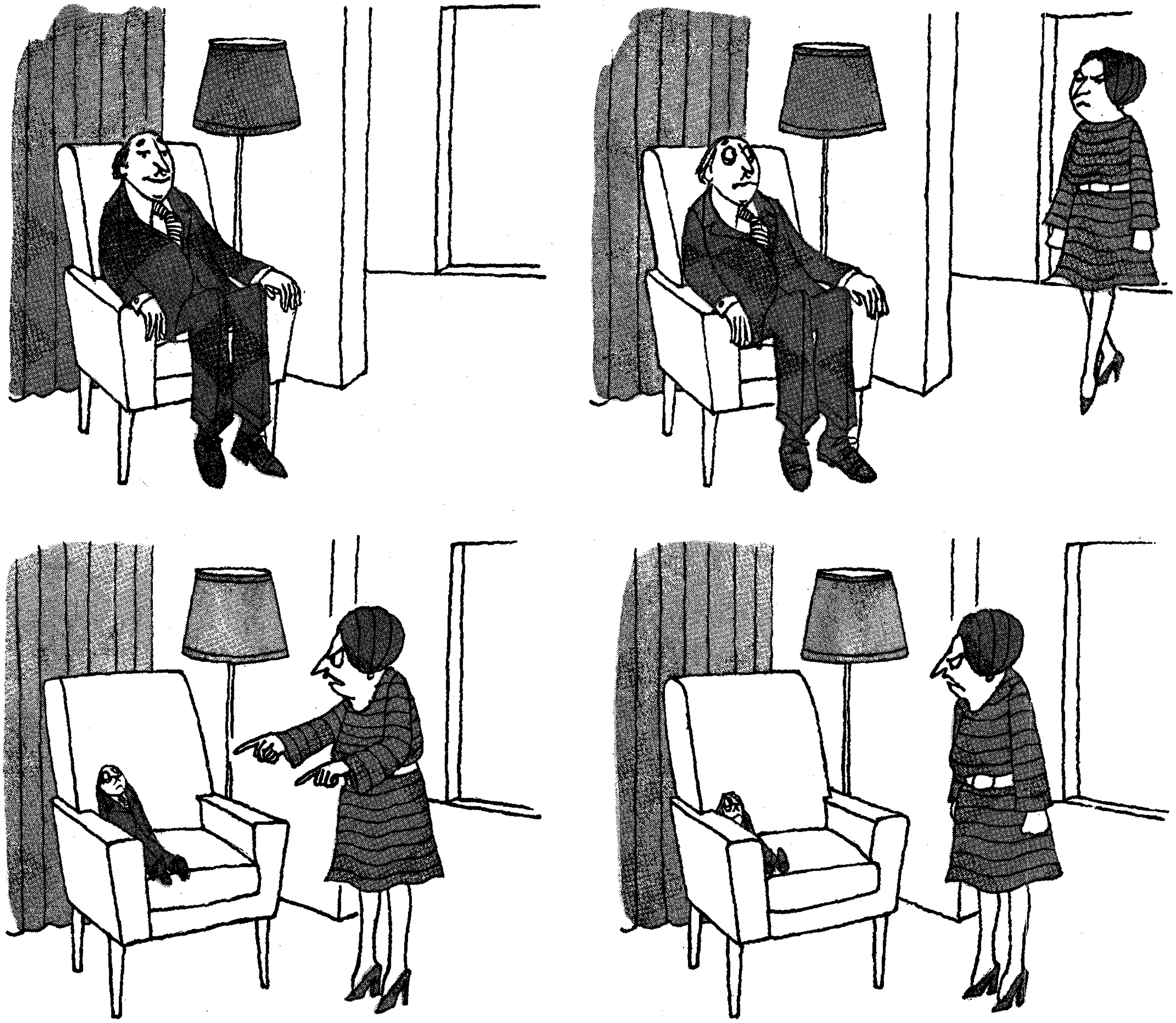
"Maybe a housepainter—he wouldn't be getting work in the wintertime."

"I guess he wouldn't."

"Well, it's no difference to me. I got all the woodcutting I can handle."

"That's right. You got all you can handle."

Roy thought all the way home about this story. He himself had sold some wood to the River Inn, but they must have decided to get it all from one supplier, which meant he wouldn't have any more sales. They did burn a lot of wood, though he didn't know if they would go through a cord a day. He thought about the problems of getting that much wood out now, when the snow had already started. The only thing to do would be to pull the logs out into the open field, before the real winter got under way. You'd have to get them out as quickly as possible, make a big pile of them there, saw them, and chop them up later. And to get them out you'd need to use a bulldozer or a big tractor. You'd have to make a road in, pull the logs out with chains. You'd need a crew of men working; there was no way this could be a one- or two-man operation. It would have to be done on a big scale. It didn't sound like any housepainter's off-season project. Maybe the outfit's name was Painter, or Paynter. He thought he knew of a construction business of that name, but they were from Stratford. It could easily be somebody from out of the county altogether. The farmer Roy had talked to had not said anything about such a scheme, but then it might all have been arranged since Roy had seen him. No money had changed hands, nothing was put in writing. It was quite possible that the farmer had reconsidered, got a better offer, decided to forget the agreement with Roy and let the bulldozer go in. During the evening Roy thought of phoning him to ask what was going on. But then he thought that if the farmer had indeed changed his mind there was nothing to be done about it. A spoken agreement was nothing to hold to. The



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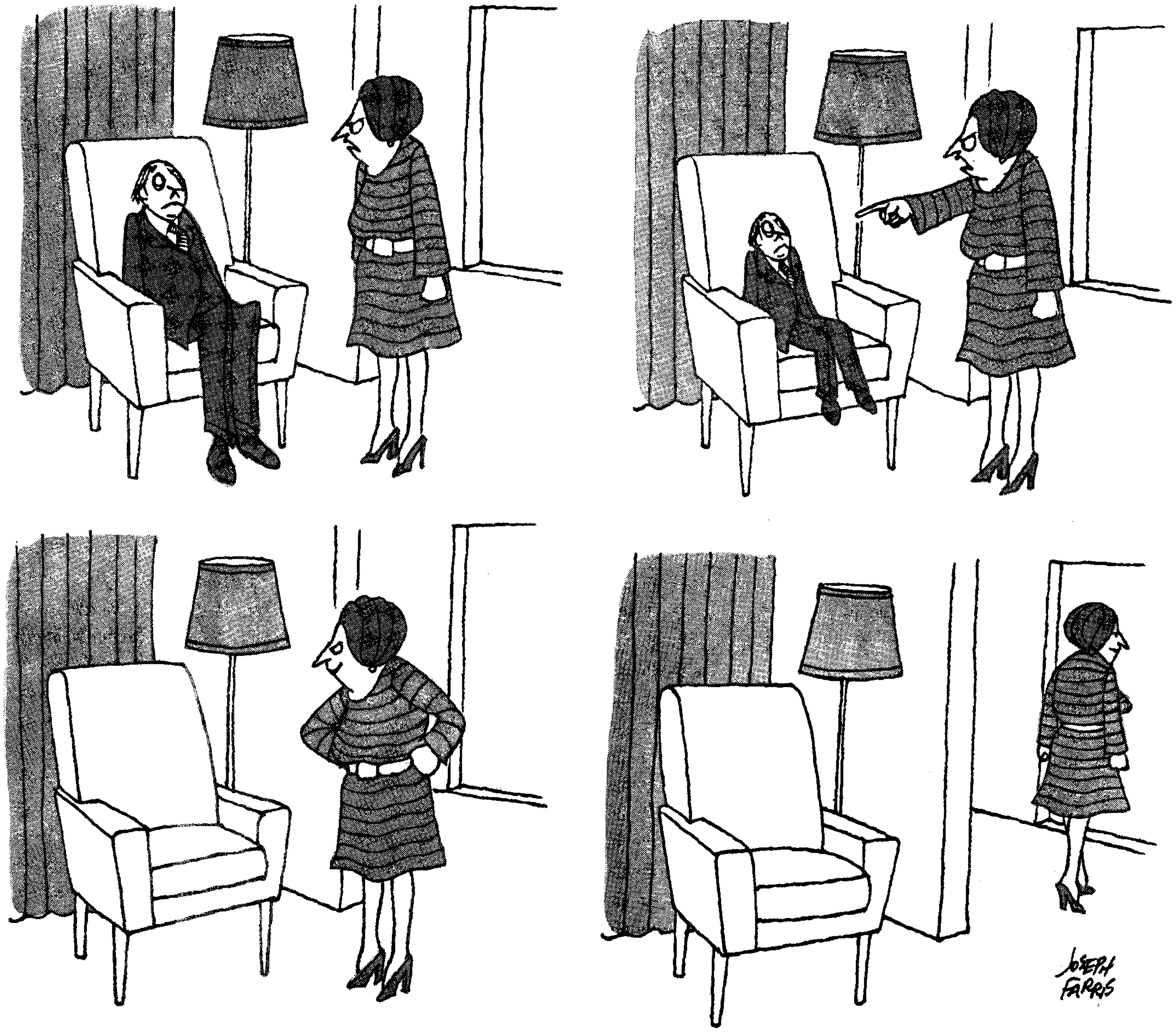
farmer could just tell Roy to clear out. The best thing to do, really, was to act as if he had never heard anything about the other fellow—just go in and take what trees he could as quickly as he could, before the bulldozer got there.

It occurred to him, of course, that Percy might be mistaken, not only about the woodcutter's occupation and where he was from but about the whole story—he could have got it badly twisted. But the more Roy thought about it the more he lost sight of this possibility. He could see in his mind the bulldozer and the train of chained logs, the great log piles in the field, the men with chain saws, and soon it was as if he had got the report first hand. Partly this was because he disliked the River Inn and distrusted the people there and expected some sort of high-handed pillage to be connected with them.

The River Inn was a resort hotel built on the ruins of an old mill not far from the crossroads where Percy Marshall lived. In fact, the Inn owned the land and the building that Percy lived in and had been going to tear it down, but it turned out that the guests, having nothing much to do, liked to walk over and take pictures of the derelict building and the old harrow and upturned wagon and useless pump. Sometimes Percy allowed himself to be photographed and talked to as well. Some guests did sketches. The overnight guests came from as far away as Montreal and Ottawa, and no doubt thought themselves in the real backwoods. Local people went to the Inn for lunch or dinner. Lila had gone once. Roy would not go. He said he wasn't going to pay an arm and a leg to eat a meal.

He didn't really know what he had against the Inn. He was not against the idea of people spending money to enjoy themselves or against the idea of other people making money out of the people who wanted to spend it. It is true they got their signs made elsewhere, but if they had come to him he would probably have said he had too much work to do already. When Karen first applied for a job there, she applied to be a waitress, because that was what she had done before. They turned her down. "I'm afraid you're a bit overweight," the woman said to her. Karen told that—she made a joke of it. "They only want skinnies." And



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she got the job as a chambermaid, so she did not care. Nevertheless, Roy thinks of the owners as grabbers, and the management as snobs. They own the land along both riverbanks, they are putting up a new building, and they are rumored to be planning chalets and an old-time store and an old-time opera house. They burn wood for show. A cord a day. Now some operator with a bulldozer will be cutting down the bush as if it were a cornfield. Easy for him.

THE next morning Roy works on a sign for a while. About eleven o'clock he decides he has caught up enough for that day. He is cleaning brushes when he hears a car door slam. He looks out and sees Karen's badly rusted old Buick, a car they couldn't afford when they bought it and can't afford to run now.

Karen opens the work-shed door and says, "Howdy."

"Howdy."

"So. What are you up to today?"

"Just a little of this and a little of that."

She is every bit as fat and as sloppily dressed as when he has seen her on the street. Nevertheless, it cheers him up a bit to see her.

"You're cleaning up. You must be going out to the bush."

"I thought I might take a run out."

"Aunt Lila meanwhile thinking you're hard at work."

Roy sees her looking around to see what he's working on and he says, "Offer you a job?"

"I got one. Changing sheets and mucking out bathrooms. Listen. That's why I came. I gotta take the car in today, and tomorrow I have to be at work early. I thought I had a ride, but it fell through."

"You want to borrow the truck?"

"Well, I hate to ask, but I don't see how I can get to work otherwise."

"That's O.K."

"You sure? You staying home tomorrow?"

"I can stay home any day. I got enough to do."

"I can't not show up. We're getting ready for the weekend. Well, that's a load off."

He had been thinking of how to ask her about the wood, or perhaps of just telling her what the Inn is up to. In his mind, he hears himself starting: "You know, something's happened that makes me mad." He doesn't get a chance to say it out loud, because she's out the door and heading for the car.

"I gotta have it in by noon and before that get the groceries and pick up Tiger at the vet's. Did I tell you he got his ear chewed? Can I come and get the truck tonight? I'll put some gas in."

Tiger at the vet's. That would cost them something. He'll fill the tank this afternoon.

As soon as she's gone he gets into the truck and drives out to where he was the day before. He thinks about stopping by and questioning Percy further, but knows it wouldn't be any use. Such a show of interest might just get Percy inventing things. He thinks again about talking to the farmer but decides against it for the same reasons he had last night.

He parks the truck on the trail that leads into the bush. This trail soon peters out, and even before it does Roy has left it. He is walking around looking at the trees, which look just the same as yesterday and don't give a sign of being party to any grand hostile scheme. He feels as if he has to hurry. He has the chain saw and the axe with him. If anybody else drives in here, if anybody challenges him, he will tell them that he has permission from the farmer and that he never heard of any other deal. He will say that furthermore he intends to go ahead and cut unless the farmer personally comes and tells him to get out. He catches himself muttering this answer out loud. "Nobody else has got any authority to put me out." He is talking out loud to himself, like Percy Marshall.

The floor of any bush is usually rougher than the surface of the surrounding land. Roy has always thought that this was caused by trees falling, pulling up the earth with their roots and just lying and rotting. Where they rotted there would be a mound; where their roots tore out the earth there would be hollows. But he read somewhere—not too long ago, and he wishes he could remember where it was—that there is a theory that all this happened long ago, just after the Ice Age, when ice formed between layers of earth and pushed it into odd humps, just as it does today somewhere in the Arctic. Where the land has not been cleared or worked the humps remain.

What happens now is the most ordinary and yet the most unbelievable thing. It is what might happen to the most stupid daydreamer walking in the bush—a guest from the River Inn, somebody who thought the bush was a kind of park to stroll in and wore light shoes instead of boots and didn't watch the ground. It has never before happened to Roy in thousands of times of walking in the bush, or come near happening. A light snow is falling, making the earth and dead leaves slippery. One of his feet skids and twists, and then the other plunges through a cover of snowy brush to the ground, which is farther down than he expected. That is, he steps carelessly—is

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NATURE STUDY

Young man in a bathing suit
cool
in July swelter
signing up for the draft

he leans in
on tiptoe, his hidden arm
braced for balance
at the soft worn
edge of the counter,
his other arm,
closer,

holds out toward the postmaster's window
the form, signed, up over
the heads of scraggly,
mostly skinny,
surely, in such heat, fetid
protesters sitting and squatting
clogging the way:
too crushingly innocent
to be symbolic,
too idyllic
to rise

the young man in the bathing suit
is graceful, courteous,
careful not to trouble them
as they are
not to stop him

it is so dis-
arming, they are
accomplices in
harmony

going off
without a ripple,
the protesters sitting
still, gawking up
heads tilted
on necks
with the lopsided drift
of lily pads
on pond water

he eases over

dragging no shadow,
no history,
no name for the war
they will be taken with

—James Scully

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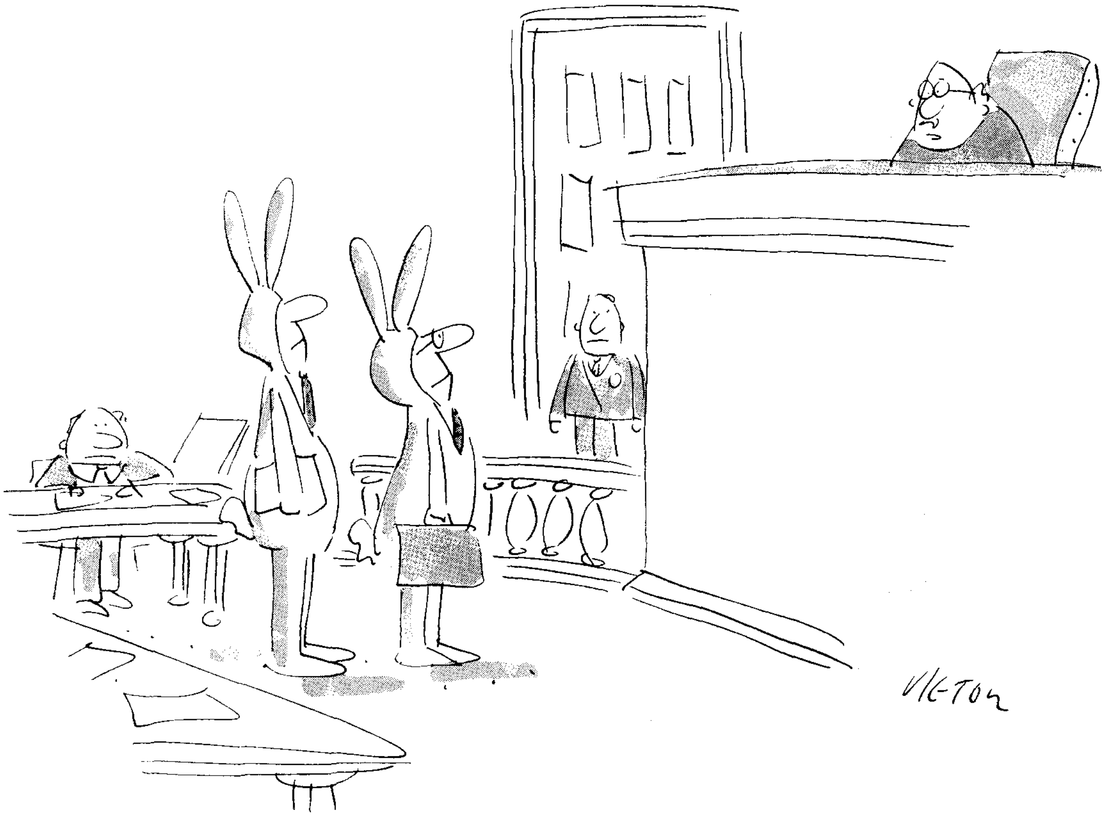

"Before we go on, could I speak to opposing counsel in my chambers?"

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thrown, almost—into the sort of spot where you always step testingly, carefully, and not at all if you can see a better place. Even so, what happens? It is not as if he has stumbled in a groundhog hole. He is thrown off balance, falls disbelievingly; he is down, the skidding foot caught somehow under the other leg. He holds the saw out from himself as he goes down in slow motion, and flings the axe clear. But not clear enough; the axe handle hits him hard against the knee of his twisted leg. The saw has pulled him over in its direction but he hasn't fallen against it. He went down slowly, thoughtfully, inevitably; he could have broken a rib, but he didn't. And the axe handle could have flown up and hit him in the face, but it didn't. He could have gashed his leg. He thinks of all these possibilities not with relief but as if he still can't be sure they haven't happened. Everything he did—the way he skidded, and stepped into the brush, and fell—was stupid, awkward, unbelievable.

He starts to pull himself up. Both knees hurt. One came down hard on the ground, and the other was hit by the axe handle. He gets hold of the trunk of a young cherry tree and pulls himself up gradually, puts weight on both feet, and bends to pick up the saw and nearly buckles again. A pain shoots up from the ground and doesn't stop till it reaches his chest. He straightens, not sure where the pain came from, but instinctively keeps from putting weight on the foot that skidded and twisted underneath him. That is where the pain is. Not in the foot but in the ankle. He straightens out that leg, considering it, and very cautiously lets a little weight down. He can't believe in the pain. He can't believe that it could continue so, could continue to stop him. The ankle must be more than twisted—it must be sprained. What is the difference? He knows he will just have to test the pain and bear it; he will have to get used to it, and after a while it may not seem so bad. He keeps trying but he doesn't make any progress. He can't put his weight on it. Is it broken then? A broken ankle—even that seems a minor injury, the sort of thing old ladies get when they slip on the ice. He has to see himself as lucky when he thinks of what might have happened. A broken ankle, a minor injury. Nevertheless, he can't take a step. He can't walk.

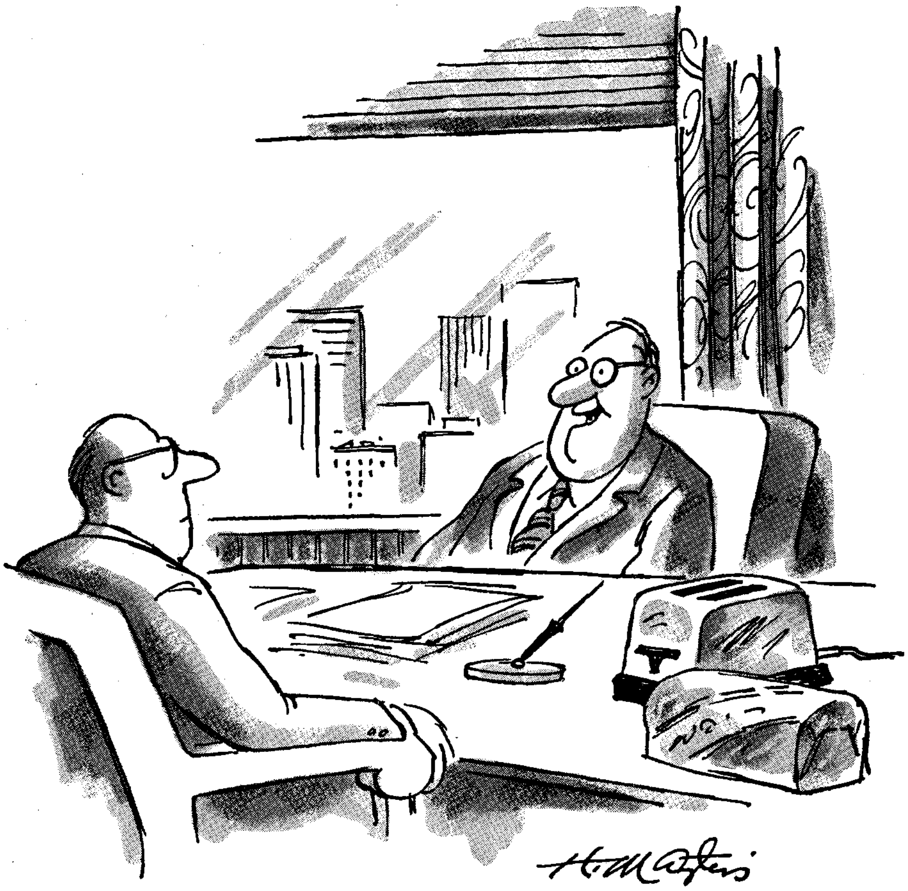
What he understands, finally, is that in order to get back to the truck he's going to have to abandon his axe and his chain saw and get down on his hands and knees and crawl. He lets himself down and hauls himself onto the track of his bootprints, now filling with snow. He thinks to check the pocket where his keys are, making sure it's zipped. He shakes off his cap and lets it lie; the peak interferes with his vision. Now the snow is falling on his bare, partly bald head. Once he accepts crawling as a method of locomotion it's not so bad—at least, it's not impossible, though it hurts his knees. He's careful enough now, dragging himself over the brush and through the saplings, over the hummocky ground. Even if he gets a little slope to roll down, he doesn't dare—he has to guard his leg. He's glad he didn't go through any boggy places, and he's glad he didn't wait any longer before starting back; the snow is getting heavier and his prints are almost blotted out. Without that track to follow, it would be hard to know, at ground level, whether he was going the right way.

The situation, which seemed at first so unreal to him, is getting to feel more natural. Going along on hands and knees, close to the ground, testing a log for rot, then pulling himself over it on his stomach, getting his hands full of rotten leaves and dirt and snow—he can't keep his gloves on, can't get the proper hold and feel of things on the bush floor unless his hands are bare—he is no longer surprised at himself. He doesn't think anymore about his axe and saw left back there, though at the beginning he could scarcely pull himself away from them. He hardly thinks back to the accident itself. It happened, never mind how. He has stopped believing in an order of things in which it couldn't happen. He has a fairly steep bank to get up. When he reaches it he is relieved to have come so far, and daunted to see what hard terrain he must now take on. He stops and warms his hands by turn inside his jacket. For some reason he thinks of Karen in her red ski jacket and thinks that Lila is right: there is no use worrying about people. He starts up the bank, digging in his elbows where he can. If they had had kids of their own he might have worried too much. Lila, who doesn't believe in worrying, does worry about him, though that is mixed up with worrying about the business. These thoughts go through his mind as if they were going to link up somewhere, but they don't. He keeps going, he grabs at anything that will hold, he pushes his sore knees into the earth. A couple of times he slides back but stops himself. Nobody knows what anybody else is thinking about or how anybody else is feeling, he thinks. Nobody knows how others see themselves.

He pulls himself onto level ground and raises his head and sees the truck. The sight of level, trodden ground raises his expectations of himself again and he lifts himself to his knees, gets shakily up on his good leg, dragging the other. He tries a hop. No good. He would never get anywhere that way—he'd fall over. He tries the bad leg just a little, gently, and realizes that the pain could make him black out. He goes back on his hands and knees and starts to crawl in a businesslike way toward the truck. He crawls along on the hard frozen mud, splintering the ice in the dry puddle holes. It's cruel punishment for his knees, but otherwise so much easier than his journey through the bush that he begins to feel almost light-headed. Some sort of song line is going through his mind.

Crawlin' down the road,
Crawlin' down the road . . .

He'll be able to drive. He'll drive along to that old fraud Percy's. Percy at least has a telephone. Beyond this thought lie a lot of vexing questions: What will his wife say; who will go and get the saw and the axe for him; how can he direct anyone to where these things are; how soon will the snow cover them up; when will he be able to walk? But he pushes all that away. He lifts his head to get another encouraging look at the truck. He hopes old Percy will be at home, or, at any rate, have left his door open.



"While we go over the fine points of the merger, Stackpole, would you like a piece of cracked-wheat toast?"

He stops again to rest and warm his hands. He could put his gloves on now, but why ruin them? A large bird rises out of the bush beyond the truck. He thinks it's a hawk, but it could be a buzzard. If it's a buzzard it will have its eye on him, but he'll have it fooled. He is still thinking about Percy, and while he watches to see the bird again, to tell what it is by its manner of flight and its wings, he sees something else quite plainly: the truth of Percy's story.

The truth is that the paperhanger, the decorator, the housepainter doesn't exist. The contractor, the operator, the man from Goderich doesn't exist. It is Roy himself. Not a housepainter—a sign painter. And not from Goderich—from Logan. Not so long ago, he sold that wood to the River Inn. And he has a contract, you might say, to clear out this bush. That's all it needs to start some kind of story. The next thing you know, it's a hundred cords a day. Everything connected with the River Inn turns into some big fable. Everything that involves money, in this county, gets talked up, distorted. Around here any set of facts gets turned into a story.

The bulldozer isn't coming, the men with chain saws are not converging. The ash, the maple, the beech, the ironwood, the cherry, the hawthorn are safe for him. Nobody but himself and the forest management has taken note of them.

Roy's mind operates very economically at this moment—perhaps more selectively than ever before. It manages to turn everything to good account. It no longer dwells on the foolishness of the accident but triumphs in the long, successful crawl and the approach to the truck. (He is on his way again.) It cancels out any embarrassment at his having been so mistaken; it pushes out any troubling detection of waste and calamity; it ushers in a decent sense of victory. Safe.

—Alice Munro

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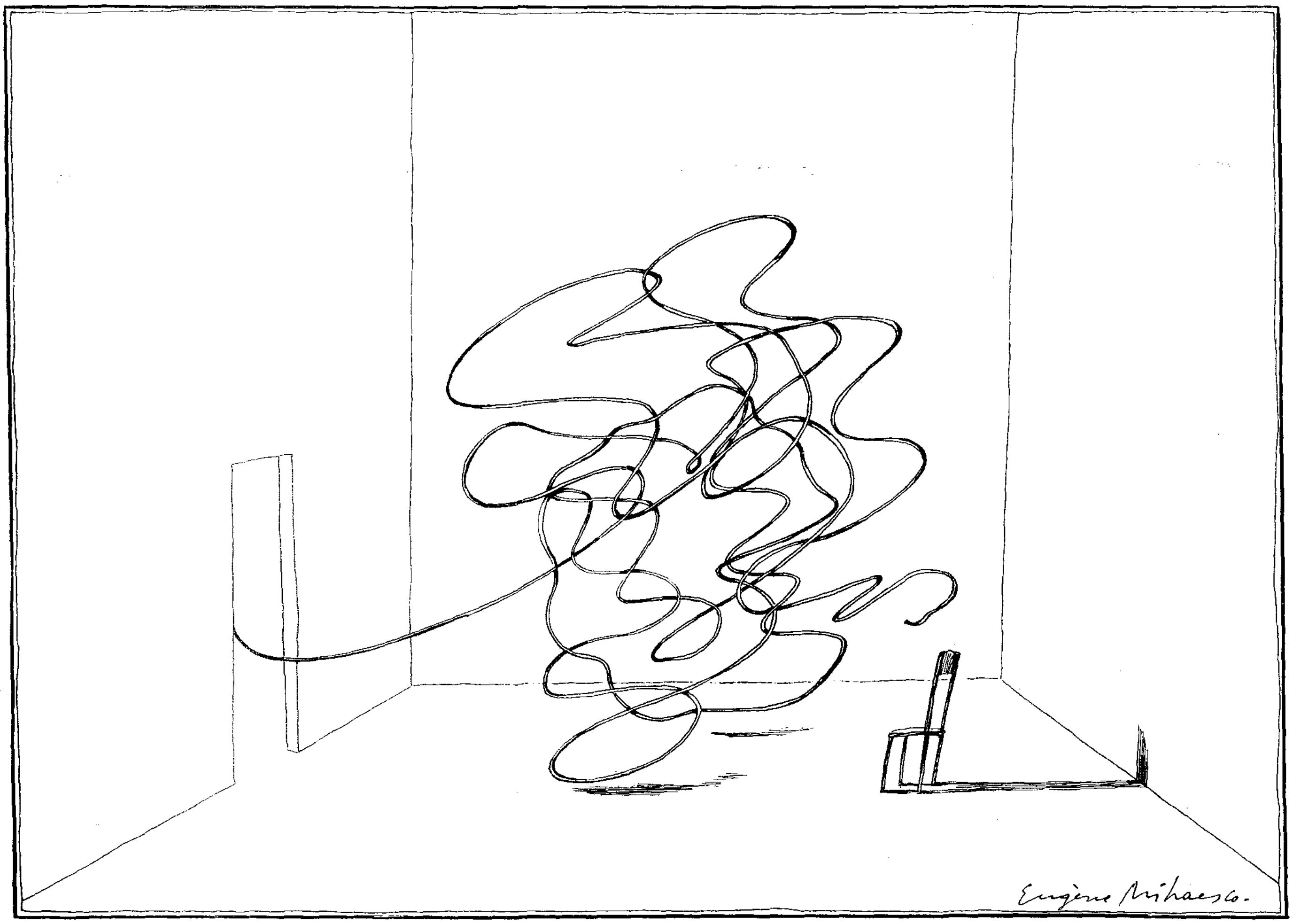
Mobile, Alabama, Sept. 30 (AP) Zbigniew Brzezinski, U.S. President Jimmy Carter's national security adviser, said Tuesday that the United States has prepositions equipment for possible use by American forces in the Middle East, but he did not mention use of ground troops.—*China Post, Taipei.*

That's because they're nouns equipment.

PROFILES

THE IMPOSSIBLE PROFESSION-I



It almost looks as if analysis were the third of those "impossible" professions in which one can be sure beforehand of achieving unsatisfying results. The other two, which have been known much longer, are education and government.—*Sigmund Freud: "Analysis Terminable and Interminable" (1937).*

As psychoanalysts, we are only too aware that our profession is not only impossible but also extremely difficult.—*Adam Limentani: International Journal of Psycho-Analysis (1977).*

AARON GREEN (as I shall call him) is a forty-six-year-old psychoanalyst who practices in Manhattan, in the East Nineties. He has seven patients in analysis, who come four or five times a week and lie on the couch, and eight patients who come for psychotherapy once or twice or three times a week and sit in a chair. He charges between thirty and seventy dollars per (fifty-minute) hour. He is on the faculty of a local medical school, where he teaches and supervises medical students and psychiatric residents. He is a graduate of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute and a member of the New York Psychoanalytic Society. He came to New York to study at the Institute after getting his medical degree and serving his interneship and residency in a New England city.

He is a slight man, with a vivid, impatient, unsmiling face. He has thin dark hair and wears professorial clothes. A herringbone jacket, light-blue oxford shirt, subdued tie, and gray flannel trousers are his customary apparel. He looks Jewish. He lives with his wife and son in a brownstone apartment off Madison, four blocks from his office. The living room of his apartment is furnished with black modern sofas and armchairs, beige carpets, reproductions of modern art, photographs, folk art and archeological objects, and books; it is spare, extremely neat, pleasant, perhaps a hair studied. His consultation room is a kind of poor relation of his living room. The couch is fifties Scandinavian modern rather than seventies high-tech Italian; the pictures are old MOMA reproductions rather than Fondation Maeght exhibition posters; there are floor lamps instead of track lighting. The lights in the consultation room are kept dim, purposely.

The psychoanalysis that Aaron Green practices is of the most unswervingly classical Freudian sort. His thinking about theory and technique has been shaped by Charles Brenner, the intransigent purist of American psychoanalysis, author of a magisterial, impenetrable "Elementary Textbook of Psychoanalysis" and, with Jacob Arlow, of "Psychoanalytic Concepts and the Structural Theory," a once controversial, now standard advanced text. Brenner is known for his advocacy of a fanatically meticulous, aseptic analytic technique and for his hard-line theoretical position, which goes from Freud through the ego-psychology triumvirate of Heinz Hartmann, Ernst Kris, and Rudolph Loewenstein to the culminating quartet of himself, Jacob Arlow, Martin Wangh, and David Beres. Green is contemptuous of most recent developments in psychoanalysis, dismissing them as fads. He is unimpressed by the French structuralist psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan, whose impenetrably obscure writings have been gaining increasingly earnest attention here, but whose innovation of reducing the fifty-minute analytic hour to an austere seven or eight minutes (or sometimes even to a single oracular *parole* murmured in the waiting room) has yet to be adopted. He is similarly skeptical of the new theories of Heinz Kohut and Otto Kernberg, derived from work with narcissistic and borderline disorders; the stir that Kohut (who works in Chicago) and Kernberg (who works here) have been making within and outside the field fills him with disgust. The English object-relations people (D. W. Winnicott, W. R. D. Fairbairn, Michael Balint, Harry Guntrip, and others), who predate and foreshadow the Kohut and the Kernberg groups, are equally wrong-minded, he feels. When the name "Melanie Klein" is uttered, he closes his eyes and groans softly.

Green is critical of his own work. He feels it is good, but not as good as it will be when he has had more experience. He looks back on past cases with misery and guilt over blunders he has made. When a patient gets better, Green credits the psychoanalytic process; when he doesn't, he blames himself. He has been doing analysis—counting the years of work he did under supervision during his training at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute—for more than a decade. He was in analysis himself, with two analysts, for a total of fifteen years. The first analysis began while he was in medical school and lasted for six years; the second was his training analysis at the Institute, which lasted for nine years.

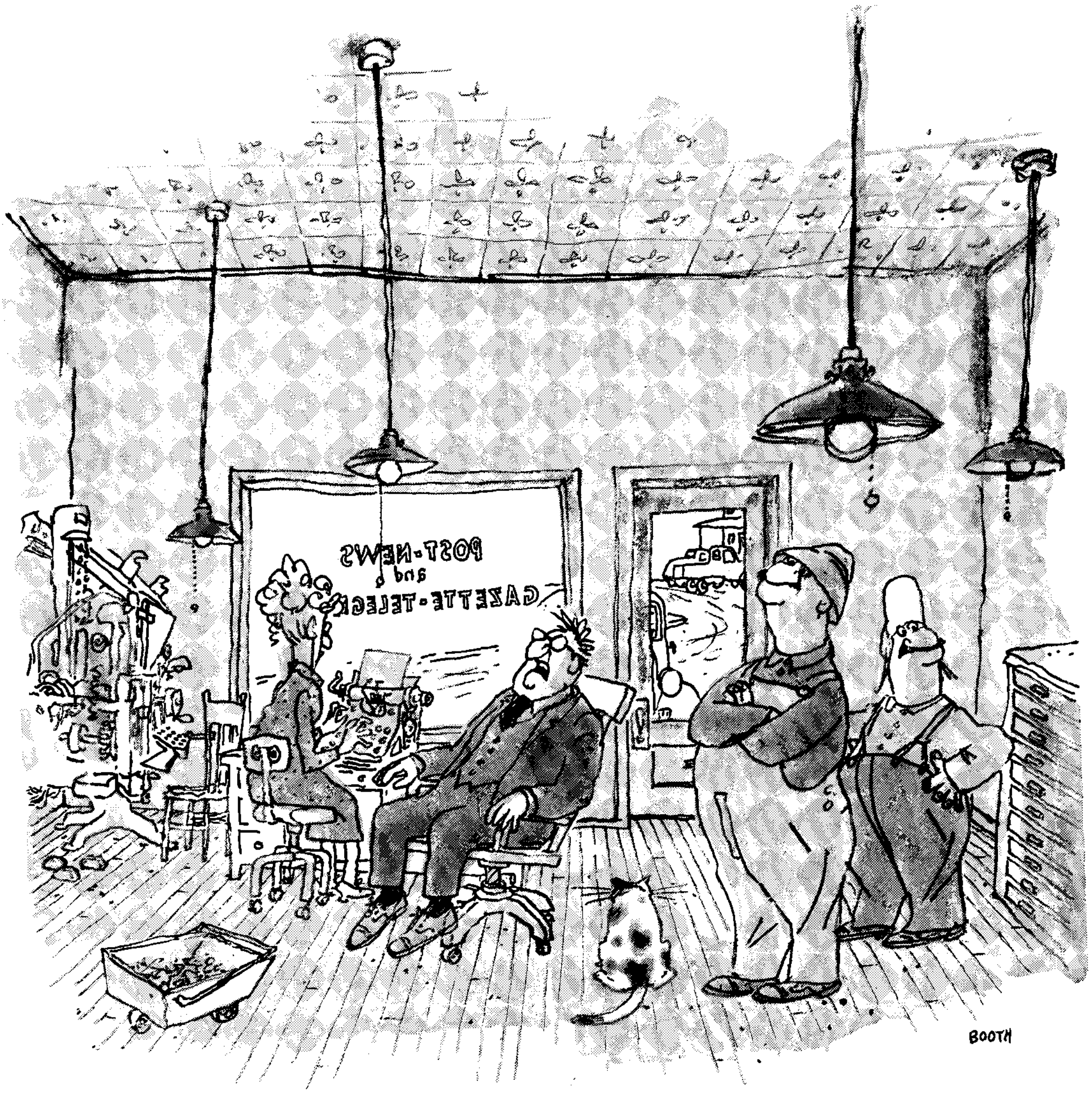
I met Aaron Green for the first time on a freezing winter day about a year ago, when I went to his office to interview him; I was preparing a report on contemporary psychoanalysis, and his name was on a list of sources that a psychoanalyst friend had given me. I remember that the day was freezing because I remember the agreeable warmth of the low-ceilinged, dimly lit room in which he received me; I felt as if I had come out of a bleak, harsh woods into a cozy lair. This feeling of comfort and relaxation, I now suspect, derived from something besides abundant steam heat. I had sat in other analysts' overheated offices and had felt, if anything, rather chilled. The analysts I had seen so far had dealt with me as they habitually deal with patients on first meeting—courteously, neutrally, noncommittally, reservedly, "abstinently"—and had also shown a certain wariness over being in the presence of a journalist. With Aaron Green, however, things were different from the start. He subtly deferred to me, he tried to impress me. He was the patient and I was the doctor; he was the student and I was the teacher. To put it in psychoanalytic language, the transference valence of the journalist was here greater than that of the analyst.

THE phenomenon of transference—how we all invent each other according to early blueprints—was Freud's most original and radical discovery. The idea of infant sexuality and of the Oedipus complex can be accepted with a good deal more equanimity than the idea that the most precious and inviolate of entities—personal relations—is actually a messy jangle of misapprehensions, at best an uneasy truce between powerful solitary fantasy systems. Even (or especially) romantic love is fundamentally solitary, and has at its core a profound impersonality. The concept of transference at once destroys faith in personal relations and explains why they are tragic: We cannot know each other. We must grope around for each other through a dense thicket of absent others. We cannot see each other plain. A horrible kind of predestination hovers over each new attachment we form. "Only connect," E. M. Forster proposed. "Only we can't," the psychoanalyst knows.

Freud got on the scent of transference in the late eighteen-nineties, during his early, hit-or-miss treatment of hysteria by the "cathartic method" of Josef Breuer, in which memories of the events believed to have precipitated hysterical symptoms were evoked under hypnosis—and thus presumably defused of their power over the sufferer. In his "An Autobiographical Study," of 1925, Freud recalls "an experience which showed me in the crudest light what I had long suspected." The experience related to

> one of my most acquiescent patients, with whom hypnotism had enabled me to bring about the most marvellous results, and whom I was engaged in relieving of her suffering by tracing back her attacks of pain to their origins. . . . As she woke up on one occasion, [she] threw her arms round my neck. The unexpected entrance of a servant relieved us from a painful discussion, but from that time onwards there was a tacit understanding between us that the hypnotic treatment should be discontinued. I was modest enough not to attribute the event to my own irresistible personal attraction, and I felt that I had now grasped the nature of the mysterious element that was at work behind hypnotism. In order to exclude it, or at all events to isolate it, it was necessary to abandon hypnosis.

But the "mysterious element" was also present in the method Freud next adopted—of pressing the patient's forehead and urging him to remember—as it was in the culminating free-association method of psychoanalysis proper. Time after time, without any apparent provocation on his side, Freud's women patients (overtly or covertly) fell in love with him. "On the first few occasions, one might perhaps think that the analytic treatment had come up against a disturbance due to a chance event," Freud wrote in his "Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis," of 1917. "But when a similar affectionate attachment by the patient to the doctor is repeated regularly in every new case, when it comes to light again and again, under the most unfavorable conditions, and where there are positively grotesque incongruities, even in elderly women and in relation to grey-bearded men—even where, in our judgment, there is nothing of any kind to entice—then we must abandon the idea of a chance



"Correction: The obituary for 'Ta Ta' Bottorff appearing in the November 12th edition of the Post-News and Gazette-Telegram incorrectly listed 'Ebbie' Bottorff, of Spickert, as the son of 'Ta Ta' Bottorff. 'Ebbie' Bottorff is the brother of 'Ta Ta' Bottorff, and also we are pleased to say that *both* *'Ta Ta' Bottorff and 'Ebbie' Bottorff are living and in good health. The Post-News and Gazette-Telegram regrets the error."*

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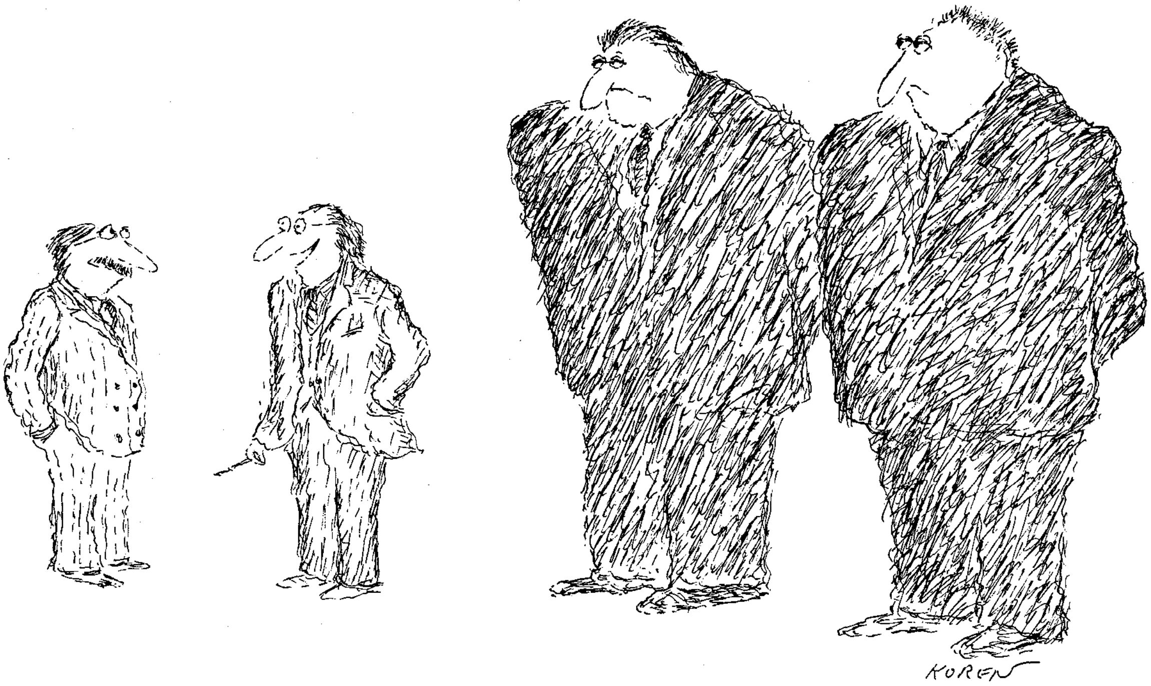
disturbance and recognize that we are dealing with a phenomenon that is intimately bound up with the nature of the illness itself. This new fact, which we recognize so unwillingly, is known by us as *transference*." The "painful discussion" could no longer be avoided. "It is out of the question for us to yield to the patient's demands deriving from the transference; it would be absurd for us to reject them in an unfriendly, still more in an indignant, manner," Freud went on in the "Introductory Lectures." Instead, "we overcome the transference by pointing out to the patient that his feelings do not arise from the present situation and do not apply to the person of the doctor, but that they are repeating something that happened to him earlier. In this way we oblige him to transform his repetition into a memory."

This was easier said than done. In a paper of 1915 entitled "Observations on Transference-Love" (part of a series of papers on analytic technique addressed to his fellow pioneering psychoanalysts), Freud took up in forthright detail the delicate and weird task of persuading a female patient to regard her love for the analyst both as a normal part of the treatment ("She must accept falling in love with her doctor as an inescapable fate") and as something unreal and hallucinatory—an artificial revival of early feelings that has nothing to do with the person of the analyst. Then, in one of those startling and beguiling reversals that characterize his writings, Freud turns on his own argument and says, But isn't *all* love like that? Isn't what we mean by "falling in love" a kind of sickness and craziness, an illusion, a blindness to what the loved person is really like, a state arising from infantile origins? The only difference between transference-love and "genuine" love, he concludes, is the context. In the analytic situation, nothing is permitted to come of the patient's love; it is a situation of renunciation. Both parties must "overcome the pleasure principle" and renounce each other for a higher goal—the doctor for the sake of professional ethics and scientific progress, the patient in order to "acquire the extra piece of mental freedom which distinguishes conscious mental activity—in the systematic sense—from unconscious." Freud describes the temptations for the analyst that are inherent in the situation—especially for "those who are still youngish and not yet bound by strong ties"—with rueful candor:

> Sexual love is undoubtedly one of the chief things in life, and the union of mental and bodily satisfaction in the enjoyment of love is one of its culminating peaks. Apart from a few queer fanatics, all the world knows this and conducts its life accordingly; science alone is too delicate to admit it. Again, when a woman sues for love, to reject and refuse is a distressing part for a man to play; and, in spite of neurosis and resistance, there is an incomparable fascination in a woman of high principles who confesses her passion. It is not a patient's crudely sensual desires which constitute the temptation. These are more likely to repel, and it will call for all the doctor's tolerance if he is to regard



"Mr. Thomas and Mr. Robbins occupy themselves with my personal safety."

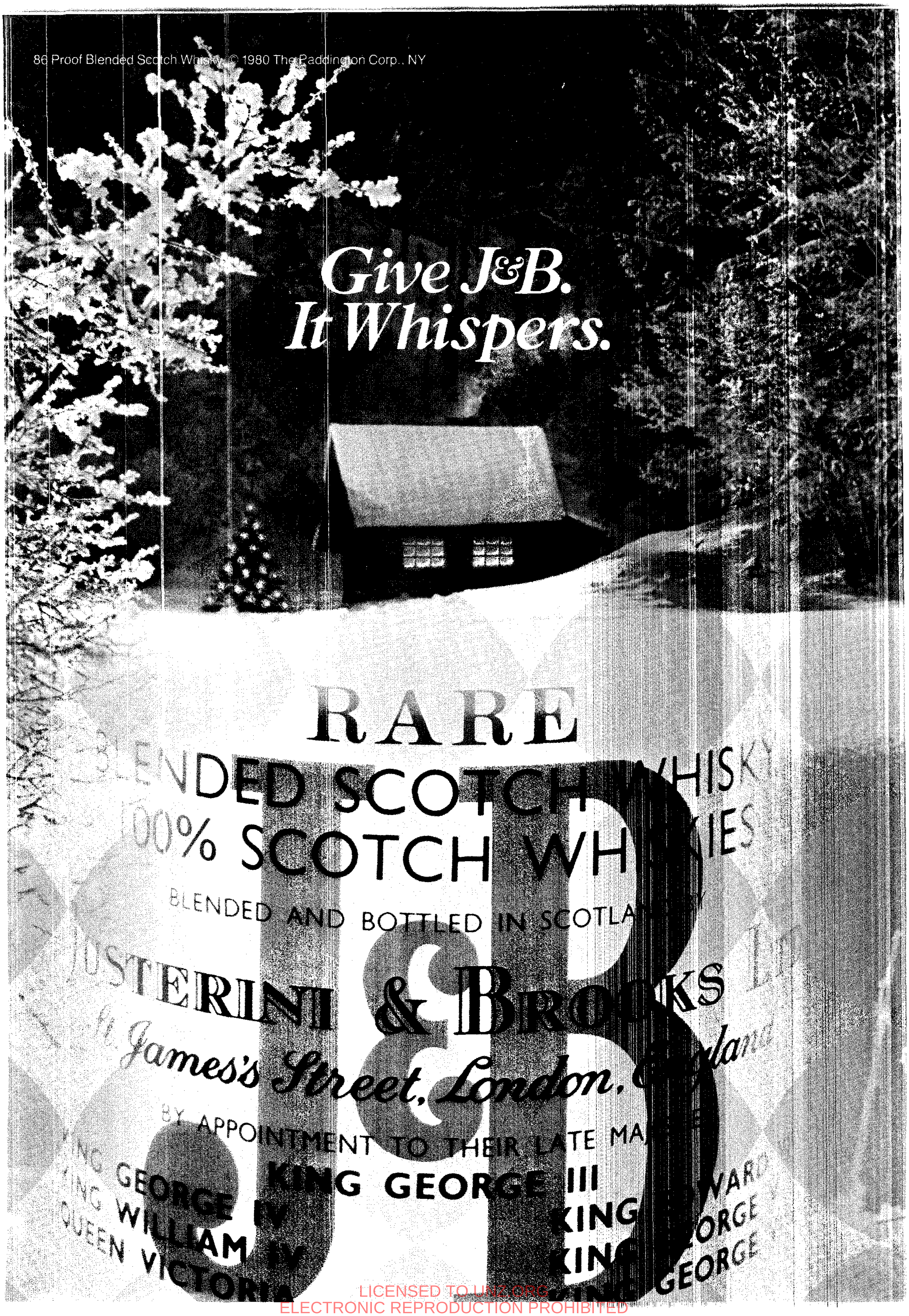
> them as a natural phenomenon. It is rather, perhaps, a woman's subtler and aim-inhibited wishes which bring with them the danger of making a man forget his technique and his medical task for the sake of a fine experience.

From these early, unimaginable transactions between proud, lovesick women and nervous, abstinent analysts the concept of transference expanded beyond the situation of the patient's falling in love with the analyst (or, in the case of a male patient, of bitterly hating him) to embrace every aspect of the patient's relationship to the analyst. As psychoanalysis developed, the transference became at once more central and more complex. By 1936, in "The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense," Anna Freud was able to distinguish between the passionate love and hate transferences —what she called the simple "irruptions of the id"—and the more subtle transferences that are the early defensive maneuvers of the ego against the instincts. But such distinctions could not be made in the earliest period of psychoanalysis, to which the "Transference-Love" paper belongs.

In that period, the feverish rush of discoveries that Freud had made in the eighteen-nineties—about dreams, the unconscious, repression, infantile sexuality, the Oedipus complex, free association, transference—was settling into a design of orderly beauty. All the pieces fit, and the whole thing shone. When Freud was invited to Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1909, he gave a lecture series that was an excited celebration of the new science of psychoanalysis. A radiance and a buoyancy run through the Clark lectures (Freud reconstructed them from memory—they had been given extemporaneously—and published them shortly after his return to Vienna), which were to fade from later accounts of the same events. (Compare the Clark lectures with "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," of 1937—Freud's last, dark, dense, profound paper. It is like comparing a Beethoven bagatelle with a late quartet.) These lectures remain the most concise and lucid account in and out of Freud's writings of the birth of psychoanalysis; nowhere is the complicated story more effortlessly told.

Freud begins by asserting that Breuer, and not he, was the father of psychoanalysis (a statement he was to curtly retract a few years later). "I had no share in its earliest beginnings," he writes, and he goes on to tell of Breuer's treatment, back in 1880, of a girl called Anna O., who was afflicted with "the enigmatic condition which, from the time of ancient Greek medicine, has been known as 'hysteria,' and which has the power of producing illusory pictures of a whole number of serious diseases." Anna's hysterical symptoms included paralysis of her limbs, disturbed vision, a severe nervous cough, aversion to food and drink, loss of memory (bizarrely, she had forgotten her native German, and could speak only English), and a tendency to go into states of what Freud, dropping into French terminology, called *absence*. Unlike other doctors of the time, who believed hysteria to be a form of malingering and treated its victims with harshness and contempt, Breuer devoted himself to this beautiful, intelligent twenty-one-year-old girl, sympathized with her sufferings, and, through "benevolent scrutiny," finally arrived at a means of helping her. He was struck by the way she muttered words to herself during her fits of *absence*, and he had the idea of hynotizing her and—by using the muttered words as a starting point—getting her to relate her "profoundly melancholy fantasies," which very often centered on the image of herself at her father's sickbed. These gloomy musings made the girl feel better—she coined the term "talking cure" for them—and presently led to the disappearance of her symptoms, after she had been "brought to remember, under hypnosis, with an accompanying expression of affect, on what occasion and in what connection the symptoms had first appeared." For example, one of Anna O.'s most troublesome symptoms—a pathological aversion to drinking water, even though she was horribly thirsty—was dispelled by her recollection of once seeing a little dog belonging to her English lady companion drink water from a glass. The sight had filled her with disgust and anger, which she had politely suppressed; only now, in Breuer's trance, could she express these feelings, and after doing so she asked for water, drank a great deal, and was never troubled by her water phobia again. Gradually, other symptoms disappeared, through other recollections of psychic traumas, and "the treatment was brought to an end."

This account, as readers of Ernest Jones' biography of Freud are aware, discreetly leaves out the disaster that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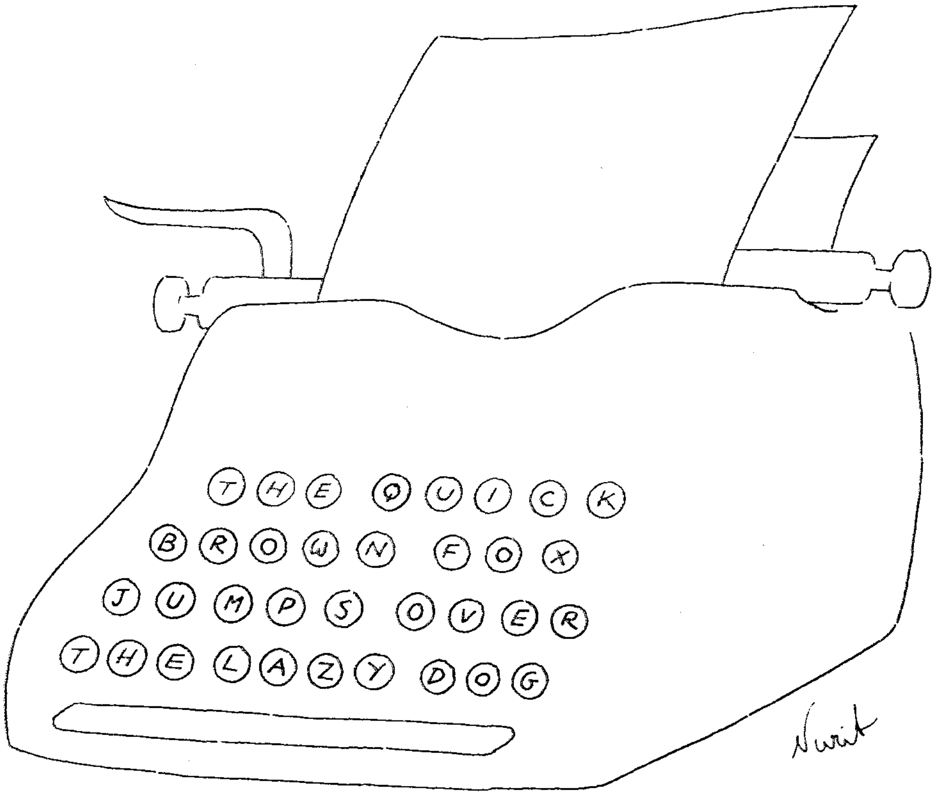
"Mom said it was from my fairy godmother. I thought, 'Could it be?' Oh yes! I love 'em. I've been begging for heels just forever. Yes. Yes. They fit. They're just like the ones I wanted. Oh, Mom told you, didn't she? They'll really go with my new dress for the dance. I feel like Cinderella already! Thanks, Aunt Connie."

Though family and friends move far apart, you can continue to grow together. Just reach out and walk back into each other's lives.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.



befell Anna O.'s treatment and brought it to an abrupt end. "Freud has related to me a fuller account than he described in his writings of the peculiar circumstances surrounding the end of this novel treatment," Jones reveals, and he goes on:

> It would seem that Breuer had developed what we should nowadays call a strong countertransference to his interesting patient. At all events, he was so engrossed that his wife became bored at listening to no other topic, and before long she became jealous. She did not display this openly, but became unhappy and morose. It was a long time before Breuer, with his thoughts elsewhere, divined the meaning of her state of mind. It provoked a violent reaction in him, perhaps compounded of love and guilt, and he decided to bring the treatment to an end. He announced this to Anna O., who was by now much better, and bade her good-by. But that evening he was fetched back to find her in a greatly excited state, apparently as ill as ever. The patient, who according to him had appeared to be an asexual being and had never made any allusion to such a forbidden topic throughout the treatment, was now in the throes of an hysterical childbirth (pseudocyesis), the logical termination of a phantom pregnancy that had been invisibly developing in response to Breuer's ministrations. Though profoundly shocked, he managed to calm her down by hypnotizing her, and then fled the house in a cold sweat. The next day, he and his wife left for Venice to spend a second honeymoon, which resulted in the conception of a daughter; the girl born in these curious circumstances was nearly sixty years later to commit suicide in New York.

In a recent study, "The Therapeutic Revolution: From Mesmer to Freud," two French psychoanalysts, Léon Chertok and Raymond de Saussure, pointedly contrast Breuer's panic in the Anna O. case with Freud's coolness in the face of similar erotic stimulation (the incident of the patient's putting her arms around his neck), arguing the interesting notion that Freud's discovery of transference was (apart from any question of its validity) a *defensive* measure—a kind of "prophylaxis" that depersonalized the relationship and interposed a "third person" between the patient and the doctor, like the duenna-nurse who peers over the gynecologist's shoulder during examinations. "Until Freud's discovery," they write, "psychotherapists had been haunted, whether consciously or not, by the possibility of erotic complications in the relationship. They could thenceforth feel reassured." That Breuer took Anna's sexual feeings toward him personally, whereas Freud discovered transference as a result of the importunities of *his* importuning patient is the difference between ordinary intellect and genius. The difference might also be, as Chertok and de Saussure hypothesize (and it doesn't detract from Freud's genius to do so), the difference between a man of confident sexuality and one who wasn't so sure of his attractiveness—who couldn't believe a woman would find him irresistible and so had to hunt around for some other explanation for her conduct.

Freud heard about the case of Anna O. from Breuer in 1882, and it made a great impression on him, but seven years went by before he ventured onto the path that the frightened ur-psychoanalyst had fled. In 1886, on his return from study in Paris with the great neurologist Jean Martin Charcot, who had convinced him of the psychological etiology of hysteria, Freud set up practice in Vienna as a specialist in nervous diseases. For twenty months, he treated his patients by means of electrotherapy (according to directions in a textbook by W. Erb) plus baths, massage, and something called the Weir Mitchell rest cure, but with a growing sense of futility. Then, for sixteen more months, he treated them with no less ineffectual hypnotic suggestion. Finally, in 1889, he tried Breuer's cathartic method, and found, as he reported in the Clark lectures, that "my experiences agreed entirely with his." However, it was not long before Freud became dissatisfied with this method, too. Inducing hypnosis was not easy for him—he didn't seem to be good at it—and he could get only a fraction of his patients into the desired trance. To judge from the following account of his attempts to put patients under (it appears in his and Breuer's "Studies on Hysteria," of 1895), erotic complications were the least of Freud's troubles:

> I soon began to tire of issuing assurances and commands such as "You are going to sleep! . . . sleep!" and of hearing the patient, as so often happened when the degree of hypnosis was light, remonstrate with me: "But, doctor, I'm *not* asleep," and of then having to make highly ticklish distinctions: "I don't mean ordinary sleep; I mean hypnosis. As you see, you are hypnotized, you can't open your eyes . . ."

Freud began to wonder whether he could achieve catharsis without hypnosis, and was emboldened to try by an inference he drew from an experiment he had recently witnessed in Nancy, performed by a physician named Hippolyte Bernheim, who was also using hypnotic suggestion to treat hysterics. Bernheim demonstrated that a person awakened from a trance could be induced to remember what had happened during the trance if the hypnotist firmly insisted that he *did* remember, against all his protestations that he didn't. Freud tried similar coercion on his patients, and it worked. "In that way, I succeeded, without using hypnosis, in obtaining from the patients whatever was required for establishing the connection between the pathogenic scenes they had forgotten and the symptoms left over from those scenes. But it was a laborious procedure, and in the long run an exhausting one; and it was unsuited to serve as a permanent technique."

However, the very difficulty and laboriousness of the process led Freud to a crucial insight. This was his postulation of a force within the patient that had originally pushed the pathogenic experiences out of consciousness (Freud called it "repression") and of its counterpart ("resistance"), which had *kept* them out of consciousness. "All these experiences had involved the emergence of a wishful impulse which was in sharp contrast to the subject's other wishes, and which proved incompatible with the ethical and aesthetic standards of his personality," and thus had to be "repressed," Freud wrote in the Clark lectures. For example, one of his patients (Elisabeth von R.) had repressed the memory of a wish to marry her brother-in-law, which had come to her unbidden at the deathbed of her sister and had so horrified her that she converted it into a hysterical symptom. "Our hysterical patients suffer from reminiscences," Freud wrote in the first Clark lecture. Only when his urging technique forced the memory back into Elisabeth's consciousness could she rid herself of its pathogenic power.

Eventually, by ceasing to badger the patient and allowing him to say anything he liked, Freud arrived at (stumbled on) the psychoanalytic method that has remained unchanged to this day. "Allowing" (Freud's word in the Clark lectures) hardly does justice to the process of free association. In a well-known passage in "The Interpretation of Dreams" (1900), Freud likens the feat of the patient who suspends his critical faculties and says everything and anything that comes into his mind, regardless of its triviality, irrelevance, or unpleasantness, to that of the poet during the act of creation. He quotes from a letter that Schiller wrote in 1788 in reply to a friend who had complained of meagre literary production:

> The ground for your complaint seems to me to lie in the constraint imposed by your reason upon your imagination. I will make my idea more concrete by a simile. It seems a bad thing and detrimental to the

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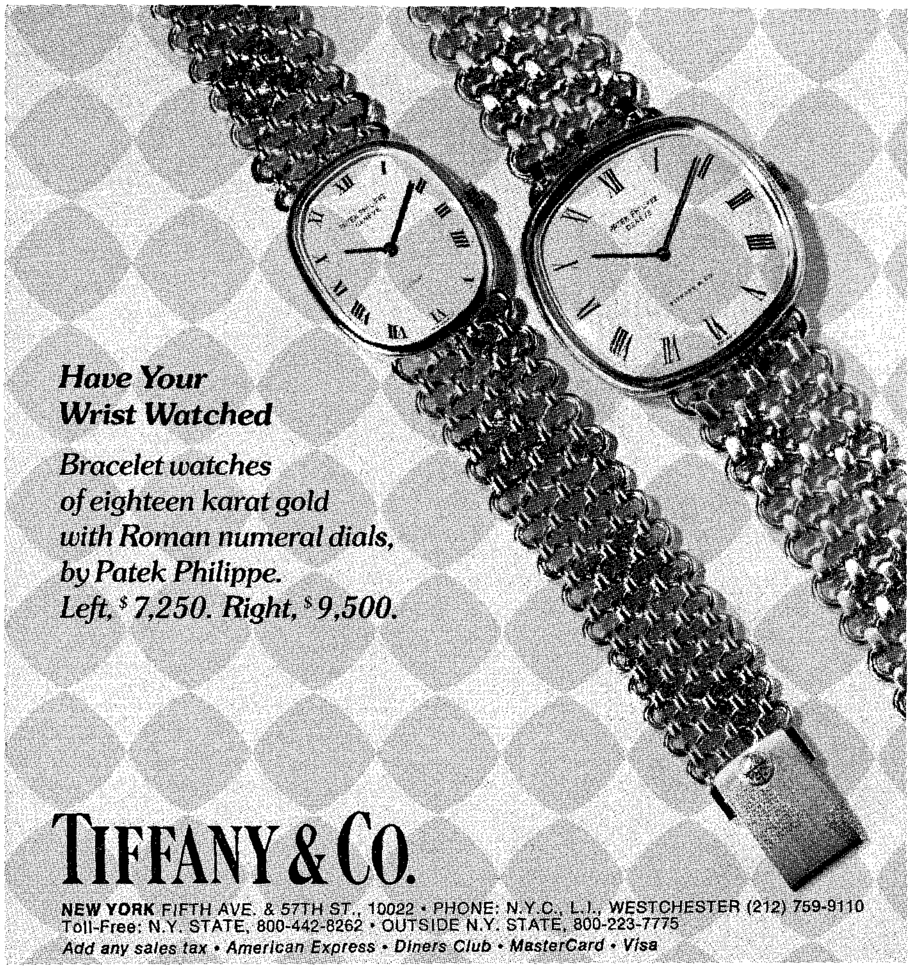

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creative work of the mind if Reason makes too close an examination of the ideas as they come pouring in—at the very gateway, as it were. Looked at in isolation, a thought may seem very trivial or very fantastic; but it may be made important by another thought that comes after it, and, in conjunction with other thoughts that may seem equally absurd, it may turn out to form a most effective link. Reason cannot form any opinion upon all this unless it retains the thought long enough to look at it in connection with the others. On the other hand, where there is a creative mind, Reason—so it seems to me—relaxes its watch upon the gates, and the ideas rush in pell-mell, and only then does it look them through and examine them in a mass. . . . You critics, or whatever else you may call yourselves, are ashamed or frightened of the momentary and transient extravagances which are to be found in all truly creative minds and whose longer or shorter duration distinguishes the thinking artist from the dreamer. You complain of your unfruitfulness because you reject too soon and discriminate too severely.

Just as there are few people who can write poems like Schiller, there are few analytic patients who can free-associate easily, if at all. Analysts today don't expect the free-association process to take hold until well into the analysis; in fact, some regard the appearance of true free association as a signal to terminate the analysis. But in 1900 Freud, enchanted by his great discovery (which was nothing less than the "invention of the first instrument for the scientific examination of the human mind," according to James Strachey, the English psychoanalyst and editor of the Standard Edition of Freud's works), underestimated its complexities and contradictions. "A relaxation of the watch upon the gates of Reason, the adoption of an attitude of uncritical self-observation, is by no means difficult," he innocently reported in "The Interpretation of Dreams." "Most of my patients achieve it after their first instructions."

Free association—"the ore from which, with the help of some simple interpretative devices, the analyst extracts its content of precious metal," as Freud wrote—led to dream interpretation, since the patient's associations often led him to the dreams of the night before. "It came as the first fruit of the technical innovation I had adopted when, following a dim presentiment, I decided to replace hypnosis by free association," Freud wrote in 1914, in "On the History of the Psychoanalytic Movement." He went on, "My desire for knowledge had not at the start been directed toward understanding dreams. I do not know of any

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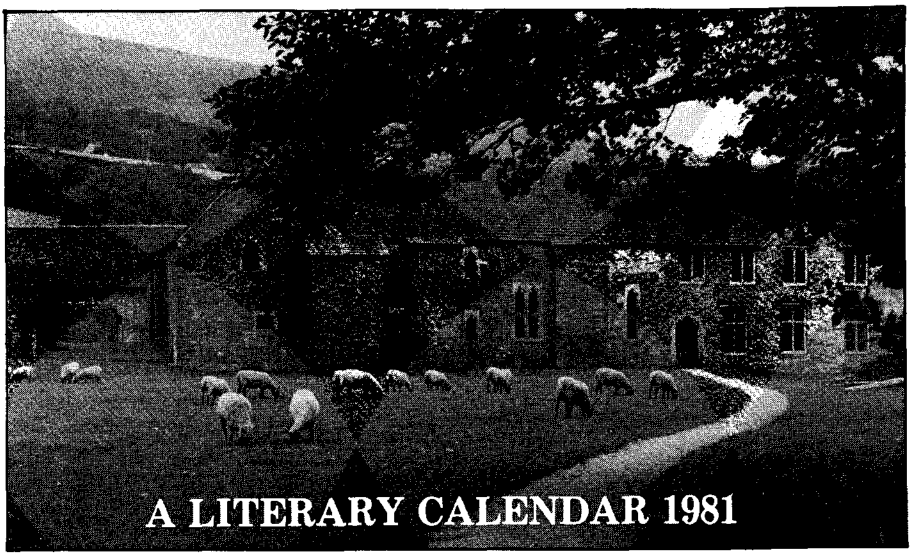

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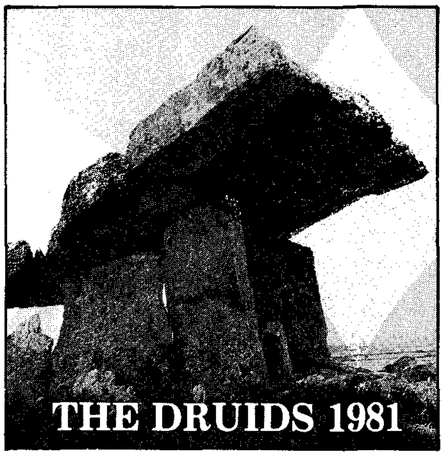

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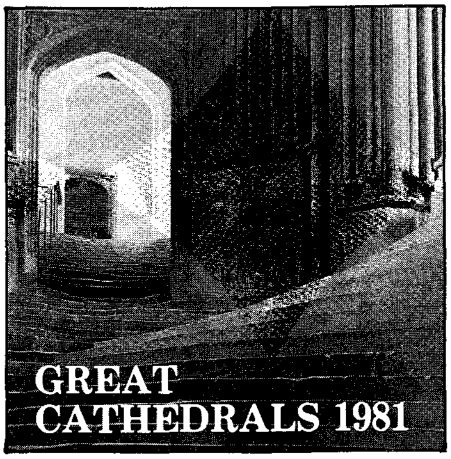

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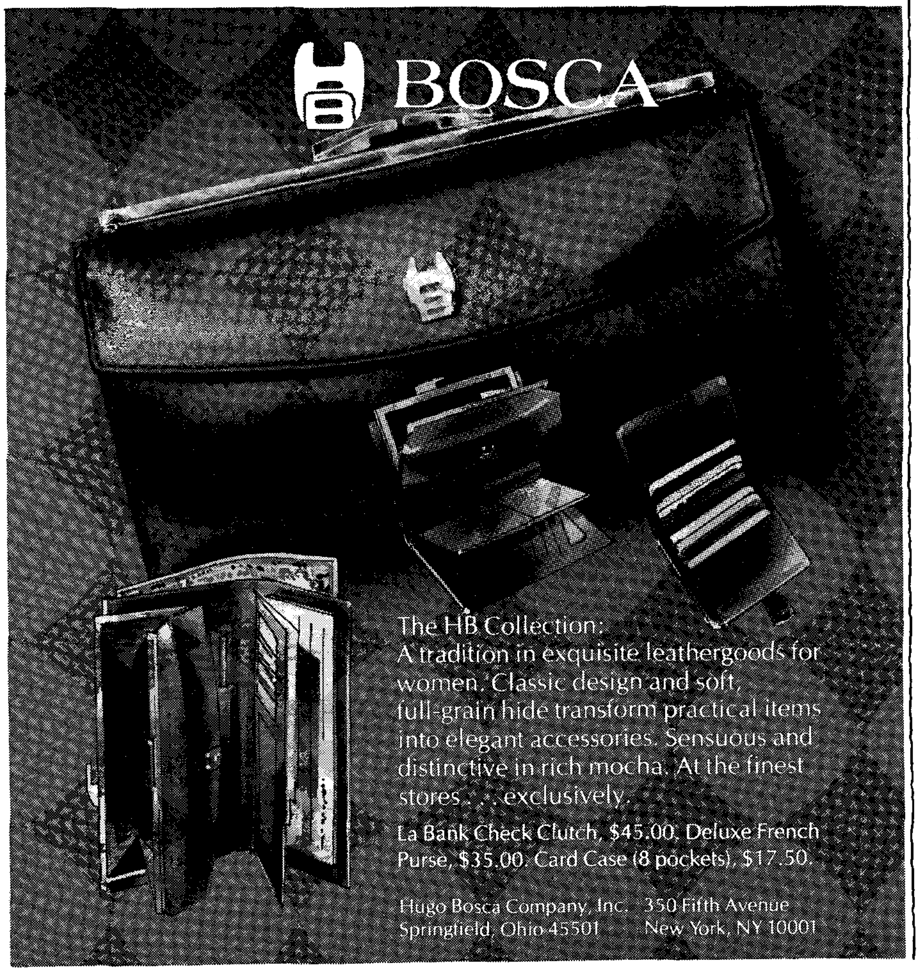

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outside influence which drew my interest to them or inspired me with any helpful expectations." Through associations with parts of a dream, the patient would penetrate its disguises; the associations would lead him from the deceptive "manifest content" of the remembered dream to the deep "latent content," where a wish was invariably lodged. In the "History," Freud recalled that "the interpretation of dreams became a solace and a support to me in those arduous first years of analysis, when I had to master the technique, clinical phenomena, and therapy of the neuroses all at the same time. At that period, I was completely isolated, and in the network of problems and accumulation of difficulties I often dreaded losing my bearings, and also my confidence. There were often patients with whom an unaccountably long time elapsed before my hypothesis—that a neurosis was bound to become intelligible through analysis—proved true; but these patients' dreams, which might be regarded as analogues of their symptoms, almost always confirmed the hypothesis. It was only my success in this direction that enabled me to persevere."

From the study of his own dreams during his self-analysis in the late eighteen-nineties, Freud discovered "what an unsuspectedly great part is played in human development by impressions and experiences of early childhood," as he wrote in the Clark lectures. He went on, "In dream-life, the child that is in man pursues its existence, as it were, and retains all its characteristics and wishful impulses, even such as have become unserviceable in later life. There will be brought home to you with irresistible force the many developments, repressions, sublimations, and reaction-formations by means of which a child with a quite other innate endowment grows into what we call a normal man—the bearer, and in part the victim, of the civilization that has been so painfully acquired."

Along with free association and dreams, Freud goes on to cite (we are in the third Clark lecture) a third entrée into the unconscious: the various small "faulty actions," or "parapraxes"—slips of the tongue, misreadings, the forgetting of names, the losing and breaking of objects, and so on—by which we daily betray ourselves. These trivial actions provide clues to unconscious motivation and bolster the psychoanalyst's belief in psychic determinism—the belief that

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Freud pauses here to take one of his habitual swipes at the opponents of psychoanalysis, comparing them to patients under the sway of resistance. "We often become aware in our opponents, just as we do in our patients, that their power of judgment is very noticeably influenced affectively, in the sense of being diminished," he writes. This argument puts the reader into a quandary. On the one hand, it offends all his notions of fairness in arguing; to ascribe an opponent's opposition to his going soft in the head is surely the most outrageous of ad-hominem arguments. On the other hand, it cannot be dismissed, either, by anyone who has ever helplessly felt his own power of judgment being sapped by a strong emotion—as who of us hasn't?

Lecture Four begins with the observation that "psychoanalytic research traces back the symptoms of patients' illnesses with really surprising regularity to impressions from their *erotic life*." Freud reflects on the unpalatability of this notion, observing that his colleagues all disbelieved it initially, and that he himself reluctantly "converted" to it only after much clinical experience compelled him to do so. "A conviction of the correctness of this thesis was not precisely made easier by the behavior of patients," he adds. "Instead of willingly presenting us with information about their sexual life, they try to conceal it by every means in their power. People are in general not candid over sexual matters. They do not show their sexuality freely, but to conceal it they wear a heavy overcoat woven of a tissue of lies, as though the weather were bad in the world of sexuality." Just how truly wretched the sexual weather was in Vienna in the eighteen-nineties may be gleaned from the letters that Freud wrote to his friend Wilhelm Fliess between 1887 and 1902. (These came to light after the Second World War and were published in 1950.) In a draft of a paper called "The Aetiology of the Neuroses," which he sent to Fliess in 1893 (enjoining him to keep it away from his young wife!), Freud draws a picture of contemporary Viennese sexual life that is fraught with Ibsenesque gloom and fatalism. All choices were hopeless: either a young man went to prostitutes and got syphilis and gonorrhea or he masturbated and became neurasthenic; women who married

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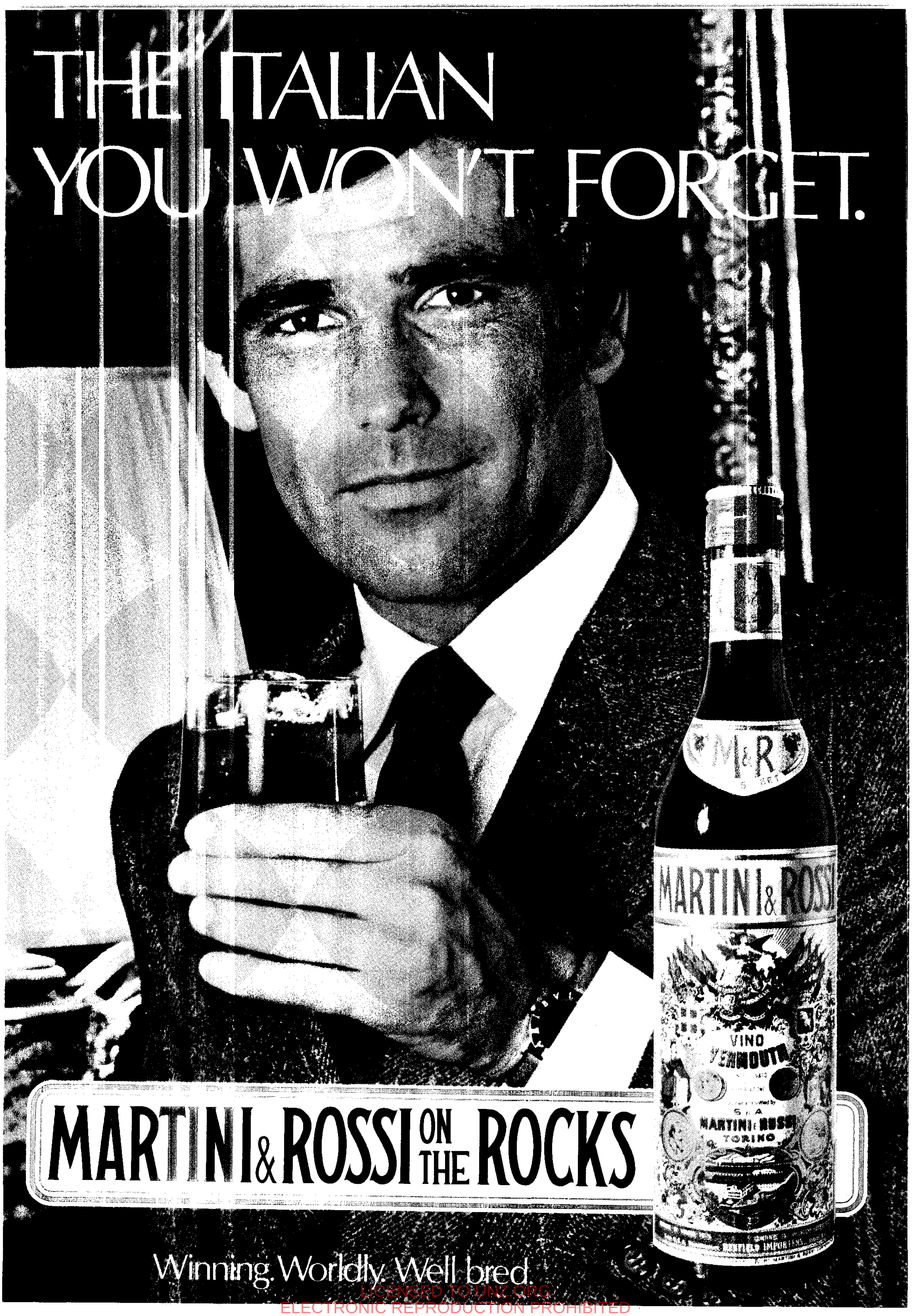
neurasthenic (thus impotent) men became hysterical; women and men who (perforce) practiced coitus interruptus to avoid conception became neurotic. "Society seems doomed to fall a victim to incurable neuroses which reduce the enjoyment of life to a minimum, destroy the marriage relation, and bring hereditary ruin on the whole coming generation," Freud bleakly concluded.

By 1897, Freud had undergone the intellectual revolution that took him from this dour but unremarkable social view of sexual malaise to his radical psychological theories regarding infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex. Things within proved to be no less grim than those without: if we aren't dashed on the shoals of the psychosexual stages of development (becoming perverts, homosexuals, or obsessional types), we sink beneath the weight of our Oedipal grief. No one leaves childhood unscathed; few reach adulthood capable of love and heterosexual sex. The difference between neurotics and normal people is a matter only of degree, Freud says in the last Clark lecture: We all "entertain a life of fantasy in which we like to make up for the insufficiencies of reality by the production of wish fulfillments." In distinction from the successful man of action who is able to impose his wishes on reality, or the artist who transforms them into works of art, the neurotic escapes from reality through his symptoms. "Today, neurosis takes the place of the monasteries which used to be the refuge of all whom life had disappointed or who felt too weak to face it," Freud writes.

In closing the Clark series, Freud addressed himself to the question of what happens when, after psychoanalytic treatment, the neurotic's repressed unconscious wishes are set free. Does he become a libertine and rebel? Extremely unlikely, Freud says. In most cases, "*repression* is replaced by *condemning judgment*." The ex-neurotic will now deliberately choose not to do what he has previously murkily not done; his "better impulses," rather than his unsuccessful (symptom-producing) repressions, will guide him to his renunciations. Or he may "sublimate" the infantile wishes; that is to say, convert their original sexual aim into a culturally and socially valuable end while retaining their basic energy. Or, finally, he may choose to claim some modicum of sexual happiness for himself. Freud here protests (as he continued to do into the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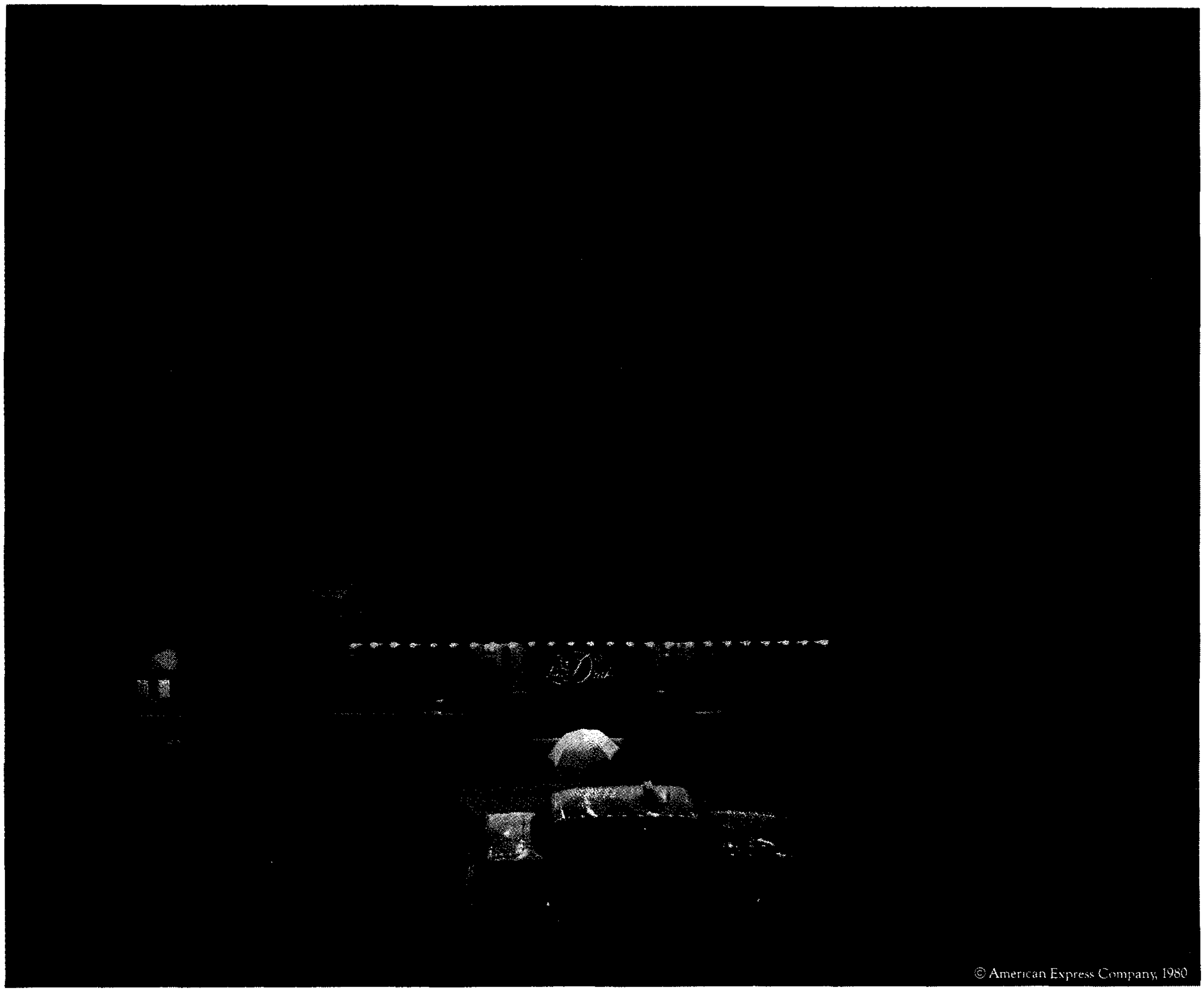

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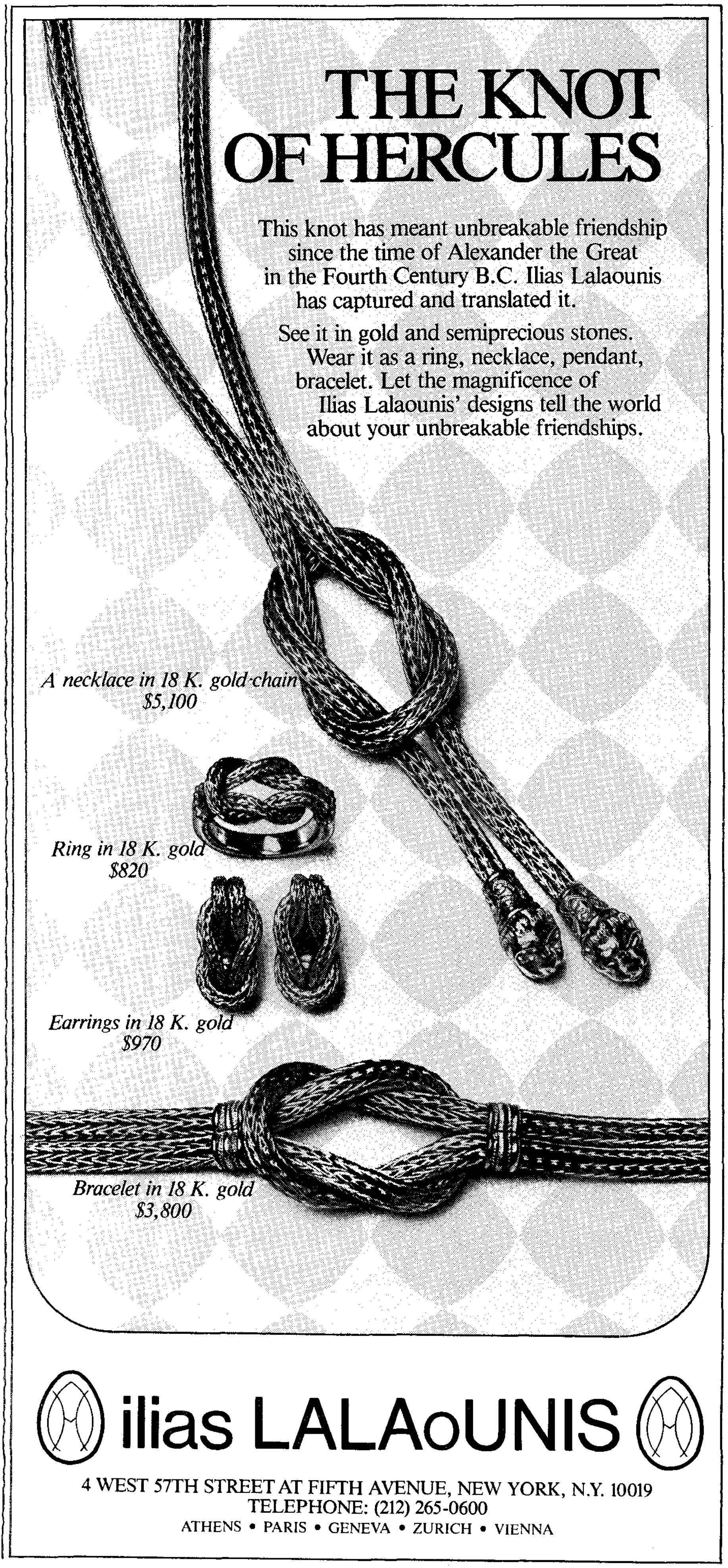
twenties and thirties) the too harsh repressions of society. "Our civilized standards make life too difficult for the majority of human organizations," he writes. "We ought not to exalt ourselves so high as completely to neglect what was originally animal in our nature. Nor should we forget that the satisfaction of the individual's happiness cannot be erased from among the aims of our civilization."

BY 1909, Freud's unassuming quest for a cure for nervous disorders ("Anyone who wants to make a living from the treatment of nervous patients must clearly be able to do something to help them," he tartly observed of his own bungling attempts in "An Autobiographical Study") had improbably flowered into the vast system of thought about human nature—psychoanalysis—which has detonated throughout the intellectual, social, artistic, and ordinary life of our century as no cultural force has (it may not be off the mark to say) since Christianity. (Freud himself preferred to align the psychoanalytic revolution with the revolution of Copernicus and then the revolution of Darwin, saying that the first showed that the earth was not the center of the universe, the second that man was not a unique creation, and the third that man was not even master of his own house.) It was as if a lonely terrorist working in his cellar on a modest explosive device to blow up the local brewery had unaccountably found his way to the hydrogen bomb and blown up half the world. The fallout from this bomb has yet to settle. It isn't even clear whether the original target—the neurotic patient—wasn't overshot; "proof" of the efficacy of psychoanalytic cure has yet to be established, and no analyst claims it.

Soon after the Big Bang of Freud's major discoveries—around the time of the Clark lectures—the historian of psychoanalysis notes a fork in the road. One path leads outward into the general culture, widening to become the grand boulevard of psychoanalytic influence—the multilane superhighway of psychoanalytic thought's incursions into psychiatry, social philosophy, anthropology, law, literature, education, and child-rearing. The other is the narrow, inward-turning path of psychoanalytic therapy: a hidden, almost secret byway travelled by few (the analysts and their patients), edged by decrepit mansions with drawn shades (the training institutes and the analytic societies), marked with in-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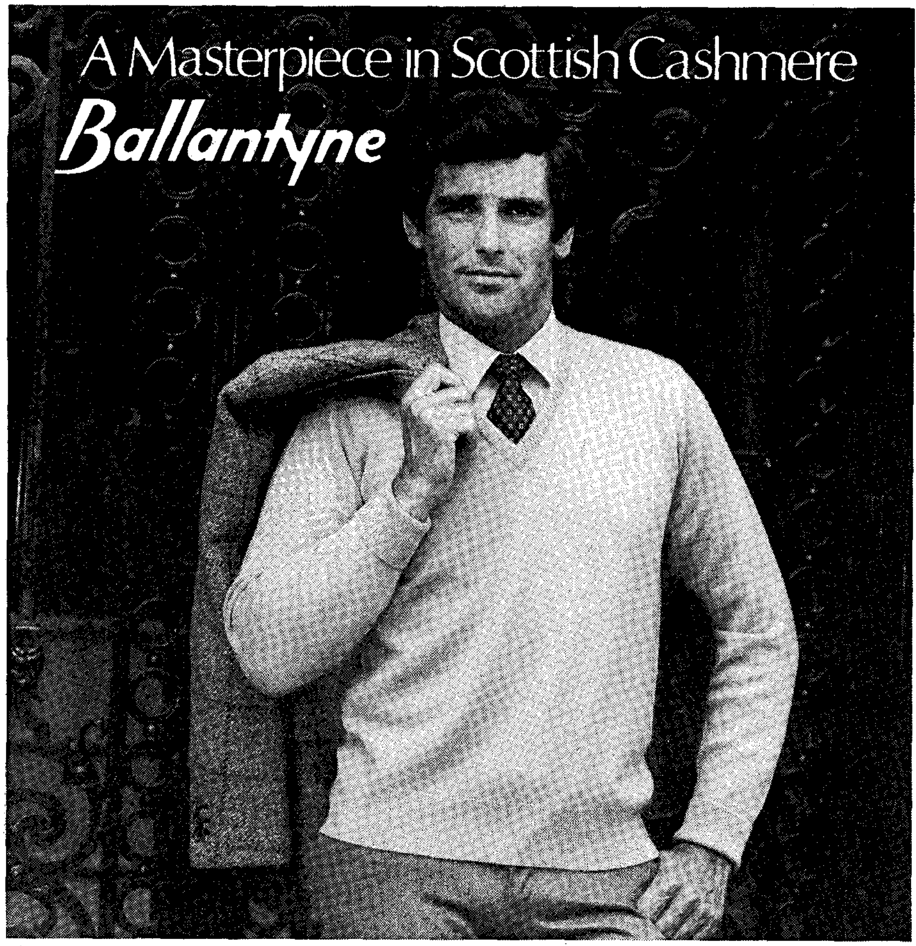
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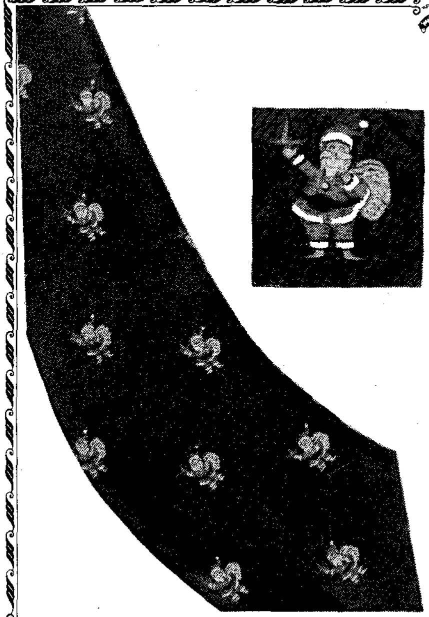

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scrutable road signs (the scientific papers)—the road along which Aaron Green is trudging. As for Freud himself, he travelled both routes, extending the psychoanalytic view to literature, art, biography, anthropology, and social philosophy in works such as "Totem and Taboo," "Moses and Monotheism," "Leonardo da Vinci," and "Group Psychology" as well as sticking to the theoretical and clinical core of psychoanalysis.

In the period between 1910 and 1915, by which time a small band of fellow-workers had formed, Freud published a series of short papers on analytic technique which reflected his growing understanding that "to make the unconscious conscious" was not as simple a business as he had first thought. His work with patients was leading him to new appreciations of the complexity of the task. In a paper called " 'Wild' Psychoanalysis" (1910), he derides (his own) "long superseded idea . . . that the patient suffers from a sort of ignorance, and that if one removes this ignorance by giving him information (about the causal connection of his illness with his life, about his experiences in childhood, and so on), he is bound to recover." He goes on to mordantly observe that "such measures have as much influence on the symptoms of nervous illness as a distribution of menu cards in a time of famine has upon hunger." In "On Beginning the Treatment" (1913), Freud burlesques the analyst who can't wait to zap the patient with the patient's horrid unconscious wishes: "What a measure of self-complacency and thoughtlessness must be possessed by anyone who can, on the shortest acquaintance, inform a stranger who is entirely ignorant of all the tenets of analysis that he is attached to his mother by incestuous ties, that he harbors wishes for the death of his wife, whom he appears to love, and that he conceals an intention of betraying his superior, and so on!" In this same paper, Freud spells out the various practical arrangements that have remained more or less intact in classical analysis. He recommends that the analyst lease his time by the hour, and that the patient be liable for payment whether he comes or not, adding dryly, "Nothing brings home to one so strongly the significance of the psychogenic factor in the daily life of men, the frequency of malingering, and the non-existence of chance as a few years' practice of psychoanalysis on the strict principle of leasing by the

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hour." Analysts have tended to follow Freud in this, with a few notable exceptions, such as the late Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, who couldn't bring herself to charge for missed appointments. ("I feel that it is not the psychiatrist's privilege to be exempt from the generally accepted custom of our culture in which one is not paid for services not rendered," she wrote in her book "Principles of Intensive Psychotherapy.") Another piece of practical advice offered by Freud that did not fall on deaf ears was that the psychoanalyst shouldn't be ashamed to charge substantial fees for his services, that he should collect payments regularly, and that he shouldn't take free patients. (Freud had tried free treatment—as he tried everything—to see how it worked, and reported that it didn't: "Free treatment enormously increases some of a neurotic's resistances. . . . The absence of the regulating effect offered by the payment of a fee to the doctor makes itself very painfully felt; the whole relationship is removed from the real world, and the patient is deprived of a strong motive for endeavoring to bring the treatment to an end." The derisive popular notion that psychoanalysts hypocritically claim that their high fee is "good for the patient" or "part of the treatment" may have arisen from a misunderstanding of this passage.) The physical arrangement of analysis—the patient lying on the couch, with the analyst seated behind him—is discussed in "On Beginning the Treatment." Freud called the arrangement a "remnant of the hypnotic method" and said that he continued it first of all because, frankly, he didn't like to be stared at all day, and—more to the analytic point—because it kept "the transference from mingling with the patient's associations imperceptibly" and allowed it to come more sharply into relief as a resistance.

In "Recommendations to Physicians Practicing Psychoanalysis" (1912), Freud describes the special way of listening to the patient that the psychoanalyst must learn. It is as different from ordinary listening as the patient's free association is different from ordinary talking; in fact, it is a counterpart of free association. "It consists simply in not directing one's notice to anything in particular and in maintaining the same 'evenly suspended attention' (as I have called it) in the face of all that one hears," Freud writes, and he cautions the analyst not to let anything—therapeutic ambition above

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all—get in the way of the aimless, Zen-like state of desirelessness in which he listens, bending "his own unconscious like a receptive organ toward the transmitting unconscious of the patient." He compares the analyst to the surgeon, "who puts aside all his feelings, even his human sympathy, and concentrates his mental forces on the single aim of performing the operation as skillfully as possible." (Nowhere does this surgical analogy, which Freud repeatedly uses in his writings, seem more inapt than in this paper—the incongruous yoking of the image of the exquisitely relaxed analyst, inclining toward his patient's psyche as a sinuous, long-stemmed plant languorously yields to the law of tropism, with that of the cold, hard surgeon, tensely concentrating his mental forces on the technical job at hand. The incongruity derives, perhaps, from Freud's own struggles to reconcile the unwieldy findings of psychoanalysis with the orderly positivism of the Helmholtz school of science, in which he had been educated. An unfinished early work called "Project for a Scientific Psychology" was his strenuous, doomed effort to give a physiological source to the psychological phenomena he was discovering.)

Freud made other "recommendations" in 1912 that have since become standard in psychoanalytic treatment: that the analyst should himself be analyzed, that he should not reciprocate the patient's confidences ("The doctor should be opaque to his patients and, like a mirror, should show them nothing but what is shown to him"), and that he must not try to educate or morally influence or "improve" the patient in any way. "As a doctor, one must above all be tolerant of the weakness of a patient, and must be content if one has won back some degree of capacity for work and enjoyment for a person even of only moderate worth." For a doctor to speak of the "worth" of his patients falls strangely on the modern ear. An earlier discussion of the issue, in "On Psychotherapy" (1905), sounds even stranger:

> One should look beyond the patient's illness and form an estimate of his whole personality; those patients who do not possess a reasonable degree of education and a fairly reliable character should be refused. It must not be forgotten that there are healthy people as well as unhealthy ones who are good for nothing in life, and that there is a temptation to ascribe to their illness everything that incapacitates them if they show any sign of neurosis.

As Freud groped his way toward

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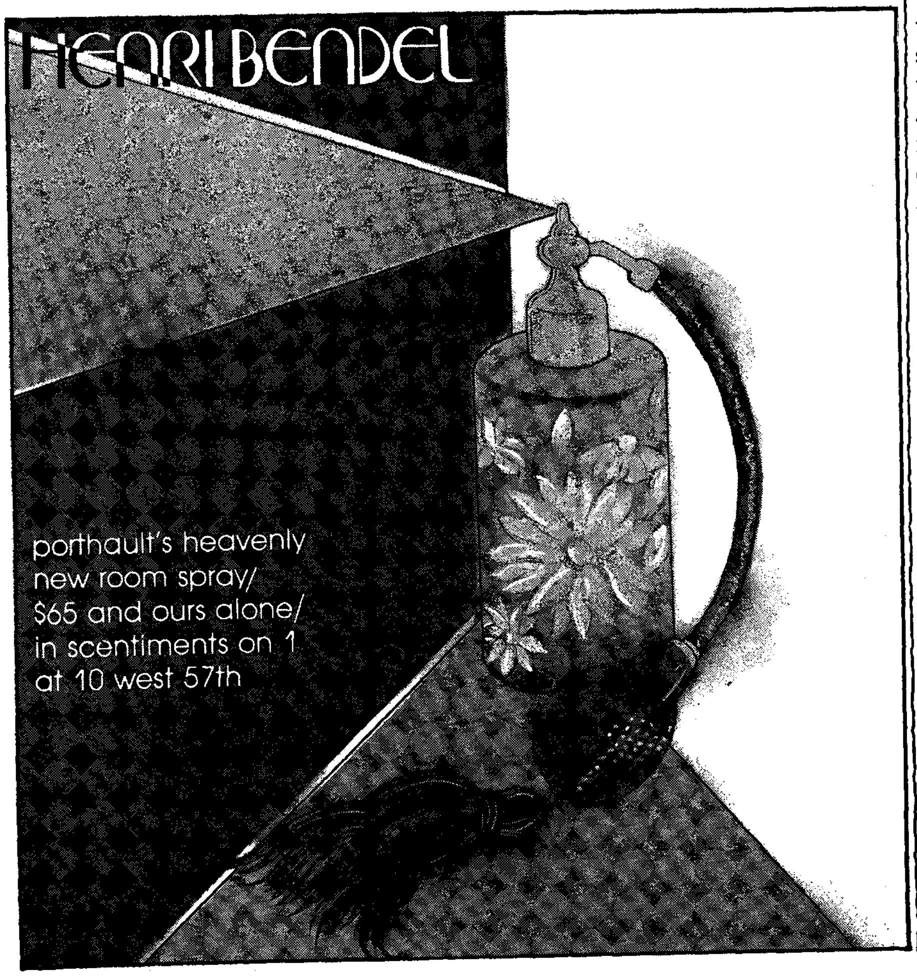
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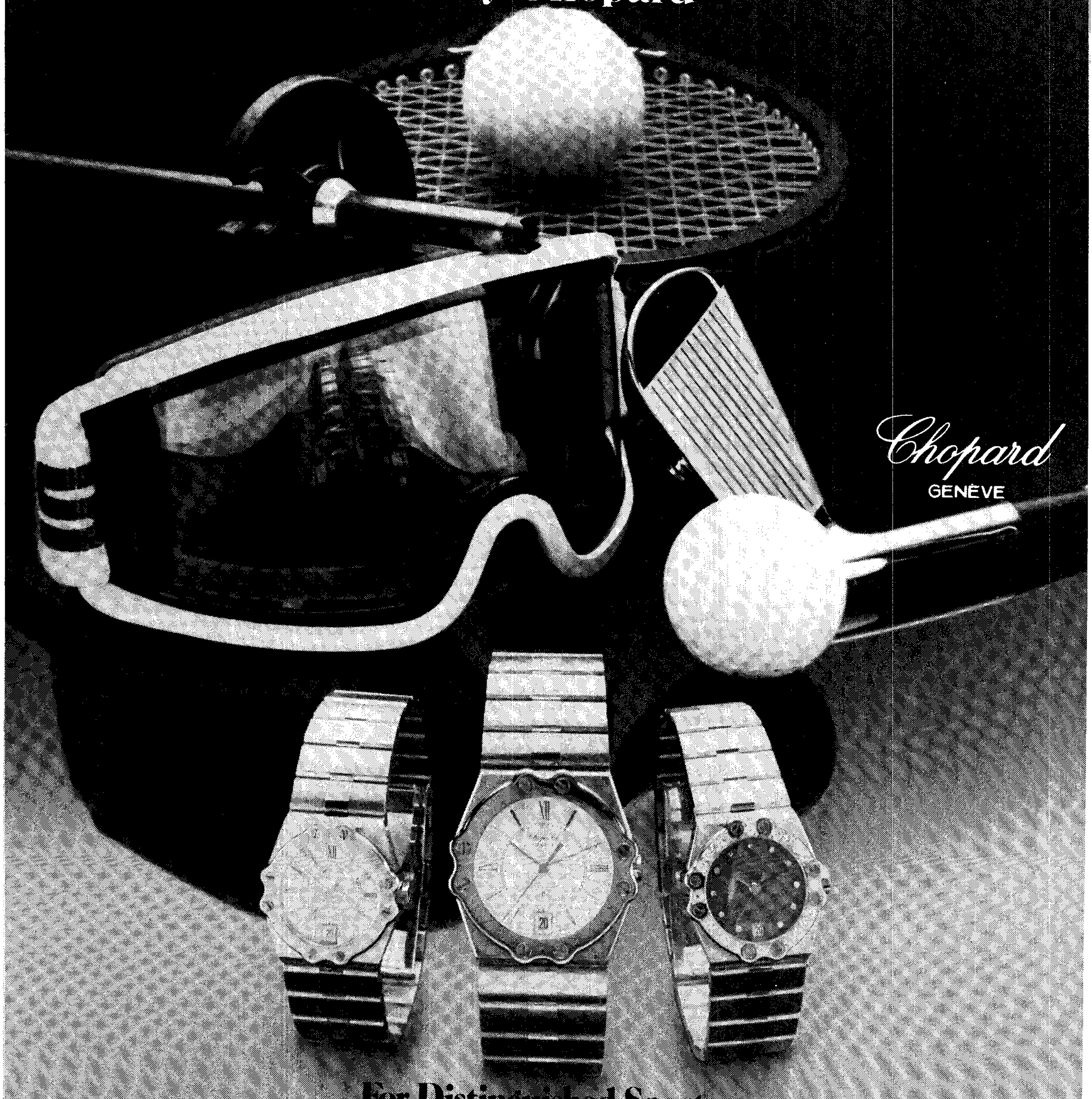

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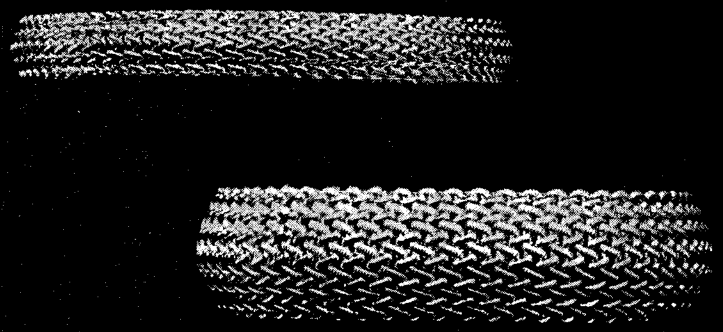

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the complexities of ego psychology, he was obliged to modify this simple view of human fallibility—to see that illness and character were not, after all, discrete—but, significantly, he never changed his profoundly amoral view of psychoanalytic therapy. "Transforming your hysterical misery into common unhappiness" ("Studies on Hysteria") remained the ungarnished program of psychoanalysis, with no frills added of "self-improvement" or "fulfillment," which such revisionists as Alfred Adler, Harry Stack Sullivan, Erich Fromm, and Karen Horney were to covertly offer their patients. Herbert Marcuse, in his "Critique of Neo-Freudian Revisionism" (the epilogue to his book "Eros and Civilization"), icily examines the tone of uplift and the Power of Positive Thinking that pervade the revisionists' writings, and mocks their claim to scientific seriousness. That same atmosphere of the sermonette pervades the writings of today's *nouvelle vague* neo-Freudians, Kernberg and Kohut. Kernberg's "clinical descriptions" of narcissistic patients are like passages from a nineteenth-century novel cataloguing the ethical deficiencies of its villains and villainesses. Kohut adopts a more pastoral tone toward *his* "shallow," "grandiose," "self-centered," "envious," "exploitive," "empty" patients, but his intention seems no less reproving and improving.

In "Remembering, Repeating, and Working Through" (1914), Freud added a new dimension to his repudiation of intellectual knowledge as a mechanism of cure. When he replaced urging by free association, it was still in order to facilitate the backward flow of the patient's thoughts—the "ore" Freud sought was the memory of psychic trauma. Now Freud saw that it wasn't necessary to struggle against the patient's resistance to remembering. The doctor needed only to observe the patient's present behavior, since even though "the patient does not *remember* anything of what he has forgotten and repressed, he *acts* it out, without, of course, knowing that he is repeating it." Freud goes on, "For instance, the patient does not say that he remembers that he used to be defiant and critical toward his parents' authority; instead, he behaves in that way to the doctor. . . . He does not remember having been intensely ashamed of certain sexual activities and afraid of their being found out; but he makes it clear that he is ashamed of the treatment on which he

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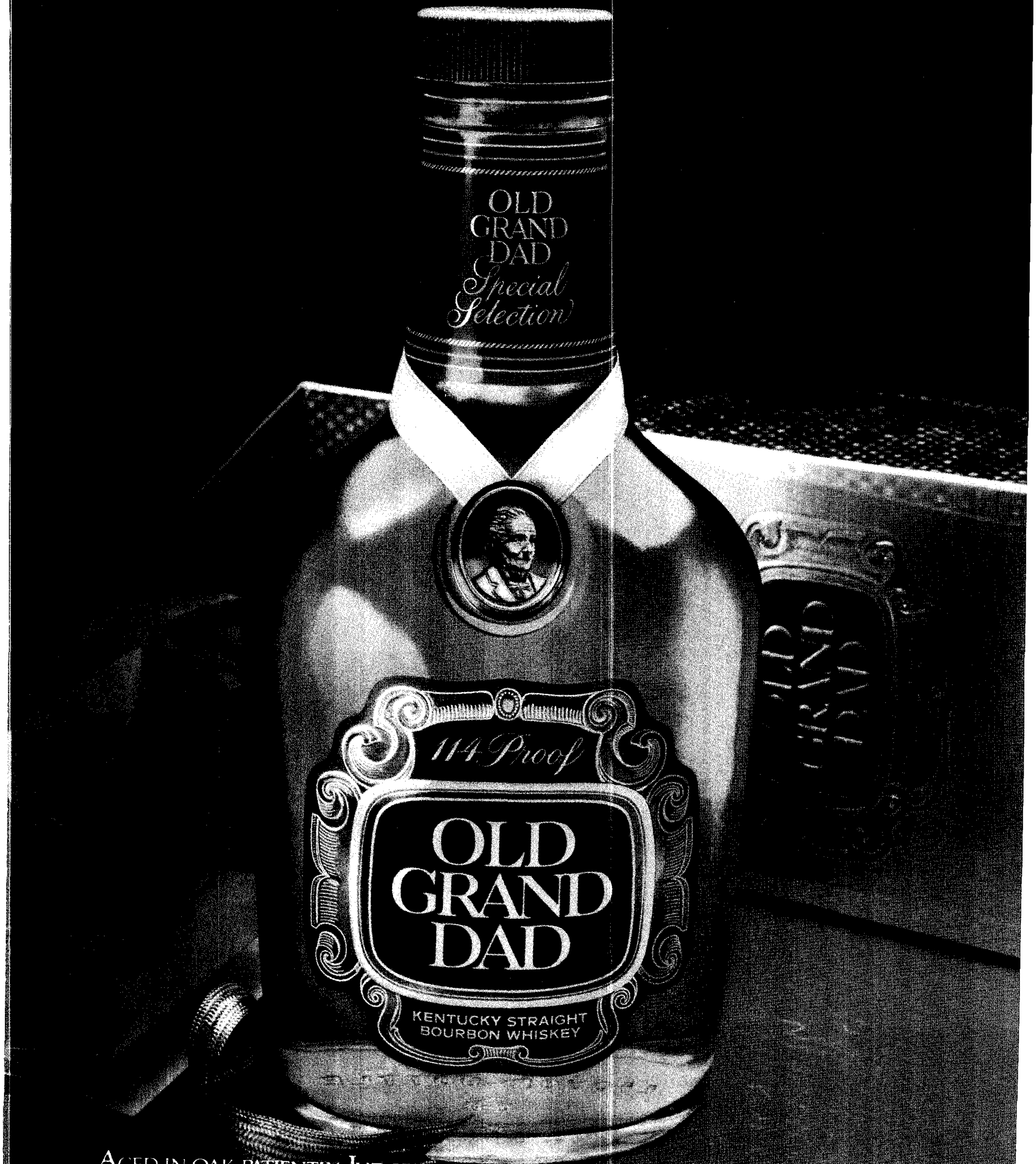

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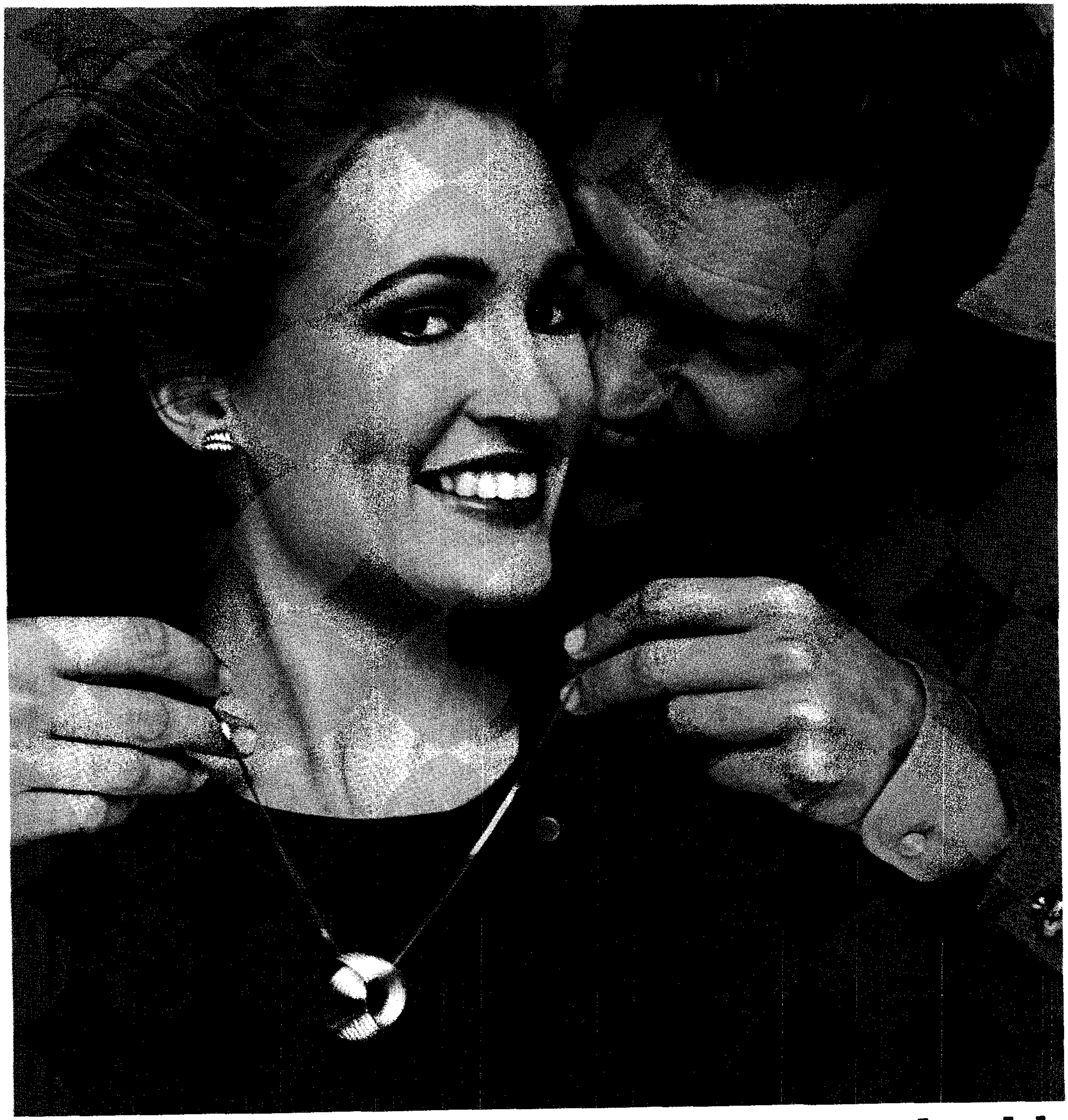

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is now embarked, and tries to keep it secret from everybody." Freud called this phenomenon the "repetition compulsion," and went on to observe that the task of the analyst is to convert repeating into remembering. The analyst must be prepared "for a perpetual struggle with his patient to keep in the psychical sphere all the impulses which the patient would like to direct into the motor sphere; and he celebrates it as a triumph for the treatment if he can bring it about that something that the patient wishes to discharge in action is disposed of through the work of remembering." Freud is here talking of the impulsive, foolish, even dangerous things that the patient may do outside the analysis while under the sway of wishes that have been activated by the analysis. He notes how much more dangerous analysis is now than it was in the old days of hypnosis: "Remembering, as it was induced in hypnosis, could not but give the impression of an experiment carried out in the laboratory. Repeating, as it is induced in analytic treatment according to the newer technique, on the other hand, implies conjuring up a piece of real life; and for that reason it cannot always be harmless and unobjectionable." Freud proposed a rather inelegant precaution (one that is no longer advocated): that the analyst get the patient to agree to put off during his treatment all important decisions—such as marrying or taking a new job—which he might repent of later.

During the period of the technical papers, Freud was guided in his thinking about repression and resistance by conceiving of the mind in terms of a *spatial* arrangement of the unconscious and conscious states. In the "Introductory Lectures," proposing a "crude" metaphor, he asks the student to imagine a large entrance hall that opens onto a small, narrow drawing room. In the large hall (of the unconscious), mental impulses "jostle one another" as they try to get past the guard who stands on the threshold of the drawing room, which Freud named the preconscious. The fate of most of these impulses is to be immediately repelled by the guard or, should they slip by him and get into the drawing room, to be dragged back. (The latter are the *repressed* unconscious thoughts.) The few impulses that *are* allowed into the drawing room are not yet conscious, and may or may not become so, depending on whether or not they "succeed in catching the eye of consciousness." Freud located this

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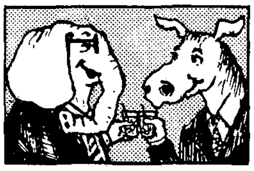

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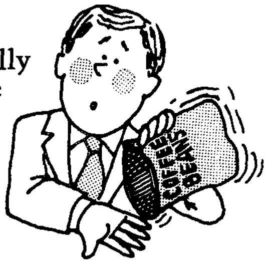

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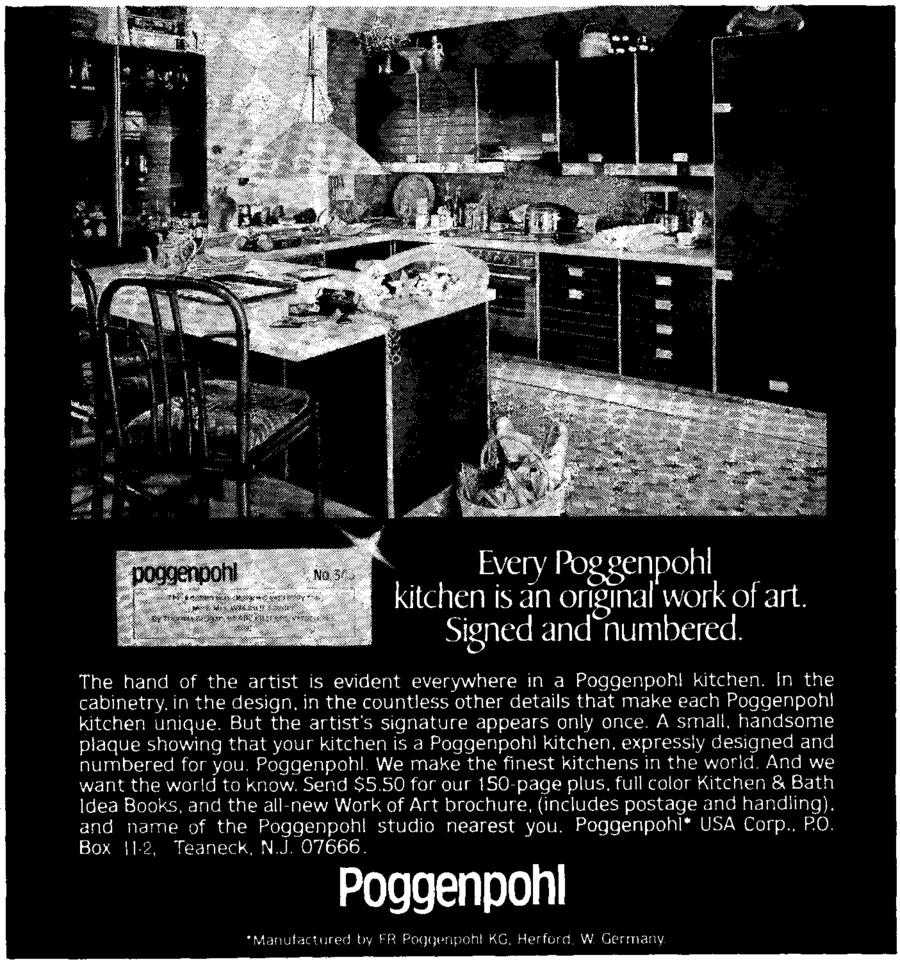

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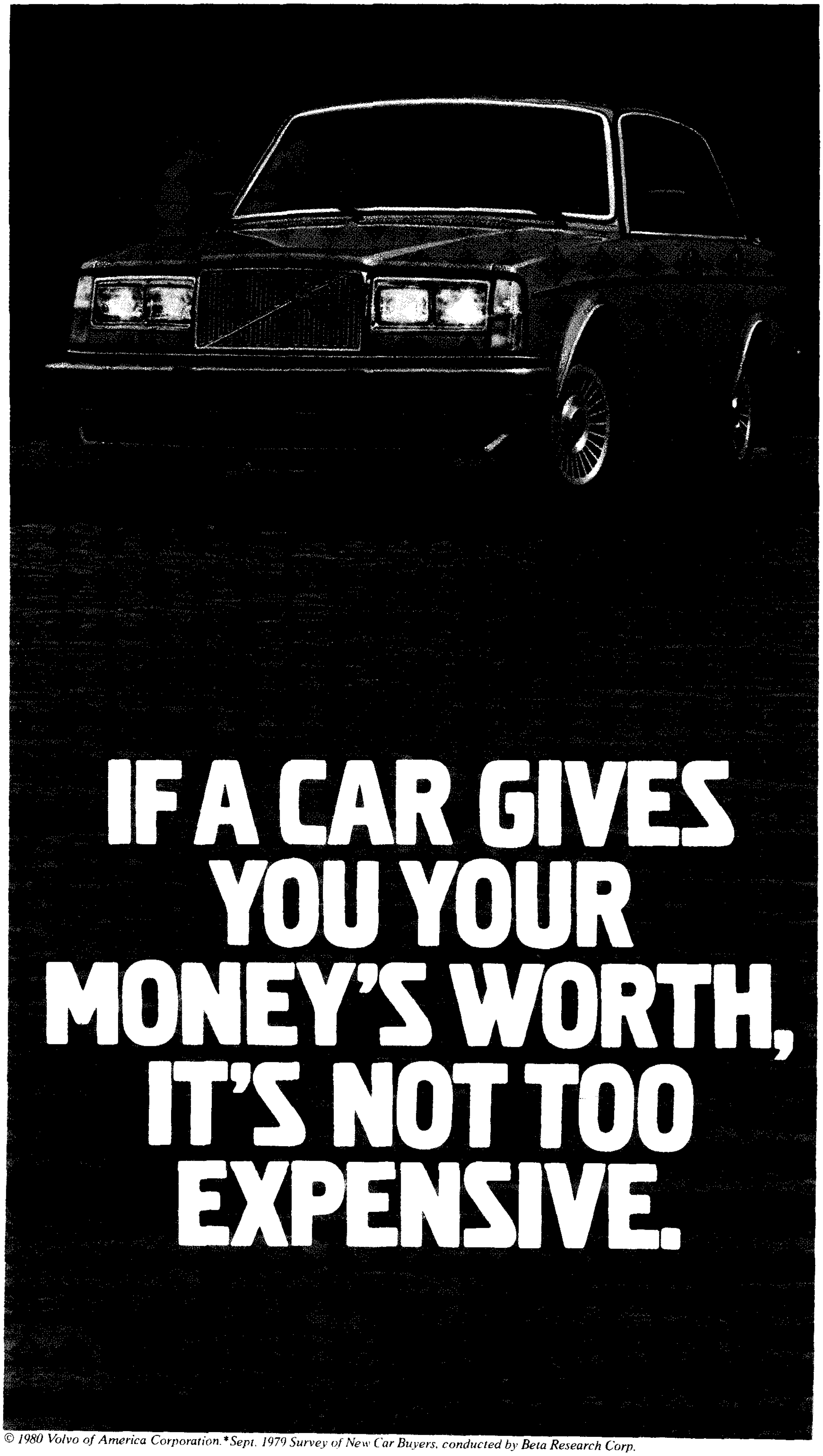
"eye" at the far end of the preconscious drawing room. The significant border relationship in regard to repression and resistance was not the one between the preconscious and the conscious but the one between the preconscious and the unconscious. This "topographic" model of the mind was derived from Freud's concept of how dreams are formed, and it remains at the heart of psychoanalysis. ("The property of being conscious or not is in the last resort our one beacon light in the darkness of depth psychology," Freud wrote in 1923 in "The Ego and the Id.") However, it proved not to provide a strong enough theoretical structure to carry the increasing weight of clinical discovery; as time went on, and Freud did more and more analyses, the topographic model began to creak, and finally—on the issue of unconscious guilt—it broke down. To deal with the fact that some patients didn't get well—in fact, seemed to *worsen*—as the unconscious became conscious, Freud devised a new model of the mind, which offered a way of grappling with this perplexity, and which changed the analyst's view of what his task was. Previously, the analyst had conceived of himself as a kind of medium bringing messages from the realm of the unconscious to the reluctant ear of consciousness—as an intermediary between the patient's buried passions and his overt morals. In the Clark lectures, for example, Freud (in another of his "crude analogies") likened repression to the measures that would be taken if someone in the university lecture hall began to laugh and shout and make such a nuisance of himself that the lecturer had to stop speaking. Three or four strong men in the audience would then have to put the unruly fellow out and wedge their chairs against the door to prevent his return—as in psychic life unacceptable wishes are expelled from consciousness and a barrier of repression is mounted against them. However—Freud went on with the analogy—putting the unruly fellow out might only make matters worse: enraged by his expulsion, he might stand outside the door and shout and bang his fists against the panels and altogether make more trouble than he made when he was in the room. (Repression is always a failure.) In that case, Freud whimsically proposed, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the president of Clark University, would have to go out and speak to the man, get him to promise to behave himself, assure the lecturer and the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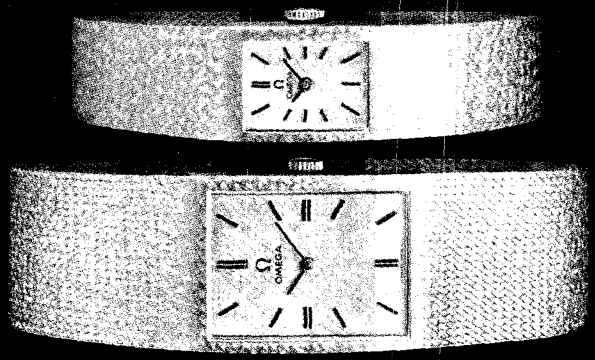

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audience of the transgressor's good intentions, and get him readmitted to the hall. This, Freud concluded, "presents what is really no bad picture of the physician's task in the psychoanalytic treatment of the neuroses."

In the situation of "negative therapeutic reaction," which impelled Freud to construct a new model of the mind, this scenario took an unexpected turn. Everything happened as described—the barricade of chairs was removed, the chastened miscreant was allowed back in the auditorium, peace and quiet were restored—but the lecturer still couldn't speak! Dr. Hall's efforts had evidently been for nothing; it appeared that the man making so much noise wasn't the cause of the lecturer's incapacity at all. They had got the wrong man! The culprit unnerving the speaker was a man standing outside the window singing religious hymns—a man nothing like the unshaven bum who had pounded on the door, but a man of unutterable refinement, a colleague of Stanley Hall's! What Freud was beginning to realize was that his tidy equating of the unconscious with unbridled instinct and of the conscious with morality wasn't workable. There appeared to be *unconscious* morality as well, and consequently, as he wrote in "The Ego and the Id," "we land in endless obscurities and difficulties if we keep to our habitual forms of expression and try, for instance, to derive neuroses from a conflict between the conscious and the unconscious."

The new "structural theory" accounted for the new element by conceiving of the mind in terms of three psychic agencies: the ego, the id, and the superego, which stand for reason, passion, and conscience, and whose fate it is to be locked in perpetual conflict. In this view, the neurotic is a person whose ego has become weakened by the conflict with its internal enemies as well as by its responsibilities as the mind's emissary to external reality. (The psychotic is someone whose ego has abdicated from this responsibility—as it does nightly in normal people in the psychosis known as dreaming.) The analyst comes to the aid of the beleaguered ego and joins forces with it against its internal enemies. Invariably, the cause of the trouble, the start of the debility, is traced back to childhood—to a particular, fateful, universal experience called the Oedipus complex. The complex describes the shattering, by fear of castration, of a small boy's dream of

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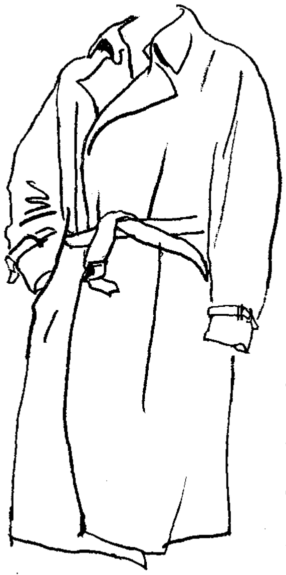

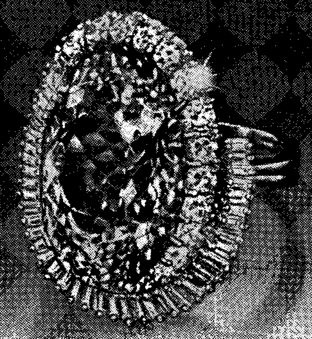

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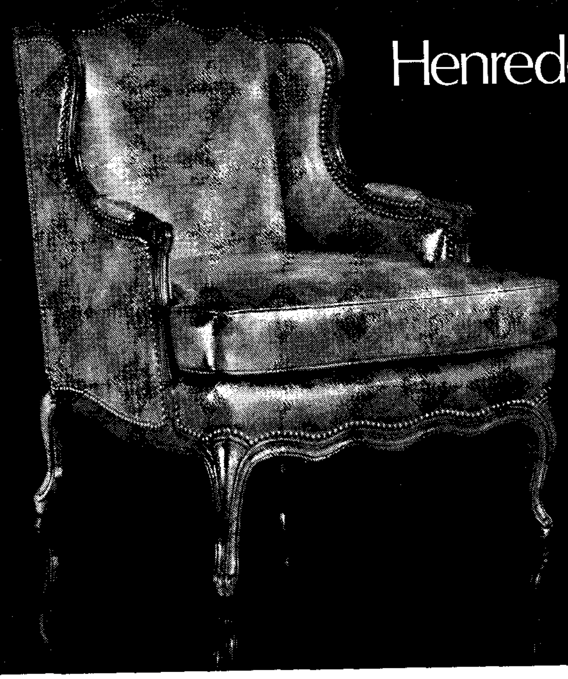

making love to his mother, and the formation of the superego as a permanent memorial to his dread. "The paradoxical proposition that the normal man is not only far more immoral than he believes but also far more moral than he knows" (as Freud wrote in "The Ego and the Id") arises from this dire early experience. Freud's association of morality with castration anxiety—"the little lover" of four or five gives up his ambitions toward his mother *fast*, and forever, when "more or less plainly, more or less brutally, a threat is pronounced that this part of him which he values so highly will be taken away from him"—led him to the inescapable conclusion that women, to whom the worst had already happened, must be less moral than men. "I cannot evade the notion (though I hesitate to give it expression) that for women the level of what is ethically normal is different from what it is in men," Freud wrote in "Some Psychical Consequences of the Anatomical Distinction Between the Sexes" (1925). "Their superego is never so inexorable, so impersonal, so independent of its emotional origins as we require it to be in men. Character traits which critics of every epoch have brought up against women—that they show less sense of justice than men, that they are less ready to submit to the great exigencies of life, that they are more often influenced in their judgments by feelings of affection or hostility—all these would be amply accounted for by the modification in the formation of their superego which we have inferred above." He added, "We must not allow ourselves to be deflected from such conclusions by the denials of the feminists, who are anxious to force us to regard the two sexes as completely equal in position and worth; but we shall, of course, willingly agree that the majority of men are also far behind the masculine ideal, and that all human individuals, as a result of their bisexual disposition and of cross-inheritance, combine in themselves both masculine and feminine characteristics, so that pure masculinity and femininity remain theoretical constructions of uncertain content."

The female Oedipus complex runs an opposite course from the male one. While the boy is frightened out of his love affair with his mother by the threat of castration, the girl is impelled into hopeless love for her father by pique with her mother "for having sent her into the world so insufficiently equipped." "No human individual is

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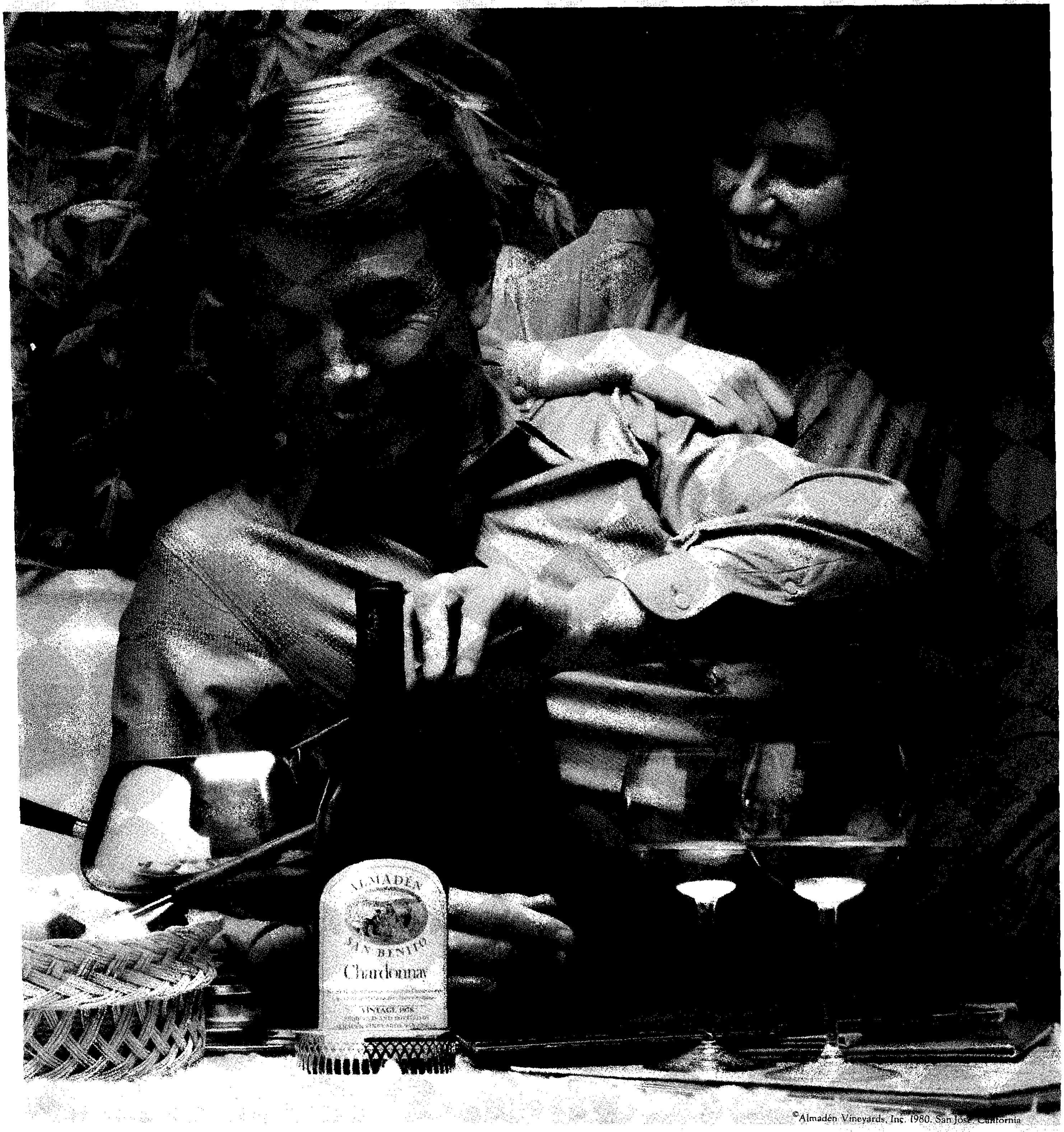

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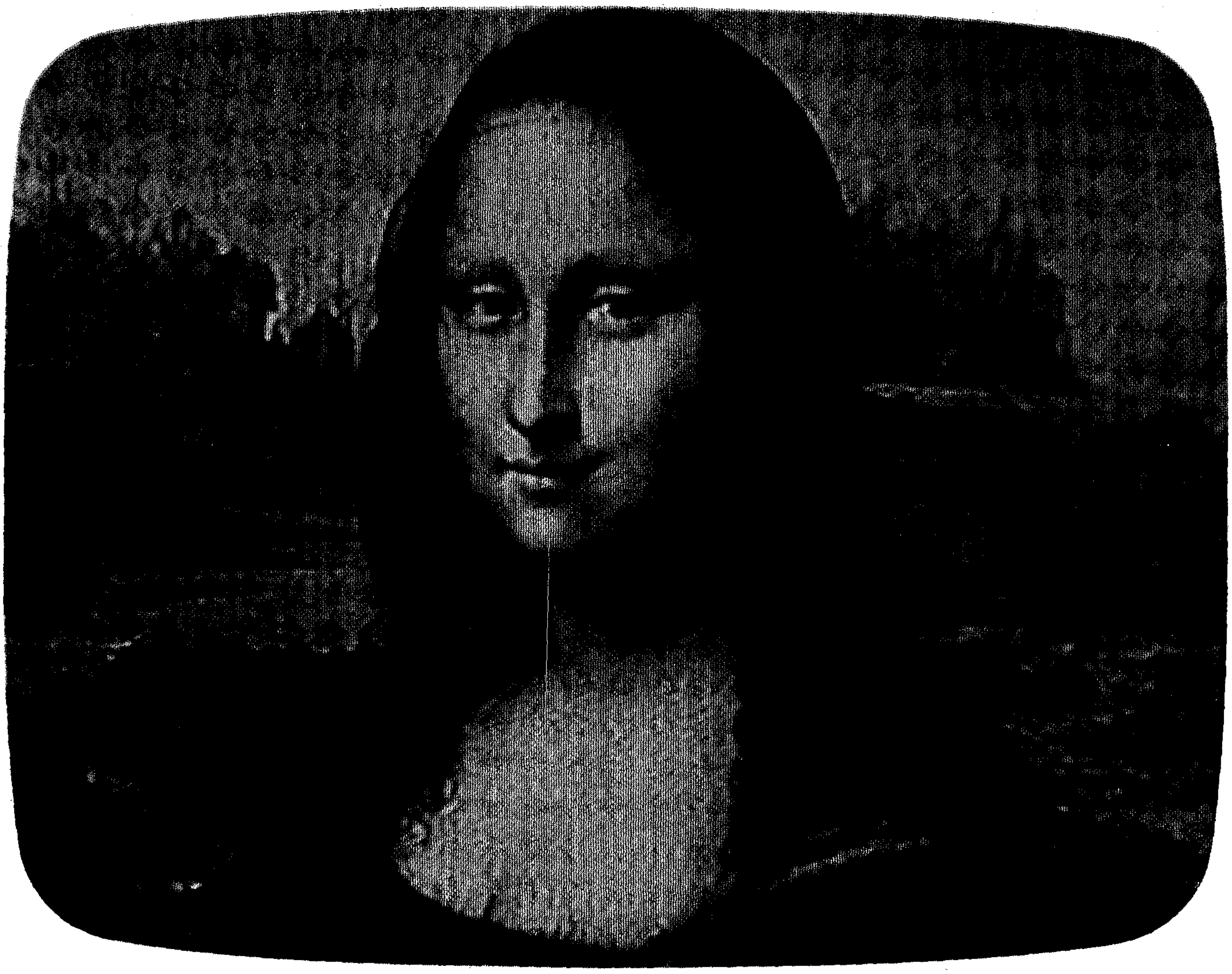

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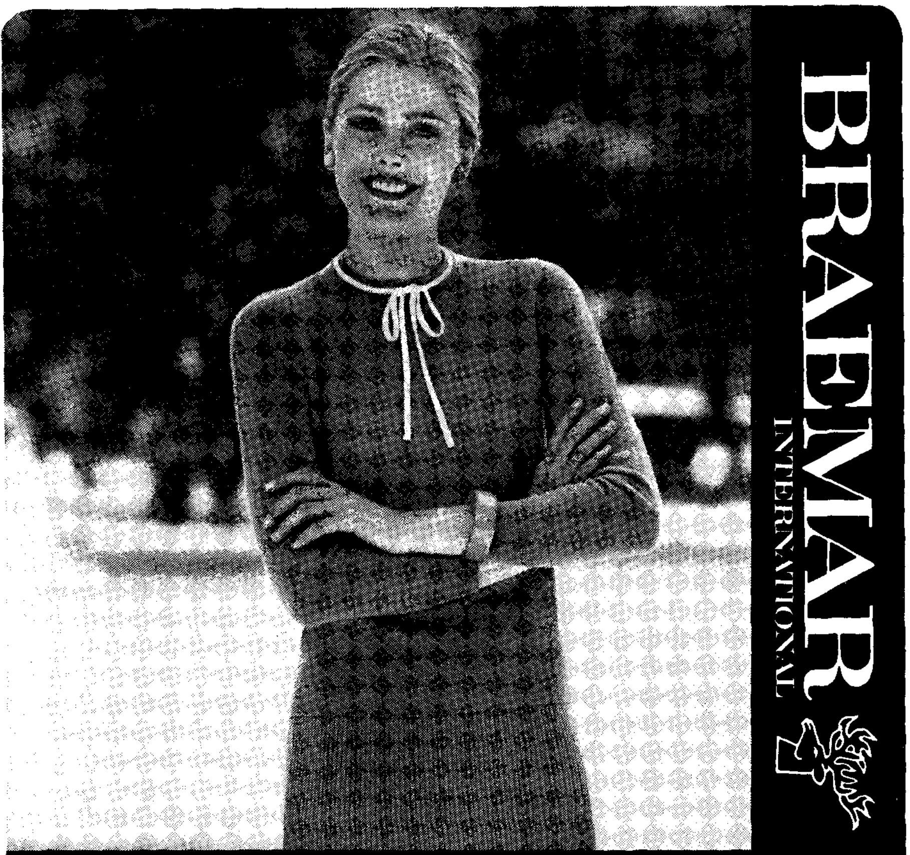
spared such traumatic experiences," Freud wrote of the Oedipus complex in "An Outline of Psychoanalysis" (1940). However, "the whole occurrence, which may probably be regarded as the central experience of the years of childhood, the greatest problem of early life, and the strongest source of later inadequacy, is so completely forgotten that its reconstruction during the work of analysis is met in adults by the most decided disbelief. Indeed, aversion to it is so great that people try to silence any mention of the proscribed subject, and the most obvious reminders of it are overlooked by a strange intellectual blindness."

While belief in the Oedipus complex is universal among psychoanalysts, there is wide disagreement about whether it is indeed the central experience of childhood and the greatest problem of early life. There are schools of analytic thought that hold earlier experiences to be more crucial. The Kleinians, for example, put the action as far back as the first year of life. They see the first faint stirrings of guilt in the mewling and puking of six-month-olds—or, rather, they reconstruct it from the analyses of children and adults—and place the formation of a moral sense at around nine months, when a baby enters what they call "the depressive position." This Blakean state reflects the baby's appalled realization of what he is doing to his mother as he nurses at her breast—the "hole" he is leaving in her as he sucks—and his wish to make reparation. It marks, in D. W. Winnicott's phrase, "the change-over from pre-ruth to ruth." The regular Freudians dismiss the Kleinian reconstructions as crazy and fantastic (as if their own reconstructions of the castration complex described perfectly ordinary, everyday events). Where an analyst stands today in relation to "pre-Oedipal" or "pre-genital" experience is a measure of his orthodoxy. The more orthodox the analyst, the more certain he is that the buried child unearthed in each adult analysand is a four- or five-year-old reliving and reënacting the Oedipal drama; and the more avant-garde the analyst, the more certain he is that the child is a maimed infant reëxperiencing some lack or some trauma in his early rearing. The orthodox school doesn't deny that significant mental events take place during infancy, but insists on the primacy of the Oedipal period. Conversely, to the Kleinians and the rest of the avant-garde (the object-relations schools) the events



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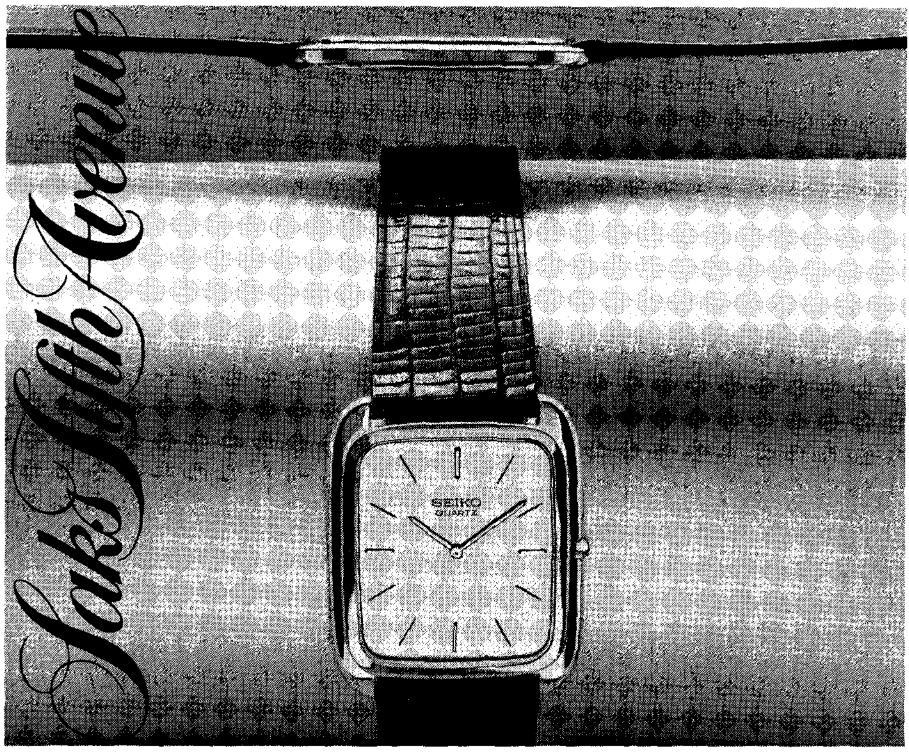
of the Oedipal period are pallid and inconsequential in comparison with the cliffhanging psychodramas of infancy.

Freud's structural theory, with its epilogue of the superego, gave the Oedipal scenario its final form, but it didn't introduce the Oedipus complex. Freud had happened on that back in the eighteen-nineties while coming to terms with his disconcerting realization that his patients' stories of childhood seduction, on which he had confidently erected his theory of the etiology of the neurosis in childhood trauma, were largely untrue. The chief innovation of the structural theory was the way its new terminology changed the attitude of the analyst toward the patient's resistances. In his new capacity as the ally of the ego in its struggle against the id and the superego, the analyst (paradoxically) became an even more passive agent in the therapeutic relationship. In the beginning, the analyst all but shook the patient to get him to remember traumatic events; then there came a period of more subtle struggle over the patient's insufficient observance of the fundamental rule of saying whatever comes to mind; and finally a culminating condition of total laissez-faire. Under the new dispensation, the manner in which the patient (unconsciously) defends himself against the analysis becomes itself a focus of the analysis, since the patient's defenses repeat and reflect his characteristic resistances, or "defense mechanisms," as Anna Freud called them in her housewifely ordering of the new material, "The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense." In contemporary psychoanalysis, how the patient disobeys the fundamental rule is at least as interesting to the analyst as what comes out when he obeys it. The study of his disobedience is "ego analysis" and that of his obedience "id analysis," and, as Freud said in "Analysis Terminable and Interminable," analytic work "is constantly swinging backward and forward like a pendulum" between the two. The patient's transferences are similarly classified according to their ego or id origins. Passionate love for or hatred of the analyst is a repetition of early instinctual impulsions. More subtly unjustified feelings about the analyst are reversions to early defenses of the ego against threatening primitive id impulses. The defenses, Anna Freud points out, are harder to get at than the impulses, because while the "irruptions of the id" make the patient



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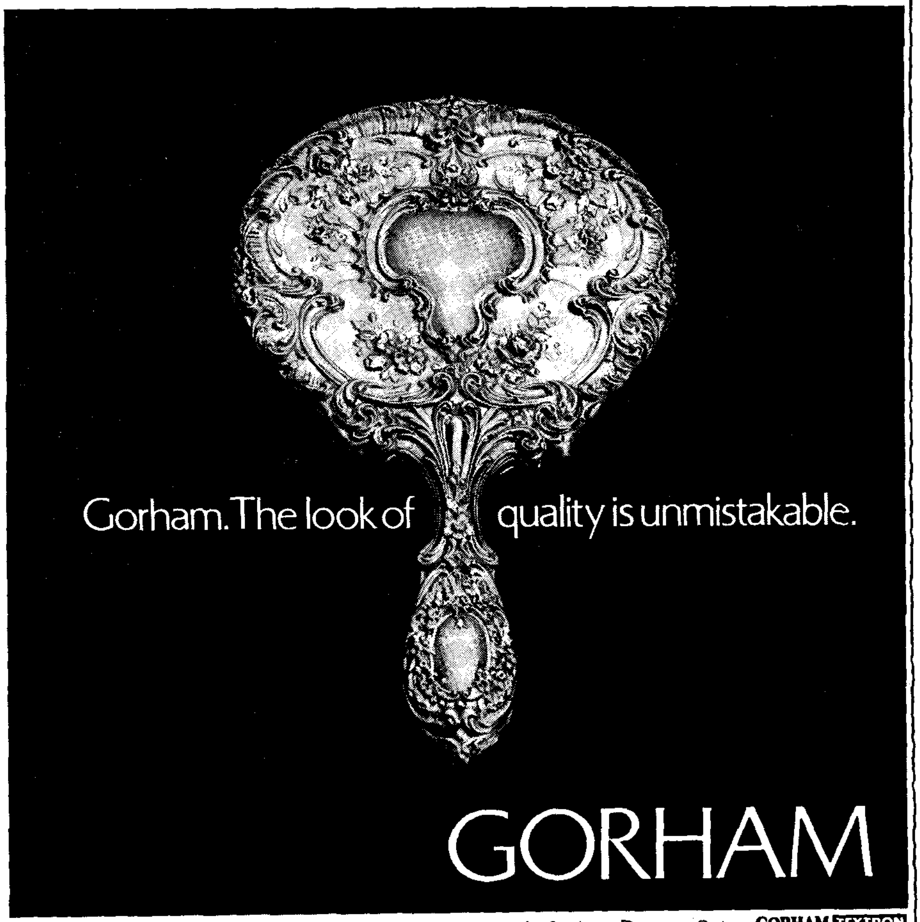

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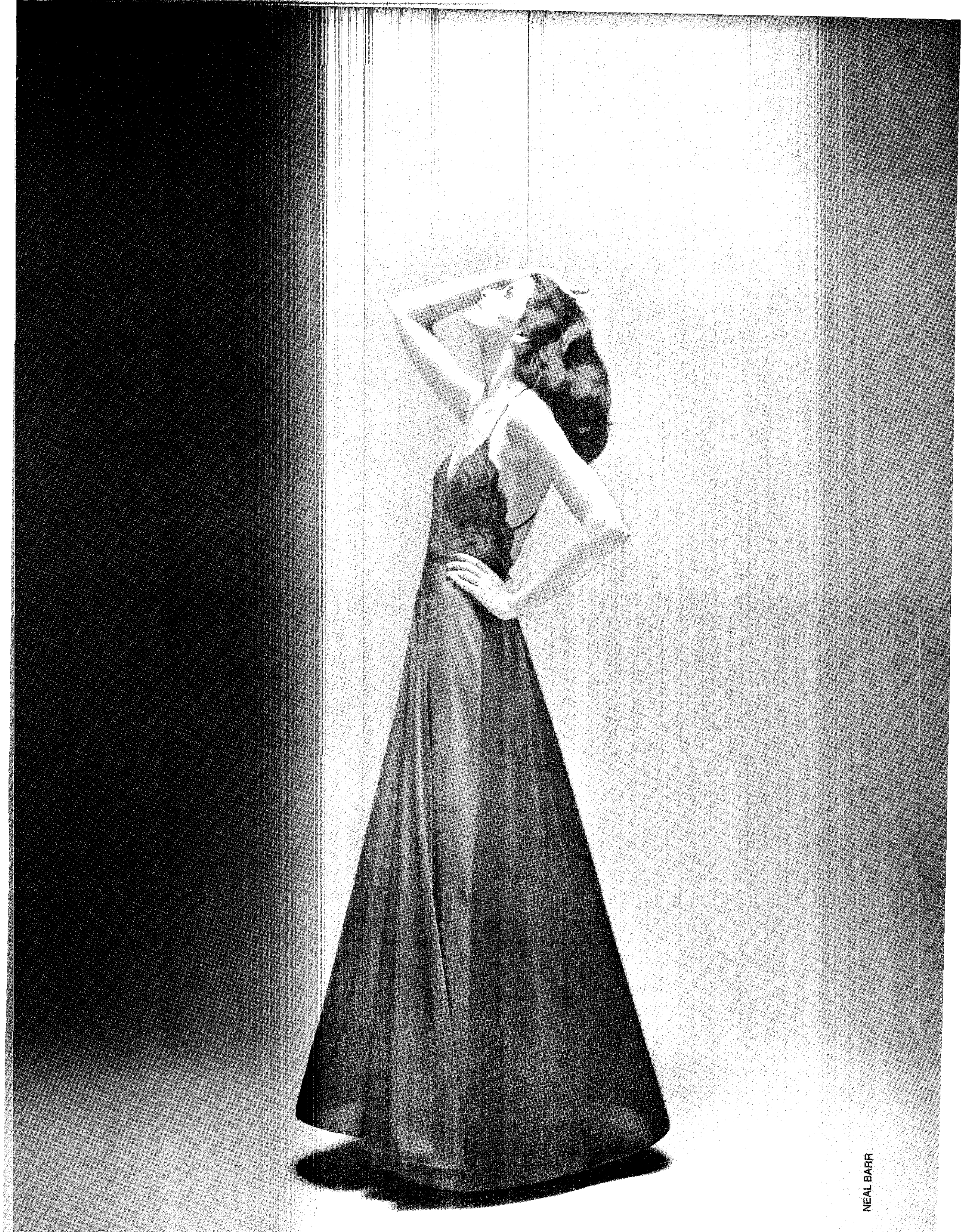

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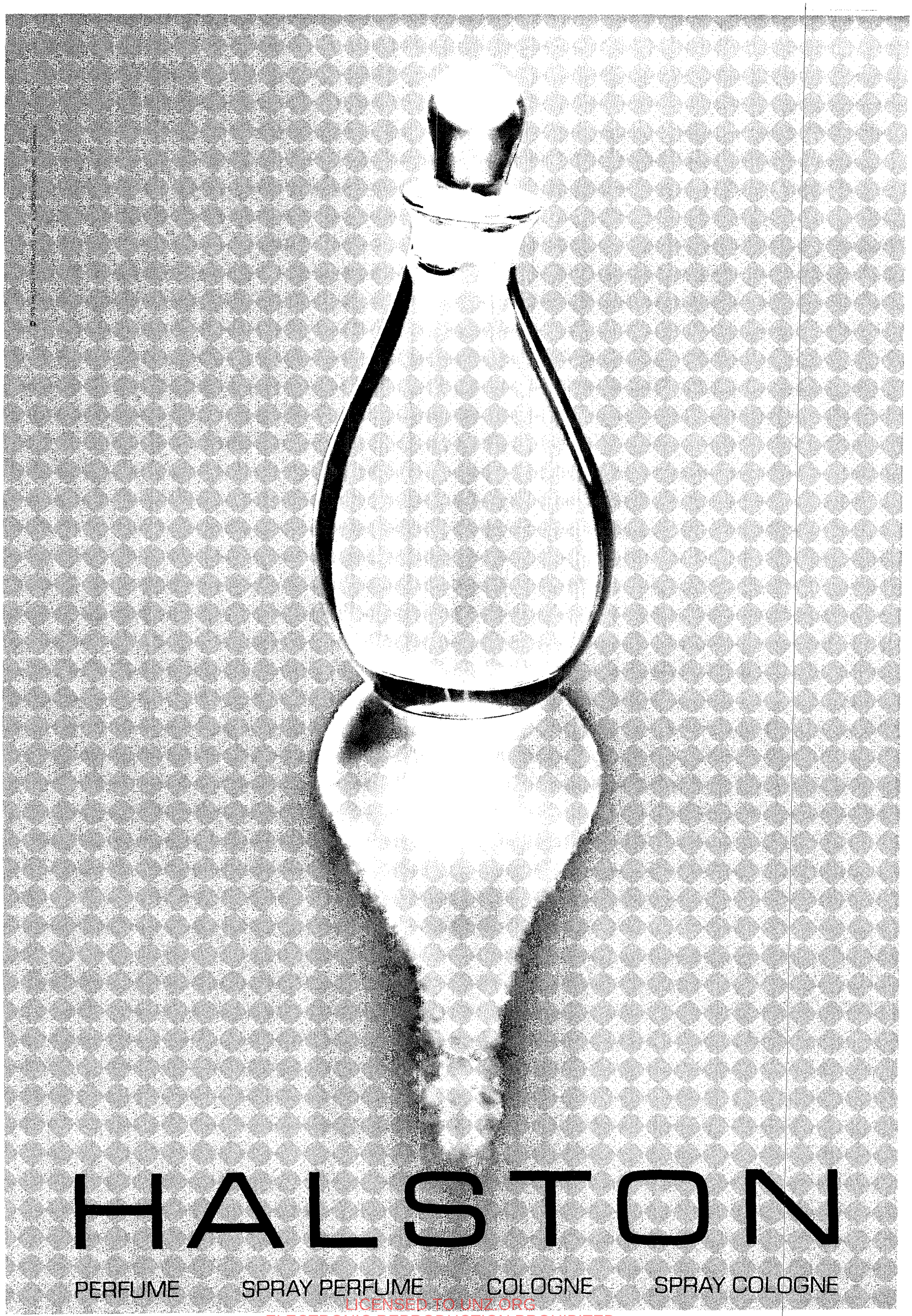
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uncomfortable and ashamed—he is only too glad to dissociate himself from them by accepting the idea that he is repeating something from childhood—the defenses against them are familiar, comfortable, unobjectionable, "ego-syntonic" ways of being, and are thus difficult to see as transference rather than as "real."

The patient's difficulty on this score is paralleled by the analyst's difficulty in maintaining himself as a mirror for the patient's self-scrutiny. The analyst is, after all, a real person, with real qualities and peculiarities and emotions. Since Freud's establishment of the psychoanalytic situation as we now know it, psychoanalysts have been wrestling with (in some cases, escaping from) its radical unlikeness to any other human relationship, its purposeful renunciation of the niceties and decencies of ordinary human intercourse, its awesome abnormality, contradictoriness, and strain. Analysts have been as restive under and resistant to the rigors of the situation as patients have—particularly analysts of a certain benignity and expansiveness of temperament. Freud himself seems never to have totally grasped (or chose to overlook) the dire implications of his great therapeutic instrument. He conducted therapy as no classical Freudian analyst would conduct it today—as if it were an ordinary human interaction, in which the analyst could shout at the patient, praise him, argue with him, accept flowers from him on his birthday, lend him money, and even gossip with him about other patients. Sandor Ferenczi, one of Freud's circle of early analysts, was a still worse offender than the Master. In his biography of Freud, Jones reprints a letter that Freud wrote to Ferenczi in 1931 playfully admonishing him to stop kissing his patients—which in its jocularity is as interesting for what it reveals about Freud's free-and-easy attitude toward therapy as for the evidence it furnishes of Ferenczi's far-outness. "Now picture what will be the result of publishing your technique," Freud wrote. "There is no revolutionary who is not driven out of the field by a still more radical one. A number of independent thinkers in matters of technique will say to themselves: Why stop at a kiss? Certainly one gets further when one adopts 'pawing' as well, which, after all, doesn't make a baby. And then bolder ones will come along who will go further, to peeping and showing—and soon we shall have accepted in the

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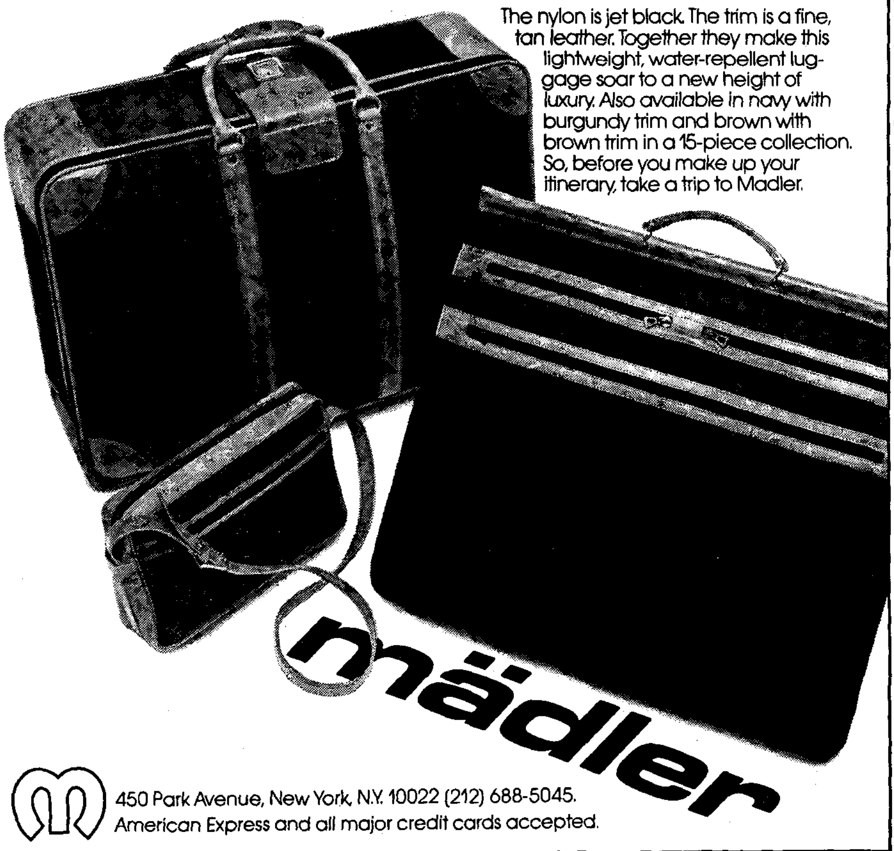

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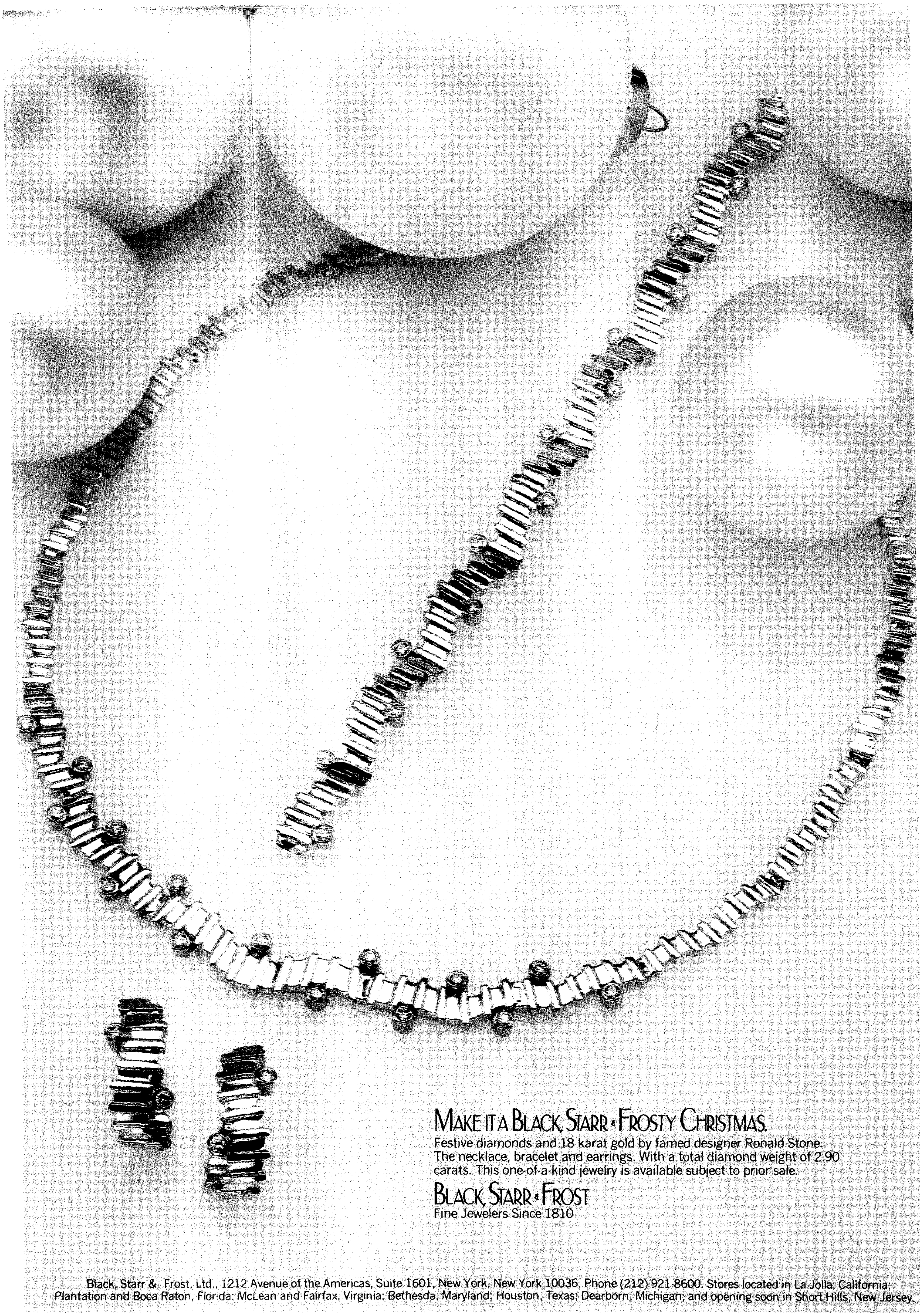
technique of analysis the whole repertoire of *demi-viergerie* and petting parties, resulting in an enormous increase of interest in psychoanalysis among both analysts and patients. . . ."

Among Freudian analysts today, there is fairly universal agreement about what constitutes analytic behavior and what doesn't. The analyst as far as possible confines himself to listening to the patient and (sparingly) offering him his conjectures—which are called "interpretations"—about the unconscious meaning of his communications. He does not give advice, he does not talk about himself, he does not let himself be provoked or drawn into discussions of abstract subjects, he does not answer questions about his family or his political preferences, he does not show like or dislike of the patient, or approval or disapproval of his actions. His behavior toward the patient is as neutral, mild, colorless, self-effacing, uninterfering, and undemanding as he is able to make it, and *as it is toward no one else in his* life—with the paradoxical (and now absolutely predictable) result that the patient reacts with stronger, more vivid and intense personal feelings to this bland, shadowy figure than he does to the more clearly delineated and provocative figures in his life outside the analysis. On this paradox—on the patient's quickness to overfill the emotional vacuum created by the analyst's reticence—the analysis is poised, and it may as easily founder as take off. If the patient sees the analyst as a cold, callous person of limited intelligence and unbounded tactlessness, he may decide to quit the analysis. In fact, Freud originally felt that positive feelings toward the analyst at the start of treatment were a necessary precondition for it. Although this is no longer accepted (numerous patients have stuck out analyses with analysts they detested), analysts continue to search themselves for what may have been their own contribution to the debacle of discontinued, aborted, or failed treatment. Perhaps it wasn't a patient's negative-transference reactions so much as his obscure perception of the analyst's unkindly, if not outright sadistic, disposition toward him that caused him to flee the analysis. For to the complication of transference must be added that of countertransference; i.e., the analyst's inappropriate reactions to the patient, based on his own unconscious misassociation of him with significant figures in his own past. (In its original, limited meaning,



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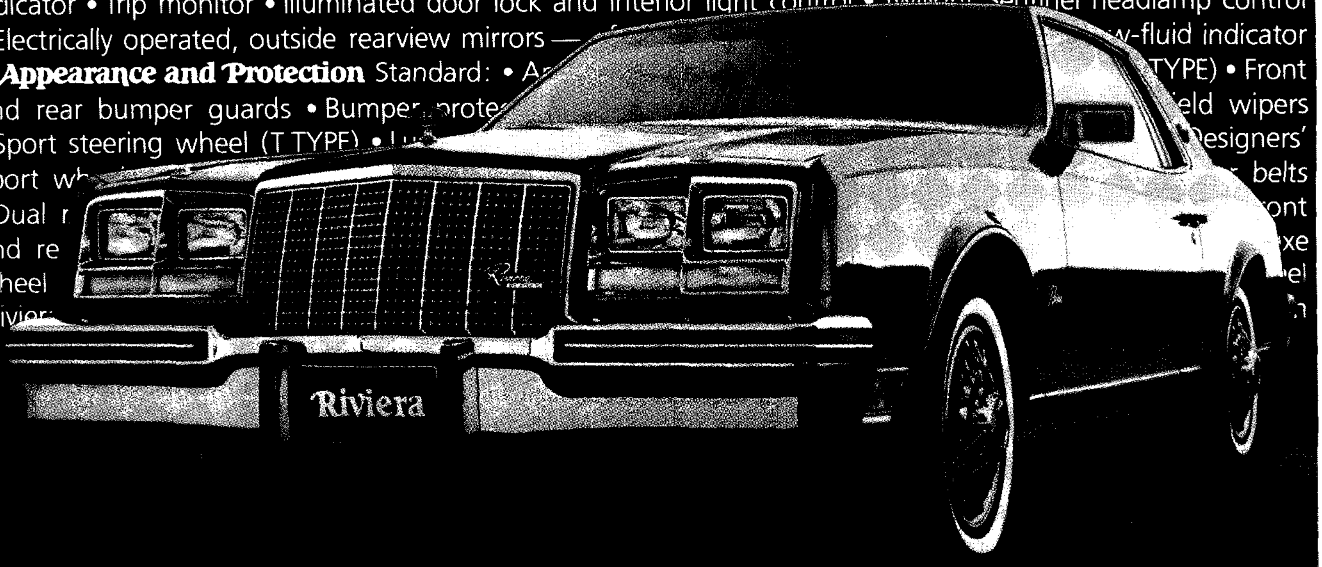

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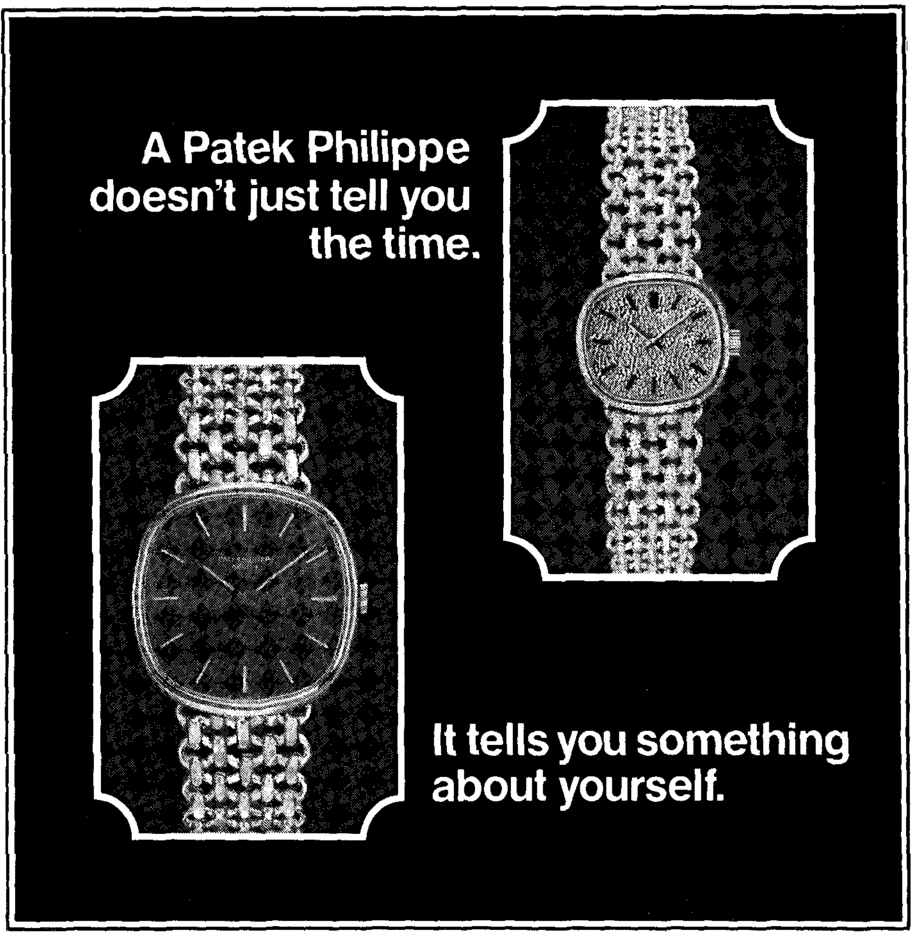
countertransference referred to an obstruction to the analyst's understanding of the patient, which the analyst had to strive to overcome. In recent years, countertransference has been expanded to embrace *all* the feelings of the analyst toward the patient, with special attention to those that are deliberately—if unconsciously—elicited by the patient and thus properly belong in his dossier rather than in the analyst's.) And to *that* complication must be added the treacherous and unresolved (unresolvable?) question of analytic "reality." For implicit in the idea of transference as distortion is the assumption of some true, or truer, state of things that is being obscured. If the patient's "menacing illusion" (as Freud called it in "An Outline of Psychoanalysis") of being in love with the analyst is just that—an illusion, which the analyst must "tear the patient out of," showing him "again and again that what he takes to be new real life is a reflection of the past"—then how is one to regard the "reality" to which the patient is returned? What is the nature and who is to be the judge of the "real relationship" between patient and analyst? Freud never much interested himself in this question. His discovery of the illusory relationship was, after all, the news, and the actual relationship between doctor and patient was not. But as time went on it became increasingly evident that in psychoanalysis doctor and patient stand in a relationship markedly different from the relationship that exists between doctor and patient in medical practice, and analysts have been increasingly preoccupied with (and divided on) the subject of the "non-transference relationship." The lengthening duration of analysis is a factor in this new interest: analysis as a kind of weird avant-garde experiment that you lend yourself to for a couple of months (as the early patients did) is quite a different proposition from the eight- or ten-year analyses that are nowadays commonplace. (When analysis changed from a symptom-curing therapy to a character-changing therapy, as the shift from id to ego psychology caused it to do, it naturally required more time.) A modus vivendi of some sort must be established between patient and analyst, tolerable to both, if this singular and unprecedented association is to last the course, to say nothing of whether it will benefit the patient. "With due respect for the necessary strictest handling and interpretation of the trans-



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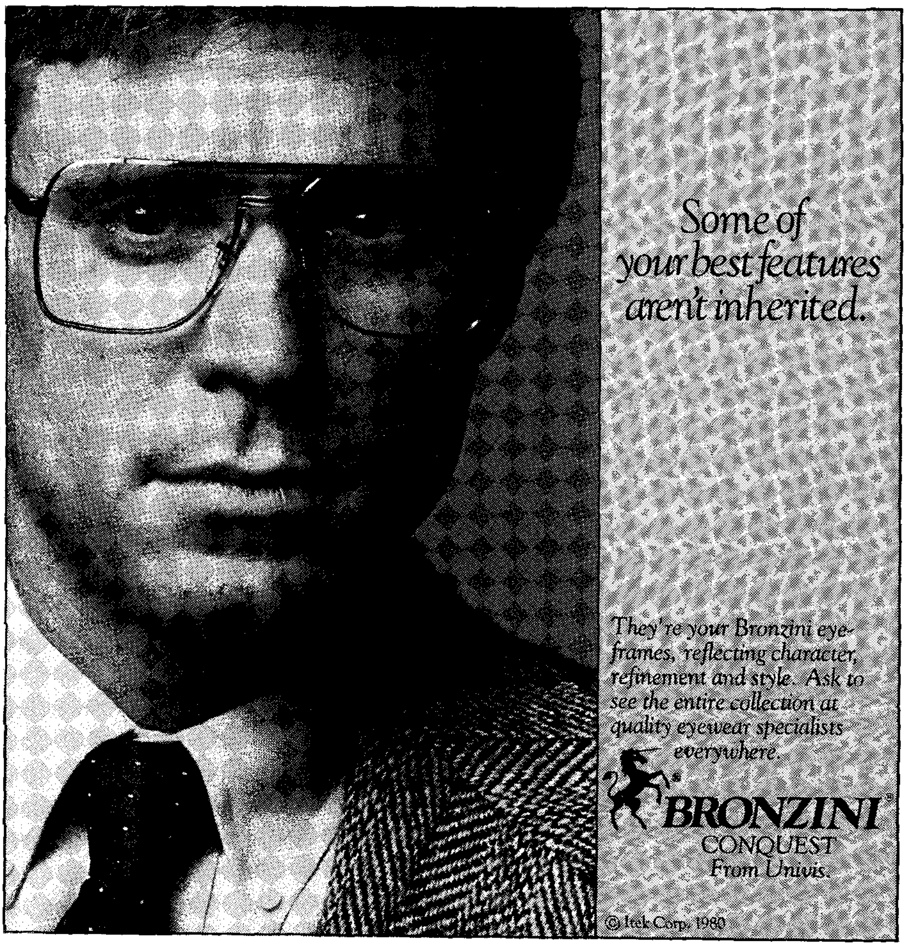

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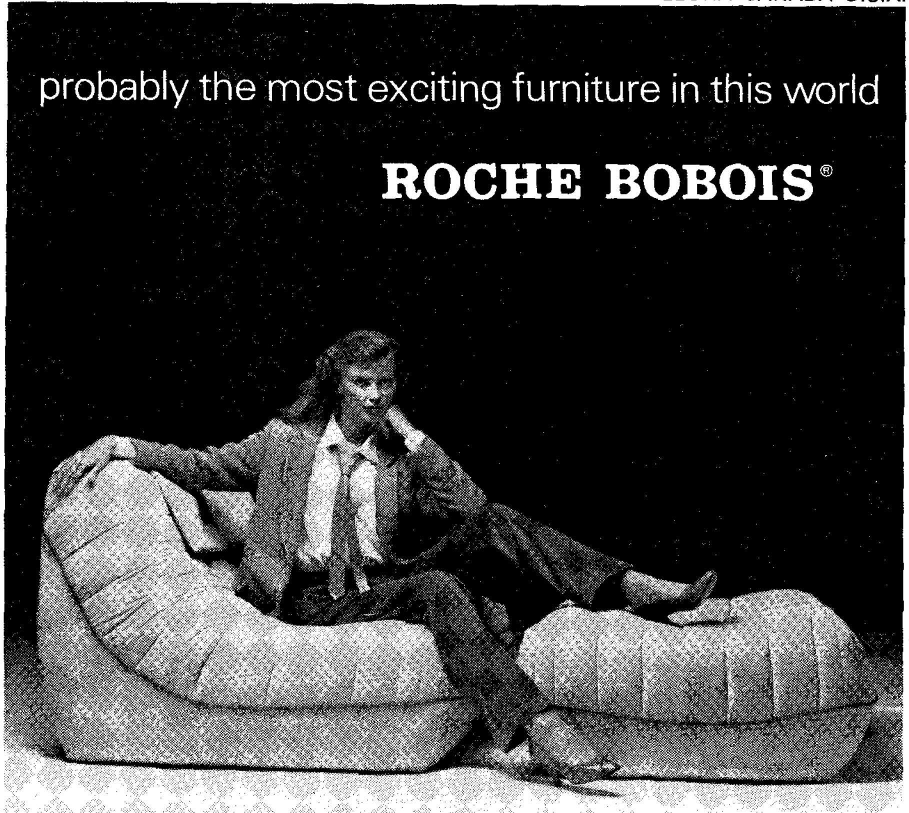
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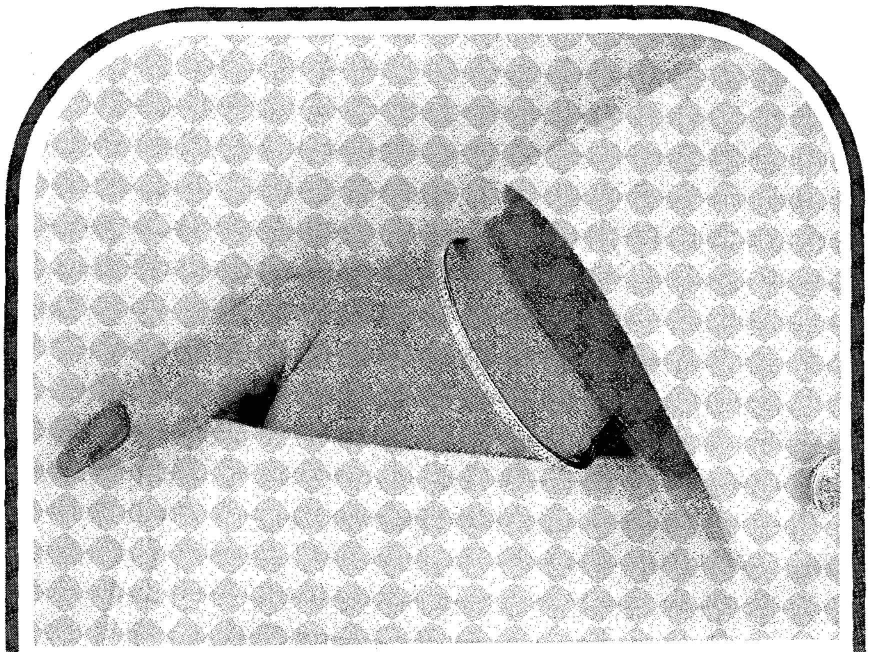
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ference," Anna Freud wrote in 1954, "I feel still that we should leave room somewhere for the realization that analyst and patient are also two real people, of equal adult status, in a real personal relationship to each other. I wonder whether our—at times complete—neglect of this side of the matter is not responsible for some of the hostile reactions which we get from our patients and which we are apt to ascribe to 'true transference' only."

Anna Freud's plain speaking occurred at an analytic symposium where she discussed a paper called "The Widening Scope of Indications for Psychoanalysis," by the New York analyst Leo Stone, with whose humanistic view of the analytic relationship she heartily concurred. A few years later, in 1961, Stone was to elaborate this view in his classic study "The Psychoanalytic Situation." At the symposium, he was content to simply express his fear that analysts' overzealous playing of their roles as silent, ungratifying, unknowable beings might subvert the very process it was intended to set in motion. Early in the paper, Stone reveals the sort of person (and analyst) he is as he looks with a kind of sorrowing wonder at the flourishing psychoanalytic scene of New York in the nineteen-fifties (today wistfully referred to as "the heyday of psychoanalysis"), when "scarcely any human problem admits of solution other than psychoanalysis." Stone goes on to ruefully note that "by the same token, there is an almost magical expectation of help from the method, which does it grave injustice. Hopeless or grave reality situations, lack of talent or ability (usually regarded as 'inhibition'), lack of an adequate philosophy of life, and almost any chronic physical illness may be brought to psychoanalysis for cure." What Stone finds most disquieting about this overestimation is its implicit "loss of sense of proportion about the human condition, a forgetting or denial of the fact that few human beings are without some troubles, and that many must be met, if at all, by 'old-fashioned' methods: courage, or wisdom, or struggle, for instance; also that few people avoid altogether and forever some physical ailments, not to speak of the fact that all die of illness in the end." Stone goes so far as to offer the startling suggestion that "if a man is otherwise healthy, happy, and efficient, and his rare attacks of headache can be avoided by not eating lobster, for example, it would seem better that he

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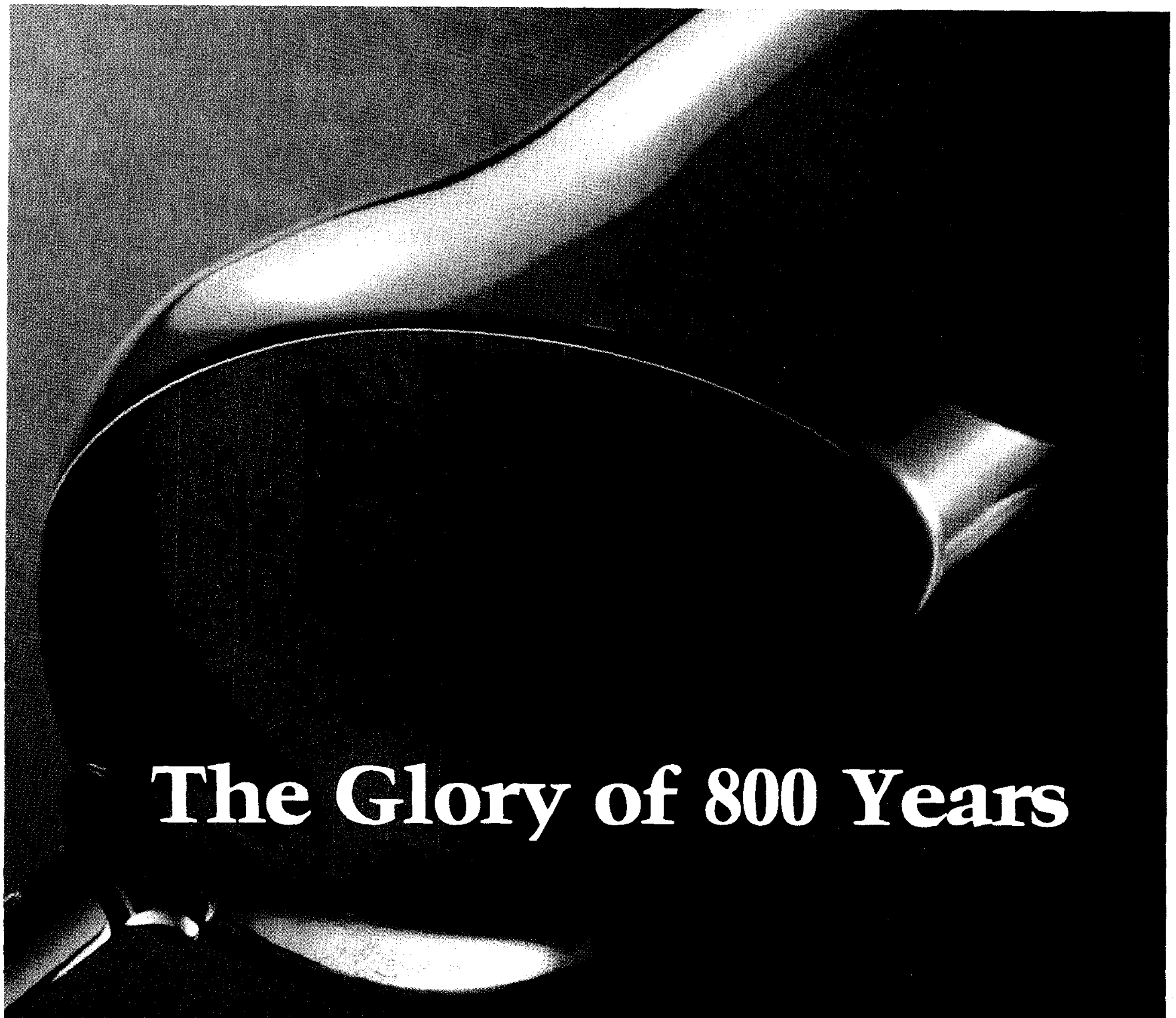

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avoid eating lobster than that he be analyzed."

In "The Psychoanalytic Situation," Stone argues for the necessity of "framing" the stormy primitive drama of transference and countertransference in a placid relationship of two adults: one a doctor of manifest good will and reliability, the other a patient of comparable maturity and responsibility—insofar as he comes to the sessions, pays the bills, and takes the analyst's unconventional behavior as a "technical instrumentality" rather than as a personal attack. *Within* the transference, of course, the patient may (and almost invariably does) wallow in his sense of injury and deprivation, rejection and outrage. But a part of him should always "know" that these feelings are not to be altogether trusted. This capacity of the patient for detachment and self-observation Stone characterizes as "a benign split of the ego" (into observing and experiencing parts), which he considers essential for the working of the analytic process. His concern is that the analyst's unrelentingly analytic behavior may subvert the process by shaking the faith of the patient's observing ego in the analyst's benignity and tipping the balance in favor of the experiencing ego's delusion of malevolence. "Whereas purely technical or intellectual errors can, in most instances, be corrected, a failure in a critical juncture to show the reasonable human response which any person inevitably expects from another on whom he deeply depends can invalidate years of patient and largely skillful work," he writes. In wry protest against the overliteral and trivializing application of Freud's "mirror principle," Stone remarks, "I doubt that the evolution of the transference neurosis is often seriously disturbed by the patient's knowing whether one takes one's vacation in Vermont or Maine, or indeed (let me be really bold!) that one knows something more about sailing than about golf," and he adds, "I think that it *is* not seldom disturbed by a persistent or repetitive arbitrary refusal to answer such questions, after sufficient speculative fantasy, if there is no more *specific* or *adequate* reason than a general principle that the patient must not know anything about one, or that the analyst does not answer questions." (Kohut puts the matter very succinctly in a footnote in his book "The Analysis of the Self" when he says, "To remain silent when one is asked a question is not neutral but

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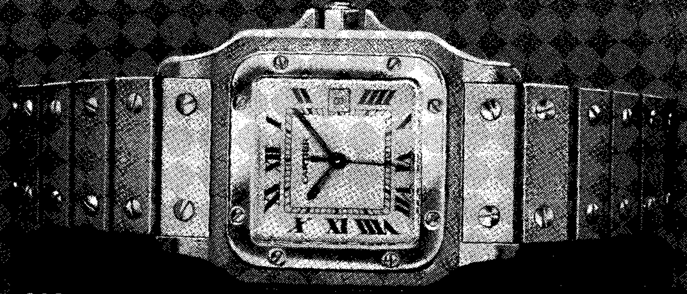

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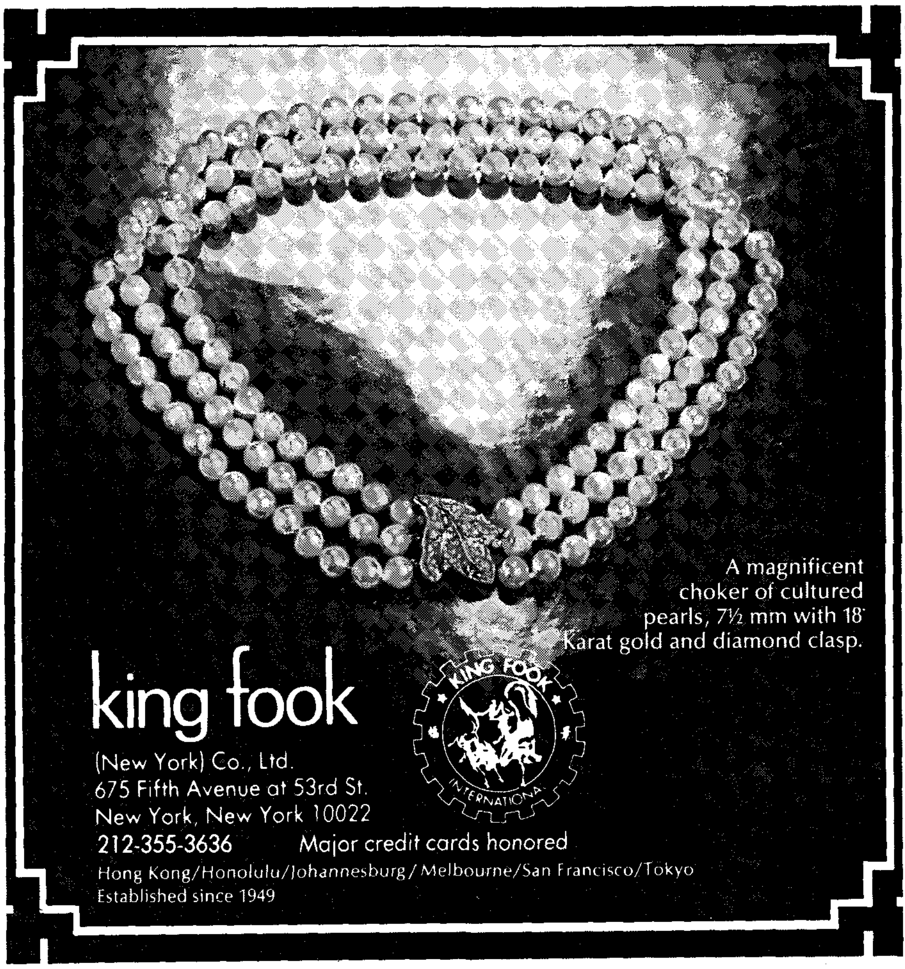
rude.") Stone mordantly notes, "The enthusiastic and engaging assertion of an older colleague many years ago that his patient would have developed the same vivid transference love toward him 'if he had been a brass monkey' is, alas (or perhaps fortunately!), just not true. For *all* patients, to the degree that they are removed from the psychotic, have an important investment in their real and objective perceptions; and the interplay between these and the transference requires a certain minimal, if variable, *resemblance*."

To his delicate disentanglement of the strands of transference from those of "the real relationship" Stone adds the complication of a kind of meta-transference, which he calls "the primary transference," or "the primordial transference." This has to do with the unconscious meaning that the patient attaches to the psychoanalytic situation itself, which derives, Stone hypothesizes, from his craving for the omnipotent parent of early infancy. This craving is universal and can be activated by doctors, politicians, clergymen, and teachers as well as by analysts. Stone draws an interesting (and, for his argument, telling) distinction between the meaning of the primary transference generated by the physician and that generated by the analyst. While the physician's direct physical and emotional ministrations correspond to those of the "omniscient, omnipotent, and unintelligible" mother of the earliest period of infancy, the analyst's activities resemble (in unconscious reverberation) the not so agreeable ones of the mother in the months when the infant is learning to talk and to separate from her—"that period of life where all the modalities of bodily intimacy and direct dependence on the mother are being relinquished or attenuated, *pari passu* with the rapid development of the great vehicle of communication by speech." It is in this state of "intimate separation," or "deprivation in intimacy," that analysis is conducted, deriving its mutative power from the tension between verbal closeness and emotional distance. Stone believes, however, that the earlier, gratifying mother must not be totally eclipsed by the later, frustrating one—that the analyst's "physicianly vocation" must meld with his analytic one if the analytic process is to develop and flourish.

This brusque summary of Stone's exquisite essay is comparable to a "college outline" of "The Golden Bowl." Stone's plea for humaneness and flex-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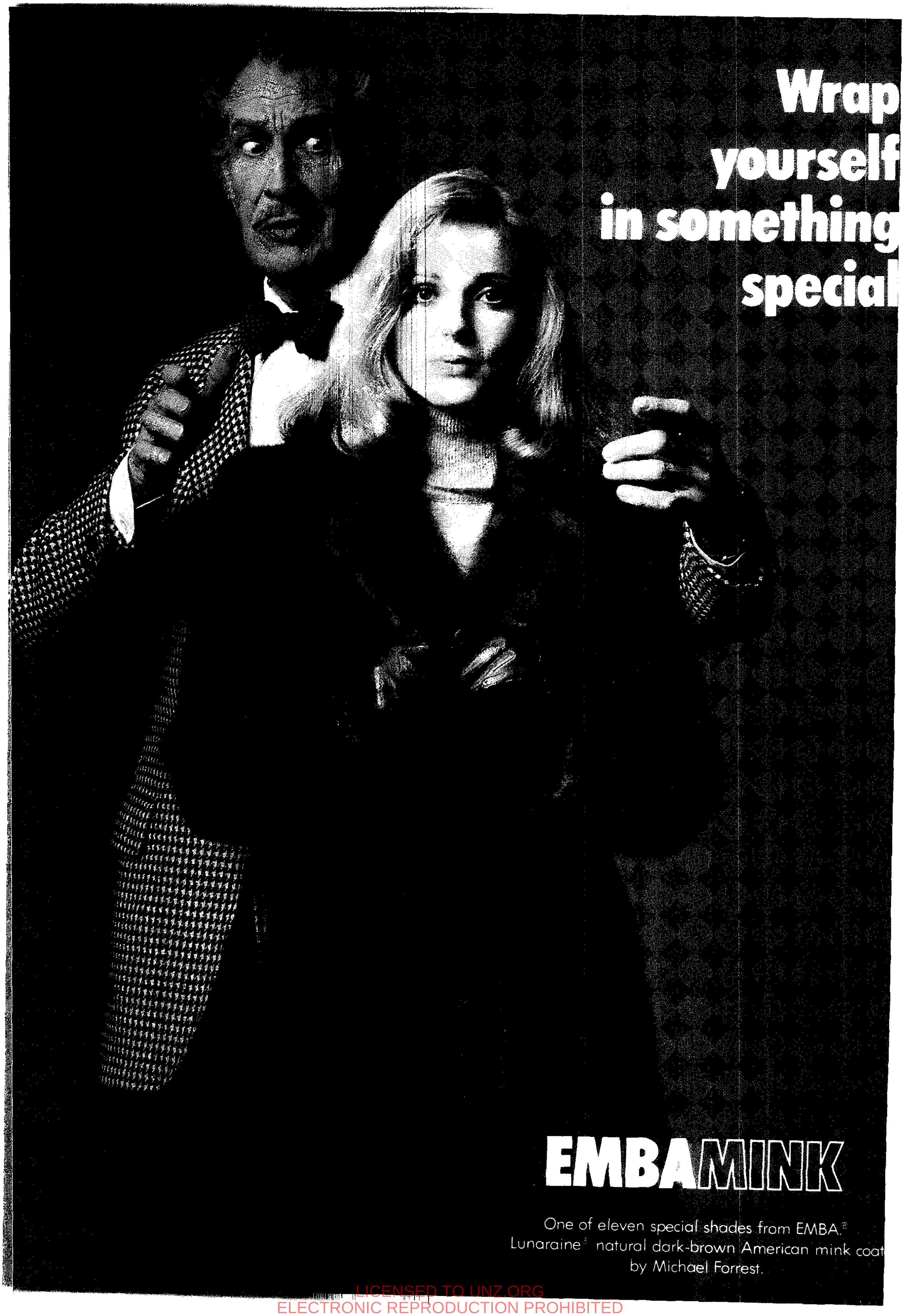
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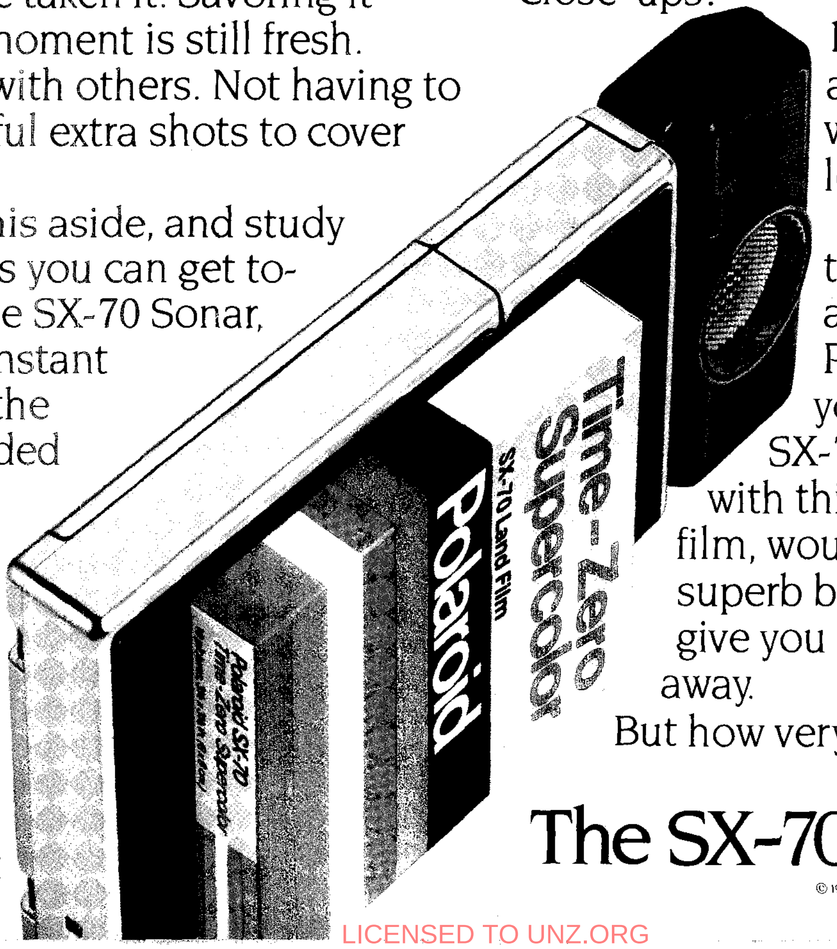

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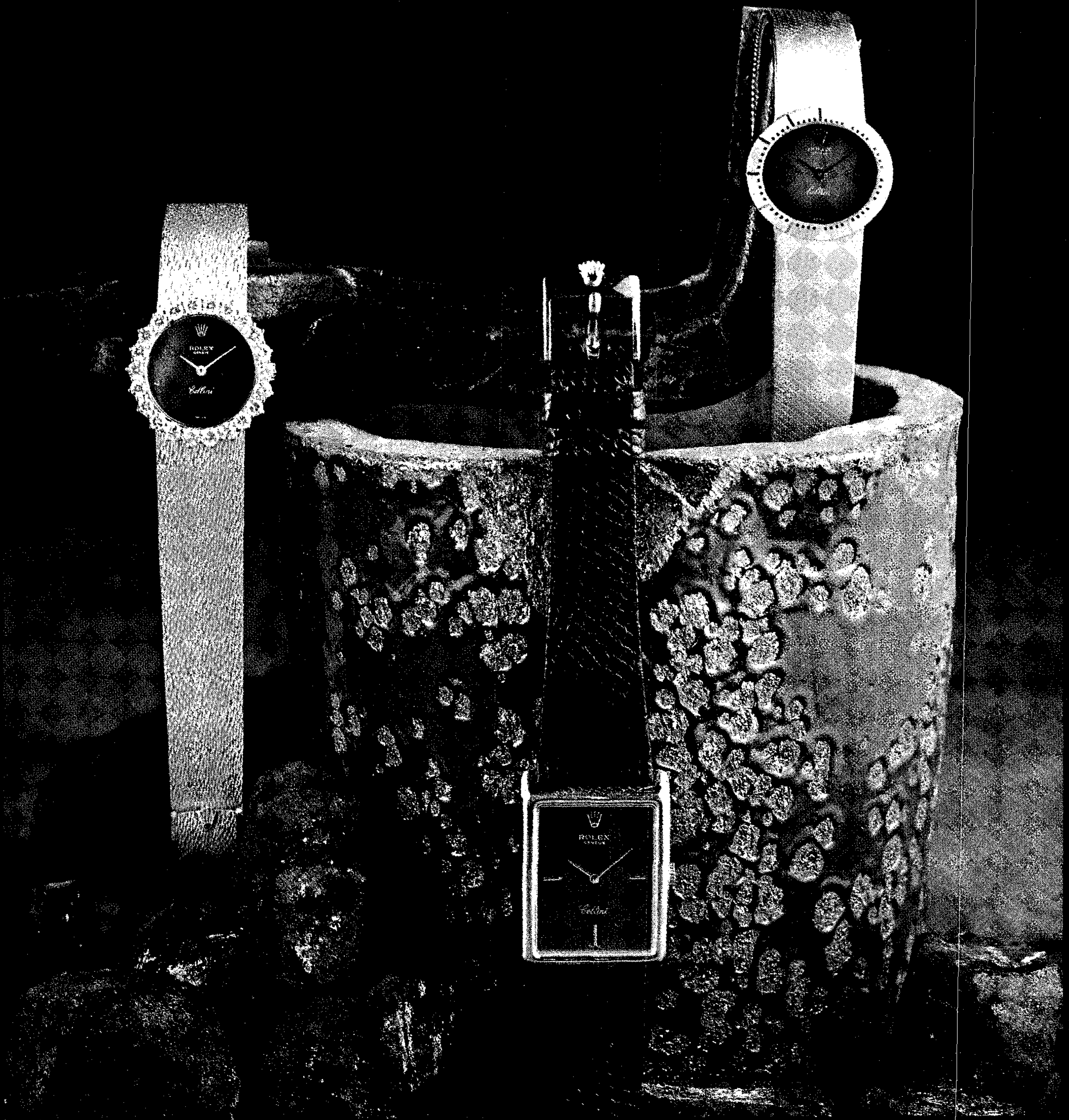

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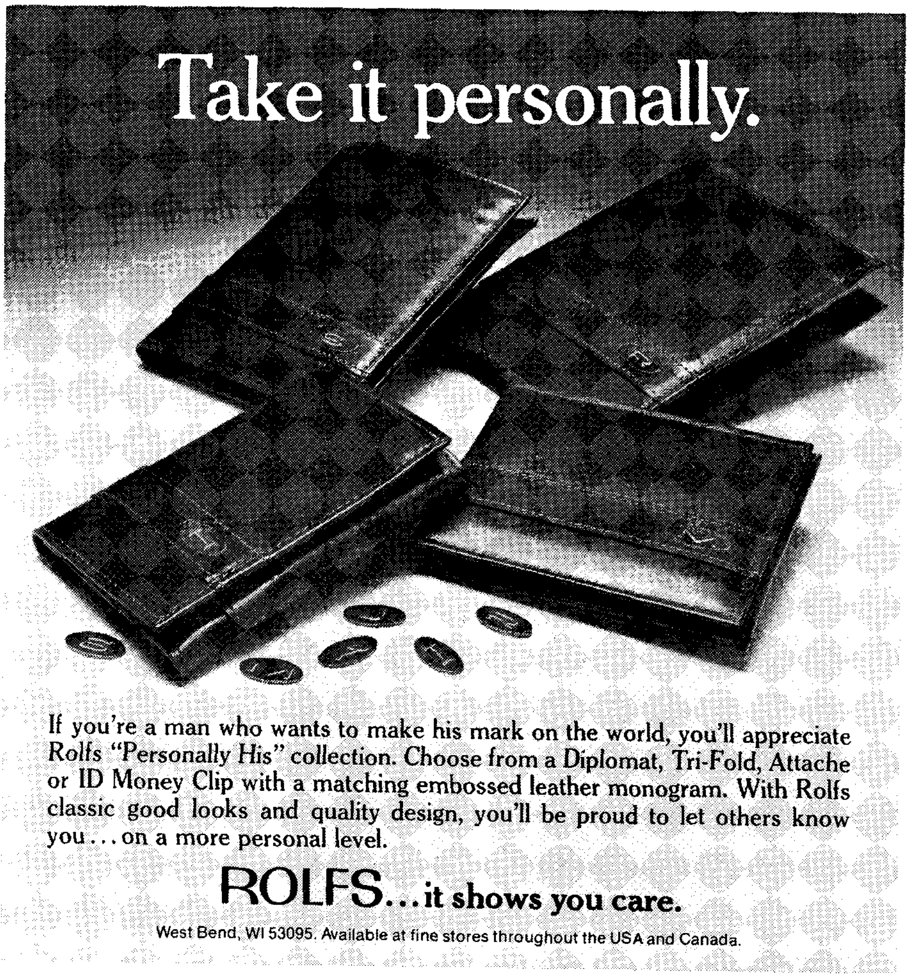
ibility and common sense is encased in the most subtly reasoned, profoundly erudite, and awesomely "difficult" of meditations on a complex subject. Other analysts, before and after Stone, have remonstrated against analytic rigidity, but none with Stone's authority and sincerity. In its comfortable commingling of abstruse technical and metapsychological concepts with ordinary human wisdom, "The Psychoanalytic Situation" recalls the writings of Freud—and, indeed, among psychoanalysts Stone inspires the sort of reverence that few but Freud himself have inspired. (That Stone is almost completely unknown outside the profession is curious and unfortunate.)

Stone's attractive humanistic view of the analyst's role is currently shared by all but a small minority of analysts. The leader of the opposition is Charles Brenner. Brenner has none of Stone's elegance of expression and incandescence of literary persona, but he is a worthy foeman. His austere position has an icy beauty. In an article published in July, 1979, in the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association*, entitled "Working Alliance, Therapeutic Alliance, and Transference," Brenner challenged the whole notion that transference and "the real relationship" can be separated. "Therapeutic alliance" and "working alliance" are terms coined by the late Elizabeth Zetzel and the late Ralph Greenson, respectively, to denote the positive adult relationship in which the transference is framed. To Brenner, all such separating and "framing" is suspect. He sees the "working alliance" or the "therapeutic alliance" as a kind of shady side deal that the analyst offers the patient to gain his compliance—a deal that looks kindly and humane on the surface but in fact robs the patient of the full use of the analytic instrumentality. "Suppose an analyst were to fall asleep during a session, or to forget an appointment with a patient. Should he apologize, explain, and discuss the reasons for his action with his patient?" Brenner asks in his book "Psychoanalytic Technique and Psychic Conflict." He gives this rather magnificent answer:

> Many analysts would say he should . . . and their arguments for doing so are persuasive. Yet I believe the better course to follow is the usual one of encouraging a patient to express *his* thoughts and feelings about what has happened. Only in that way can one learn whether a patient has taken his analyst's mistake as a slight that has offended and angered him, or as a sign



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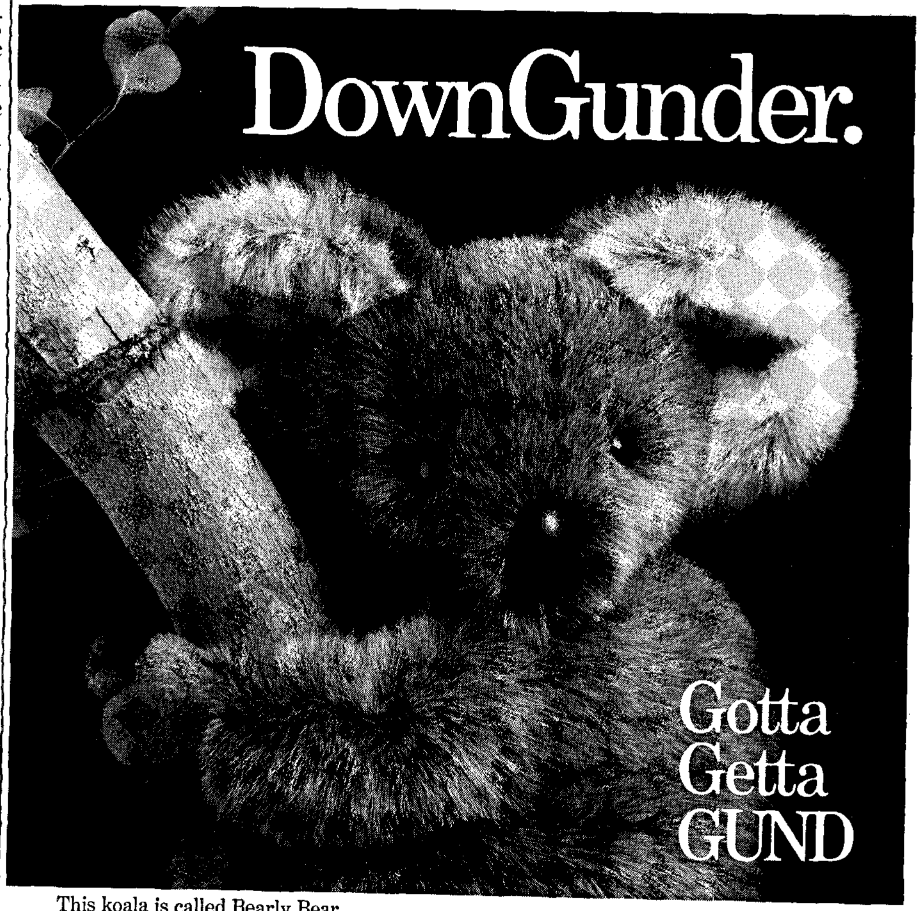

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of weakness that allows him to feel superior and even triumphant, or as a welcome excuse for anger, etc. A conscientious analyst will naturally regret such a mistake, he will certainly try, through self-analysis, to discover his unconscious reasons for having acted as he did, but he will be well advised to maintain an analytic attitude even to such an event, and not to assume what it must mean to his patient without hearing what his patient has to say. It is presumptuous to act the analyst, unbidden, in a social or family situation. It is a technical lapse to be other than an analyst in one's relation with an analytic patient.

Several years ago, Brenner and Stone jointly led a seminar at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute in which just such nice points of technique were debated. "Should the analyst express sympathy to a patient whose father has just died?" was one question that was put to the leaders. Stone said that he, of course, *would* express sympathy. Brenner said that he, of course, *wouldn't*. Recently recalling this incident, a younger woman analyst of somewhat romantic leanings declared, "Charlie is a very kind man. He might not *say* anything to the patient, but I'm sure he would let him know somehow, probably with his eyes, how sorry he was." She has missed Brenner's point. In the "Working Alliance" article, Brenner returns to this eventuality, and gives this unexpected and unarguable reason for analytic neutrality even in the face of death:

> It is true enough that it often does no harm for an analyst to be thus conventionally "human." Still, there are times when his being "human" under such circumstances can be harmful, and one cannot always know in advance when those times will be. As an example, for his analyst to express sympathy for a patient who has just lost a close relative may make it more difficult than it would otherwise be for the patient to express pleasure or spite or exhibitionistic satisfaction over the loss.

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"WHEN I received my letter of acceptance from the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, it was as if I had been given an injection of adrenaline, amphetamine, and heroin. I have seldom in my life felt so triumphant. I knew that my life was going to be the way I wanted." Aaron Green said this to me one Wednesday morning in his consultation room, where he and I had taken to meeting weekly at the same hour, as if for therapy. The empty couch looked out on the room with a meaningful air. "I'm not any

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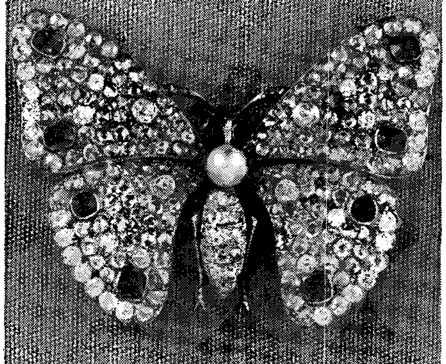

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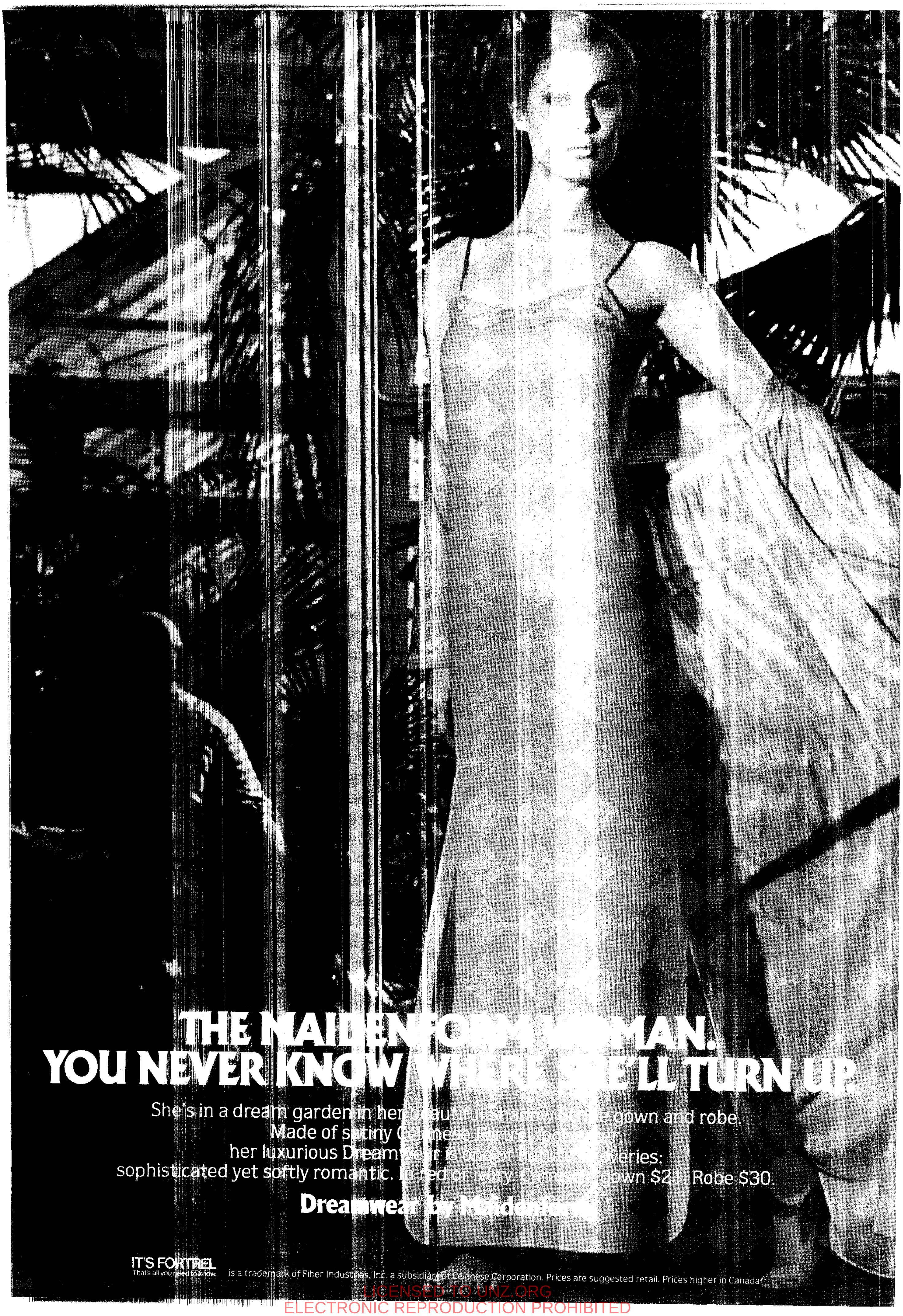

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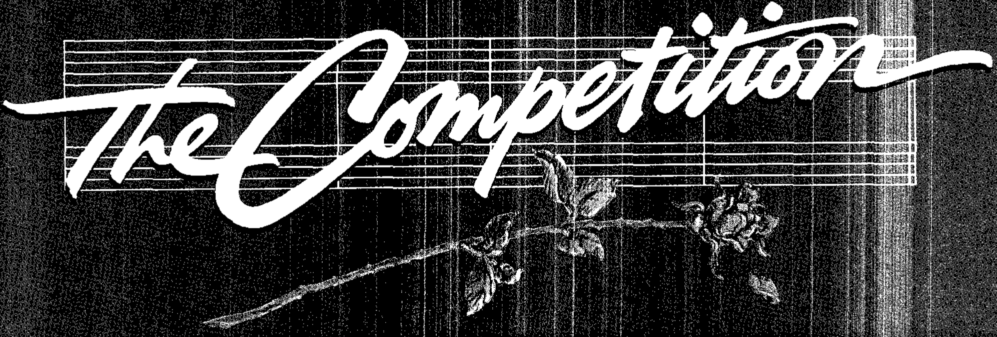

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old shabby foam-rubber sofa," it seemed to say. "I am *the couch.*" Aaron sat in a big, sagging olive-green upholstered chair near its head—his habitual seat, a sort of nest padded with accustomed objects: the lamp table on the right strewn with books, scientific journals, letters, pencils, notebooks, a mug of tea; the glass-topped table on the left piled with paper towels (the couch's antimacassars, changed for each occupant) and also holding a telephone, a small round clock, a drug company's appointment calendar, and a vase of decaying chrysanthemums. It put me in mind of a chronic invalid's chair. I sat across from him in a smaller easy chair, and between us, on a hassock, lay my small, attentive-looking Japanese tape recorder. "I had hated medical school," Aaron continued. "It was dehumanizing and brutalizing, and when I was an interne and resident in B— I learned what horrible places hospitals are—how the patient's needs are trampled underfoot and everything is done for the staff's convenience. When I got into the New York Psychoanalytic, I felt I had come in out of the cold. I had applied to other institutes, but this was the one I desperately hoped to get into—the oldest, largest, most renowned analytic institute in America, the institute of Hartmann, Kris, Loewenstein, Jacobson, Greenacre, Isakower, Bak, Arlow, and Brenner. The one thing that marred my happiness was the prospect of going into analysis again. I didn't see why I had to. I felt I was already perfectly well analyzed."

Freud's recommendation that the analyst himself be analyzed has become an inflexible and central fact of analytic education. The "candidate," as the student is called, is assigned a "training analyst," with whom he has an analysis that—at least in theory—is no different from ordinary therapeutic analysis, though certain subtle differences are inevitable. In a grim voice, Aaron went on to tell me of a traumatic event that had marked his arrival in New York from B—.

"When I was told the name of my training analyst, I was somewhat mollified by the fact that I had drawn one of the plums of the New York Psychoanalytic's roster—a very eminent older woman analyst, now deceased, who was a writer and theoretician of international renown. I was frankly flattered by the assignment—feeling it to be connected to my own superior attributes—and arrived at the first session

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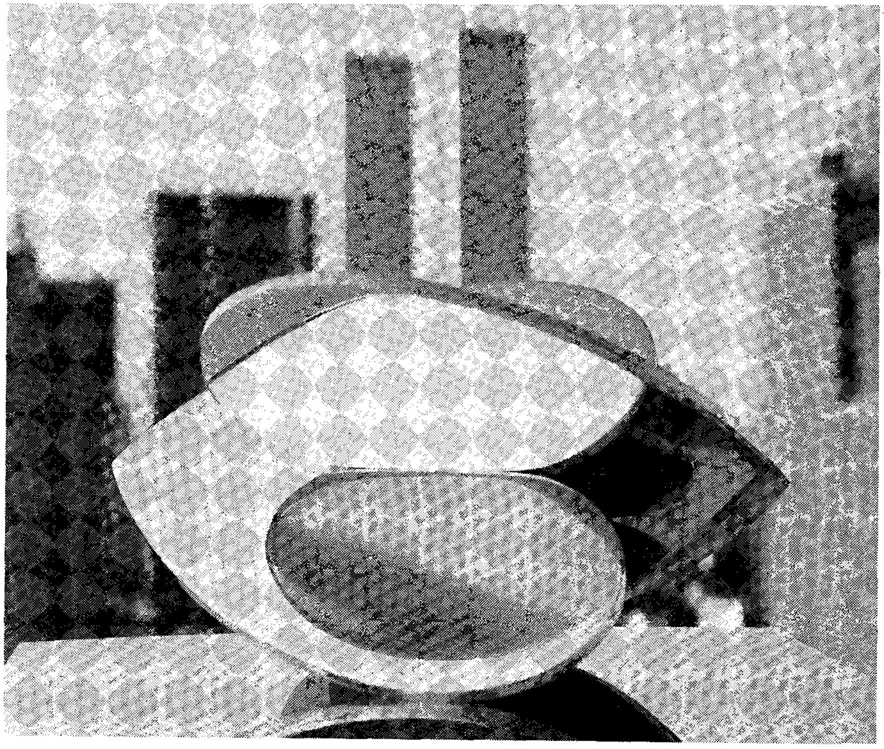

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nervous but cocky. I sat down (it is the custom for candidates to have a few preliminary sessions sitting up with their prospective training analyst) and we began to talk, and about fifteen minutes into the session—after I tell you what happened, you will imagine what those fifteen minutes had been like—this small, stout, benign-looking older woman suddenly banged her hand on her desk in exasperation and said, '*You are a maddening person! You are like a gadfly!*' She glared at me with anger and dislike. I had been weaving and dodging and interrupting and cutting into her questions with counterquestions. But I hadn't realized how irritating I was being, so when that raw aggression suddenly came flying across the room I was absolutely stunned by it."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I was scared. I was afraid I'd get into trouble. That the Institute would see me as a troublemaker. I had had trouble in medical school. I was a very abrasive person. But I didn't want trouble with this woman, so I became humble and conciliatory. At the end of the hour, I asked meekly when the analysis proper would begin. When would I start lying down on the couch? And it was then that she showed her true quality. She said—this impressed me, I will always admire her for it—'Forgive me for bursting out at you like that, and go to another analyst. An analysis should not start with a scene. I am not the right analyst for you. Go to someone else.' Now, that's being a *mensch*. No, she shouldn't have burst out at me like that. But *who* had the courage to face up to what had happened? Not me. I was too frightened. I would have been willing to work with her to avoid trouble."

"Did you get another woman analyst?"

"No. They assigned me a man. At first, I was contemptuous of him. I thought him a dull mediocrity. I found him pedestrian. I regarded his work as hack, textbook stuff. Well, it wasn't hack, it wasn't textbook. His work turned out to be of extremely high quality. My second analysis turned out to be much more thorough, much more profound than the first. But I didn't know that at the time. My initial attitude was 'Who are you? I've never heard of your name, even in the literature. You're not famous.' You see, my first analyst *had* been famous. He was a very brilliant and charming old man—an Austrian Jew of the first

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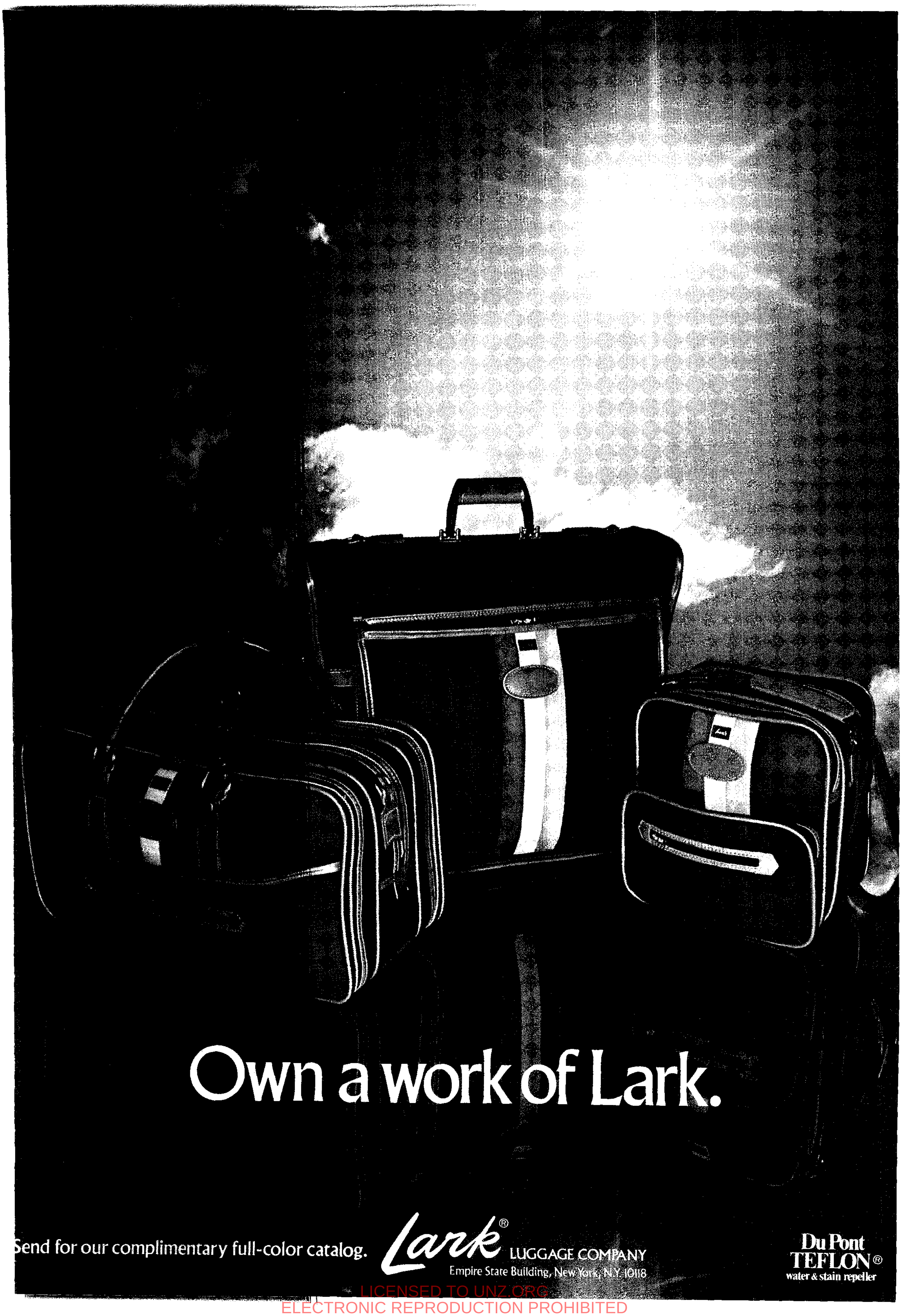
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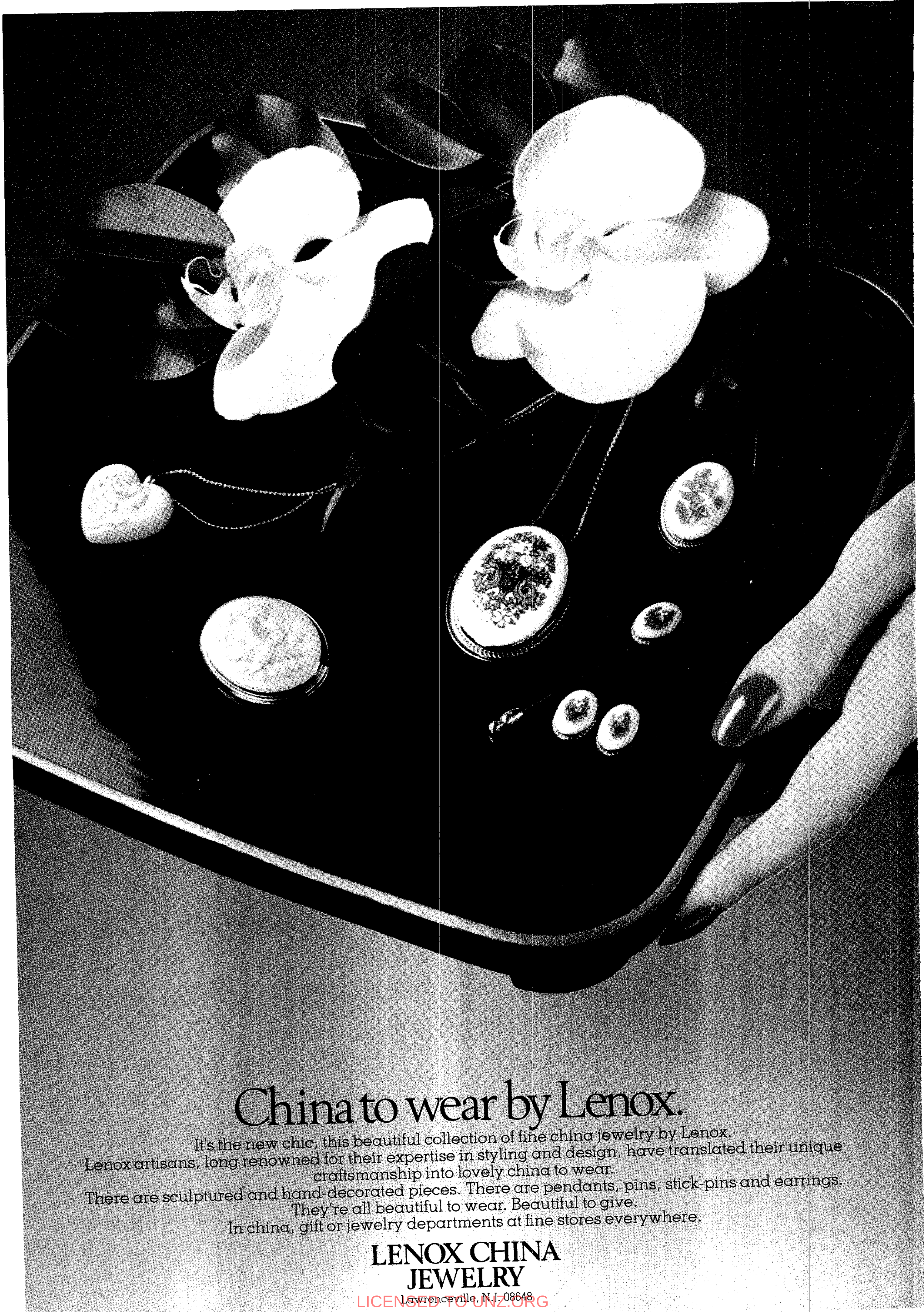

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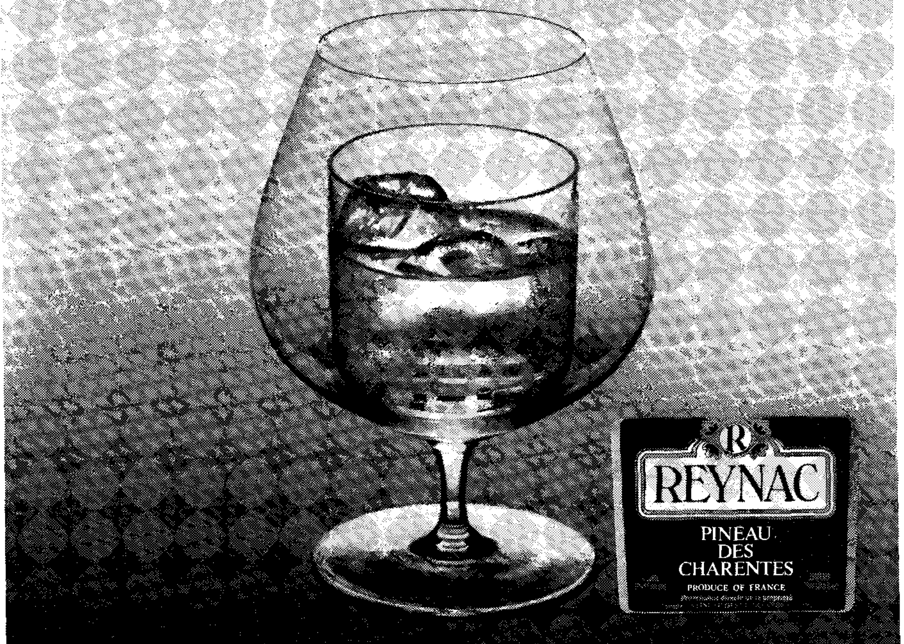
generation of analysts after Freud—who had come to this country during the big exodus of European analysts in the thirties. He didn't keep the analytic incognito very much. He was a good deal more casual about it than my second analyst, and was much more demonstrative, expressive, and supportive. *His* analyst had been Sandor Ferenczi, and he idealized him. There was a bust of Ferenczi in his consultation room, together with one of Freud, who had analyzed Ferenczi. I could thus trace my analytic lineage back to Freud. You smile, and you should. It's a preposterous notion. It's the most primitive kind of family romance—my parents are aristocrats, I'm descended from royalty, all that sort of stuff. I know that now. But I didn't then, and you'd be surprised by the number of people in and out of establishment psychoanalysis who hold to these childish fancies about their royal descent."

I asked Aaron what he meant by "establishment" psychoanalysis. He explained that in this country the establishment is formed of the institutes that are recognized by the American Psychoanalytic Association, which came into existence in 1911, three years after the International Psycho-Analytical Association was organized by Freud in Europe. The regulations and standards of the American are stricter and stiffer than those of the International, which oversees the analytic institutes and societies of the rest of the world. Aaron believes that American psychoanalysis is a great cut above psychoanalysis elsewhere in the world; he is contemptuous of what he calls the laxness and sloppiness of English, European, and South American analysis. There are other people, naturally, who are unimpressed by American analysis and are critical of the American Psychoanalytic Association's iron hold over the profession. The most controversial of the American's regulations is the one that, in effect, requires members to be medical doctors. The rule was laid down in 1923 in the belief that alignment with the medical establishment would give the struggling new profession the respectability it needed. It gave it that, but debate continues on whether too much wasn't sacrificed by this strategy—whether too many good people who are unwilling to go through medical training aren't being lost to analysis. Some of the greatest names in psychoanalysis were laymen—Anna Freud, Erik Erikson, Ernst Kris, to name the



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most celebrated. The International leaves the question to the discretion of the individual institutes, and most do not require that their members be doctors. Freud himself was opposed to the medical requirement, arguing (in a pamphlet called "The Question of Lay Analysis," written on the occasion of a lawsuit by the Austrian government against a non-medical colleague, Theodor Reik) that training in the care of bodies has little bearing on the treatment of souls. Philip Rieff, in "The Triumph of the Therapeutic" (1966), points with bitter malice to what he sees as the evil consequences of the medical requirement:

> More often than not, the contemporary candidate for training in one of the institutes now comes straight out of a medical school with precisely the wrong kind of education, for which a reading of Freud's case histories and various other courses in the development and structure of psychoanalysis cannot compensate. The early psychoanalysts were educated men when they gathered around Freud; the contemporary psychoanalyst is not an educated man when he leaves the institute.... By default, the institutes have become what most of their students ardently desire them to be: trade schools preparing them for accreditation and the good life in some suburb, without night calls from troublesome patients.

Non-doctors who wish to practice psychoanalysis in this country get their training at what Aaron (with unabashed snobbery and an admitted total lack of justification) calls the "fly-by-night" institutes. These include institutes founded by revisionists, such as the Karen Horney Institute and the William Alanson White Institute, as well as those set up specifically to accommodate non-doctors, such as the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis, founded in 1946 by Reik, who had emigrated here. The situation is a messy, incoherent one, difficult for the person who is looking for an analyst to make his way through. And this is to say nothing of the back street of dubious and outright fraudulent therapies beckoning to the person in desperate straits.

Within the establishment, in addition to the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, New York has the N.Y.U. Psychoanalytic Institute (formerly the Downstate Institute), peaceably founded in 1949 by Sandor Lorand, of the New York Psychoanalytic, and the Columbia University Center for Psychoanalytic Training and Research, painfully wrested from the New York Psychoanalytic in 1944 by Sandor

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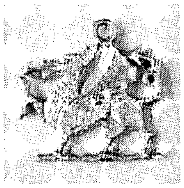

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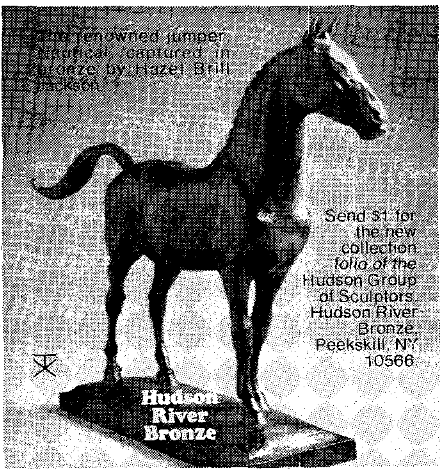
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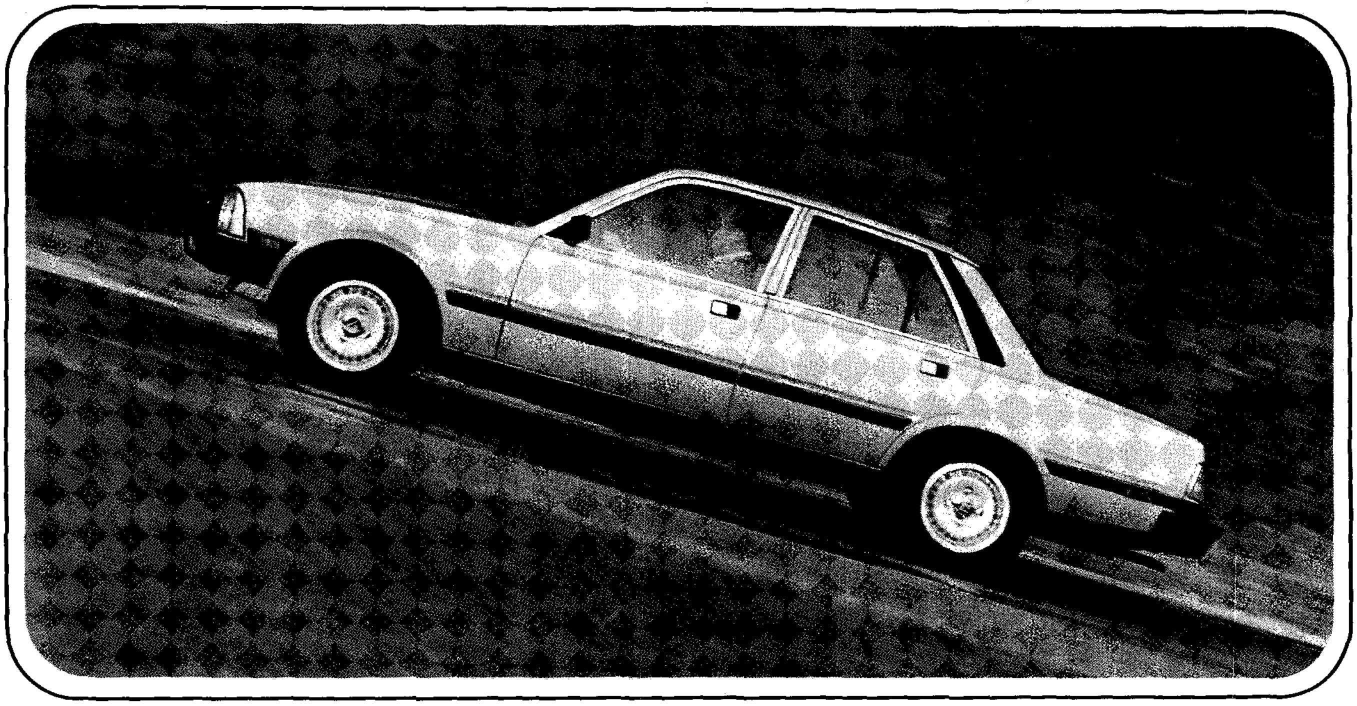

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Rado, in a savage schism whose scars are apparently still borne by both institutes. Aaron's attitude toward the N.Y.U. Institute is that of an older sibling toward a younger brother: affectionate, tolerant, a bit condescending toward the boy's evident immaturity, and admiring and envious of his dash and style and charm. For Columbia, the no-good son, he has nothing but bitterness and scorn.

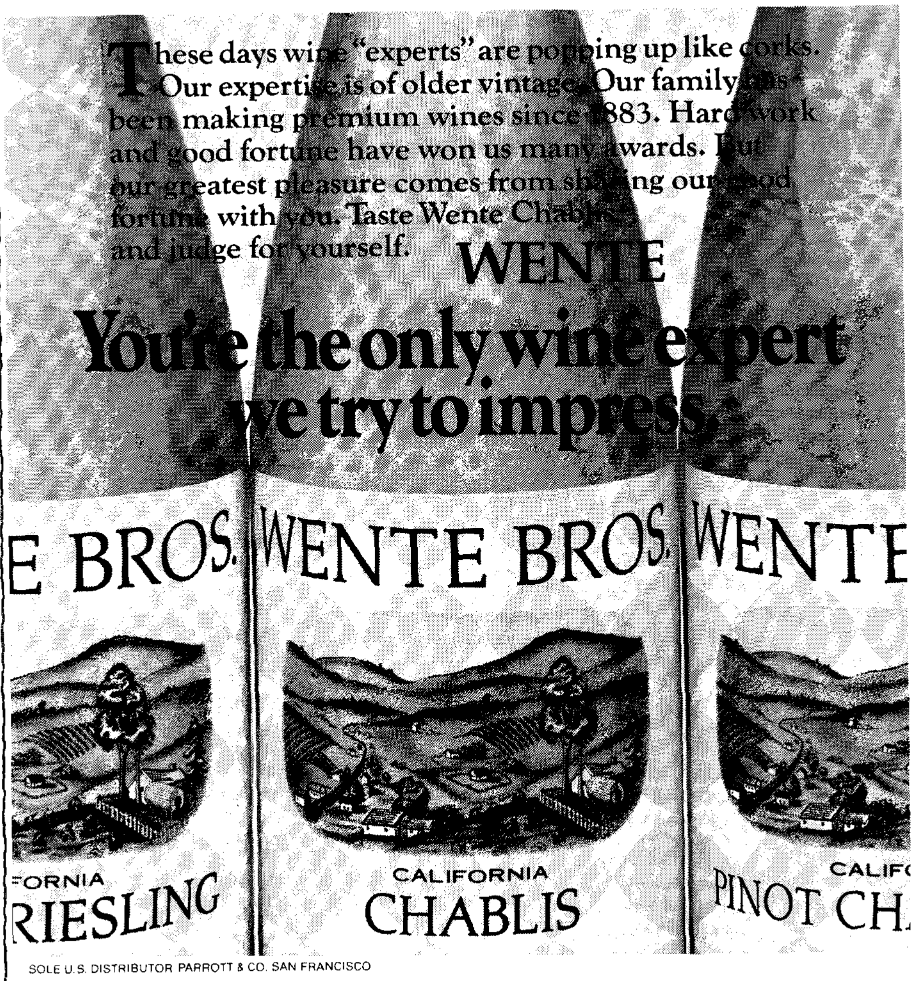
"But the schism was years ago," I said. "What's the matter with them now?"

Aaron frowned, and said in a low, dark voice, "They're sharp dressers."

I laughed. "Is that all?"

"Isn't that enough?" Aaron said. He laughed, too.

We returned to his early training at the New York Psychoanalytic. "When I started, I was eager to do the course work," he said. "I had taught myself a little theory in an undisciplined way, and now, I thought, I would learn the whole corpus of psychoanalytic theory from the great teachers of the greatest analytic institute in the world. I didn't attach much importance to the supervised casework I would be doing. I felt that I was already a good psychotherapist—I had been at the top, or close to the top, in my residency—and I thought I just needed more practice. And I looked on the training analysis as a loathsome, unnecessary encumbrance. So I came to analytic training with values that were the exact *opposite* of those of the training institution in which I was enrolled. The New York Psychoanalytic (like most institutes) sets the greatest store by its training analysis. Second to that, it values the supervised casework—a one-to-one relationship about another one-to-one relationship. And pretty far down below those two is the book learning. Now, after several years of training, my values, by some strange coincidence, have reversed and become those of the Institute. The courses turned out to be disappointing. There were a few exceptions, taught by good teachers, but mostly they were boring discussion classes, in which I had to sit and listen to my fellow-students—who knew even less than I did. The classes were at night, from eight-thirty to ten, three times a week. Analytic institutes are night schools; the faculty and the students—most of whom are already working psychiatrists—see patients during the day. I would arrive after a day's hard work at the hospital and sit there tired and bored and irritated. My training



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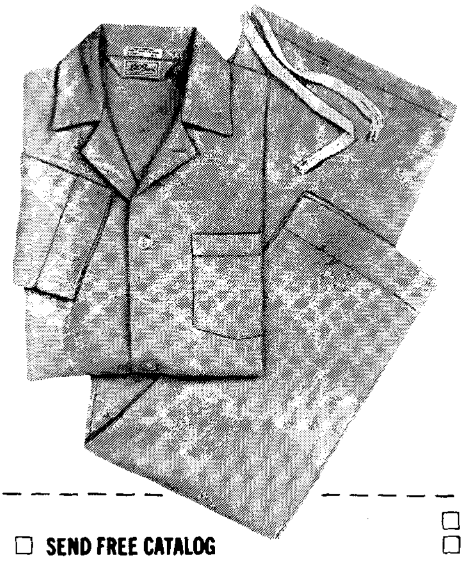

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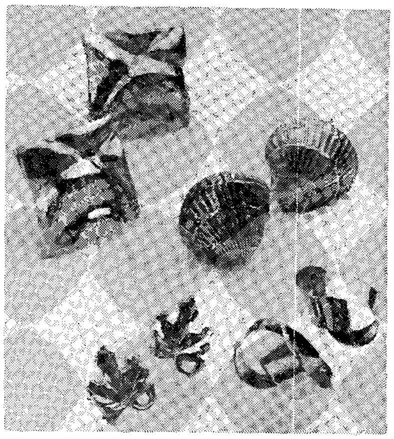
analysis opened my eyes and gradually changed me. I realized that my first analyst had not been rigorous or ruthless enough. His technique hadn't been good. The troubles I'd had in medical school—I'd started analysis at the end of my second year—would probably have been compounded if I hadn't been in analysis; he helped me get through all kinds of confusions and despairs. But it was the second analysis that changed me. I'm not so belligerent and abrasive anymore, so touchy and angry."

I said, "How do you know it was the analysis that changed you, and not simply the fact of getting older?"

"That's a very common and firmly held idea," he said. "The idea that what happens in analysis would have happened anyway—that people 'naturally' change as life goes on, and analysts take credit for changes they aren't responsible for. I've had thoughts like that myself about my analysis, and have had to stop myself. I've had to remind myself of how rigidly determined our lives are—how predictable and repetitive, how encrusted and hardened, how resistant to change. If we changed as easily as it's claimed, there wouldn't be people going into analysis at forty and fifty; they would all have changed 'naturally' by then into wise, mature, moderately contented people. A person who goes into analysis in his twenties, as many people are doing today, can't see this as well as a person who goes into analysis later on, after his life has become hopelessly, repetitively unsatisfying, after he has seen himself make the same mistake over and over again, after he has come to feel how trapped he is and to understand how little freedom he has. The young person whose life hasn't taken a course yet can deceive himself into thinking that his life has unlimited potential, though in fact it is already limited and determined. I made that mistake earlier, but I'm old enough now to have a sense of how my life would have gone if I hadn't had analysis."

"What would have been different about your life?"

"It would have been extremely constricted, full of bitterness and depression. To some extent, I know that because it still is," Aaron said with a rueful smile. "You see, I haven't changed all that radically. I don't think basic character structure ever changes. We're not that malleable. But one of the ways I became impressed by the changes occurring in



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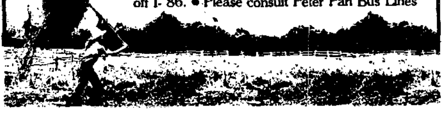

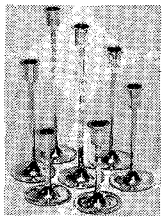

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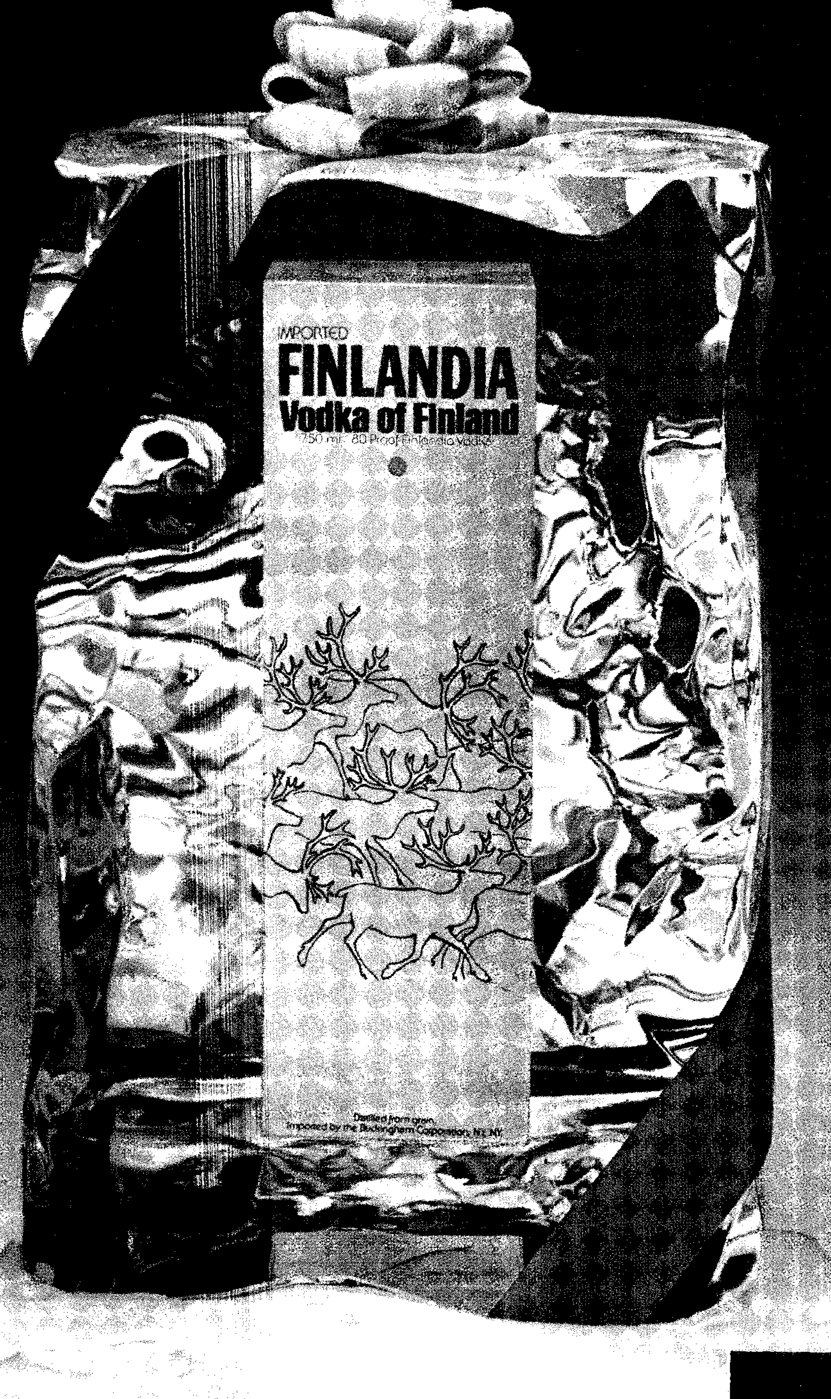
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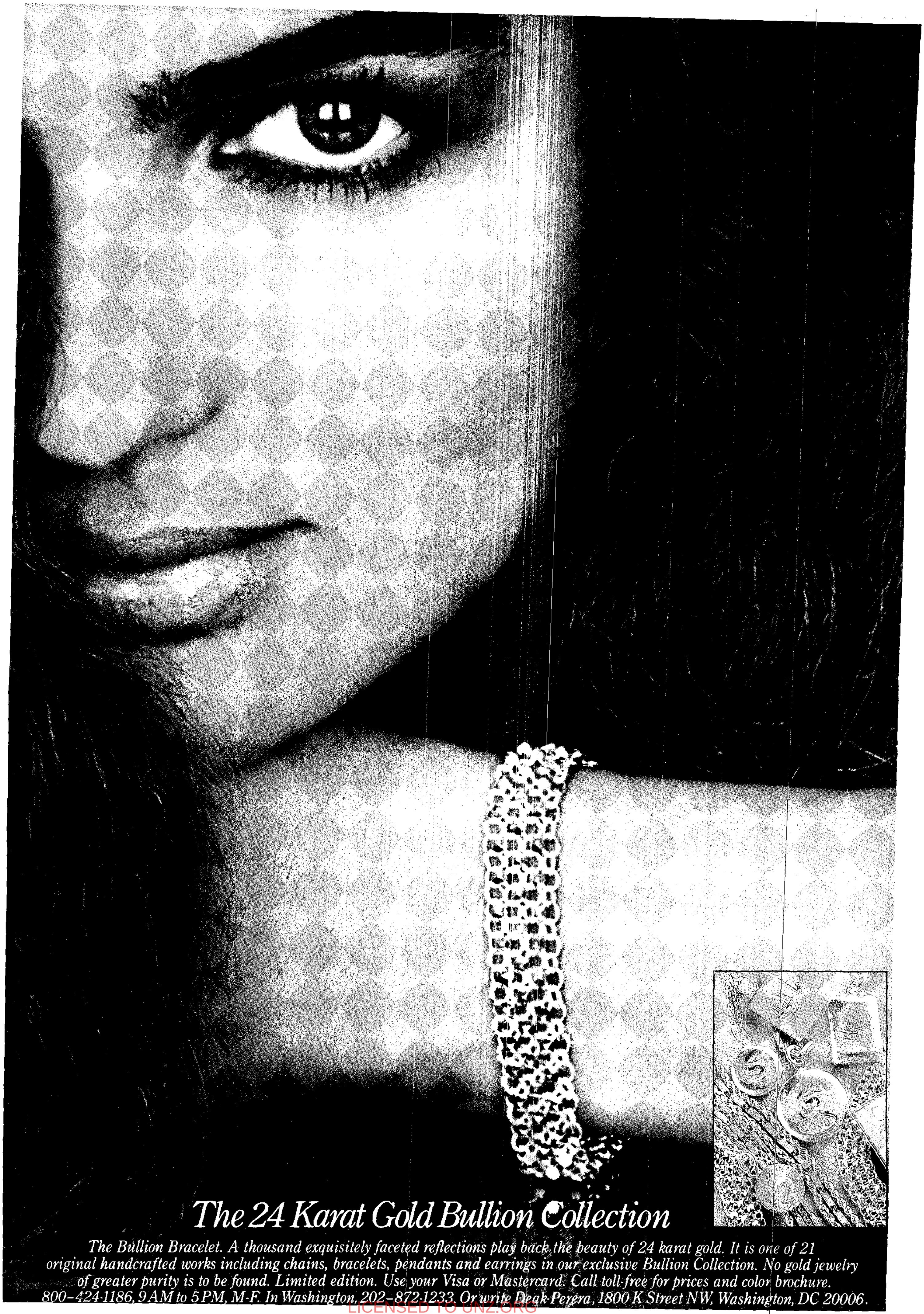

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me was through the appearance of substitute symptoms. As I gave up certain character traits, I developed acute symptoms. I had read about that happening—Freud writes about it—but I never thought it would happen to me. Well, it was happening. As I grew less nasty and pugnacious and argumentative—as I began more and more to say to myself, 'Hell, you don't have to do that anymore'—I grew more and more anxious about things I had never been anxious about before. Like being in crowds and sitting in the balcony at the theatre. I also developed a speaking anxiety, which I still have, and which really troubles me. It gets in the way of my teaching and prevents me from speaking at congresses. I was invited to speak at a meeting of the American Psychoanalytic Association—I was to be one of the discussants of a paper on a subject of special interest to me: Freud's dual-instinct theory—and I had to refuse. I just couldn't do it. The mere thought of being on that stage at the Waldorf terrified me. I feel flawed and humiliated by this symptom. It's one of the things I may have to go back into analysis about."

"But is it such a serious flaw? Is it even a symptom?" I asked. "Don't we all have something we don't do well or can't do at all?"

"My immediate reaction to that is to say, 'Look, if I'm going to have a flaw, let it be in an area that doesn't interfere with my professional ambition'—which, of course, is nonsensical."

"Since ambition is the problem?"

"Right. There's no question about it. Ambition is the problem. But I think you'd be surprised by what the ambition is about. It isn't just getting out there and killing my father. That's just part of it. There are other things, too. Well, I'll be frank. It's the desire to be a beautiful woman. You find all kinds of surprises in analysis."

"Somehow, that doesn't surprise me about you," I was interested to hear myself say.

"Well, it surprised me! It bothered me, I can tell you."

THE next Wednesday, I told Aaron about my meeting the night before with three people from the Institute. This was the second time I had met with this trio—two male analysts in their fifties and a woman analyst in her sixties—in the woman's handsomely appointed Park Avenue apartment. The meetings were in response to a telephone call I had made

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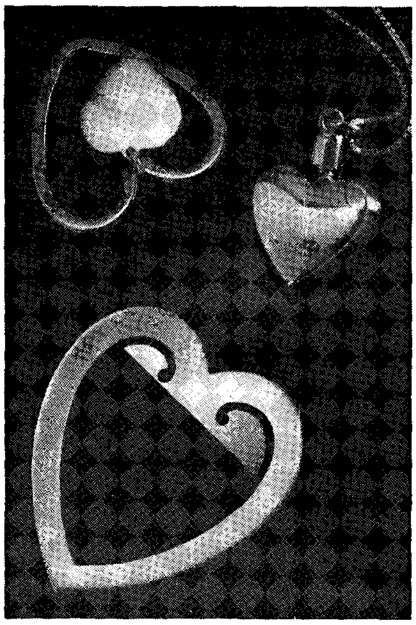
to the Institute, asking for information about its curriculum, entrance procedures, faculty appointments, and so on, and requesting permission to sit in on a few classes. It was soon clear that the three analysts, who were members of the powerful Educational Committee, by which the Institute is largely ruled, had been sent out to meet and fend off the press. After each of the evening meetings, which were long, strained, and tedious, I felt the stirrings of an old childhood sense of anxiety, obscure wrongdoing, and resentment.

"The more I think about it, the more I think there's something very queer about the way they meet me in threes," I said to Aaron.

"They're policing each other," he said. "They're saying to each other, 'You keep me from saying anything wrong, and I'll do the same for you. We're in this together.' "

"But what is it all about? What are they hiding? What could there be to hide in an analytic institute?"

"I don't know exactly. But I suspect that this kind of peculiar, suspicious, guilt-ridden behavior has something to do with the training analysis and its special difficulties. Analysts learn to do analysis by being analyzed themselves—a rather remarkable method of professional training. It's as if a surgeon learned to do surgery by being operated on. And yet the training analysis isn't exactly like the regular therapeutic analysis, either. An analysis ends when the patient resolves his transference neurosis—when he finally accepts the fact that the analyst is *not*, *not*, *not* going to fulfill the wishes the patient had as a child toward his parents, that it just isn't going to happen that way, that he must renounce these wishes toward the analyst and fulfill them in his own life, in his work, in his attachments, through his children. In other words, that he is an adult and must put away childish things. Which is *horribly painful*. O.K. Now, imagine the situation of the candidate when his analysis ends. Instead of going his way like the ordinary analysand, he joins the profession of his analyst—joins the very institute of which his analyst is a member, and begins to make his way up in the hierarchy his analyst has already reached the top of. As time goes on, the wishes that the candidate has had to renounce and sublimate—but that are always there—are powerfully reactivated. He begins to dare hope that maybe he *will*, after all, be admitted into the parental bedroom,



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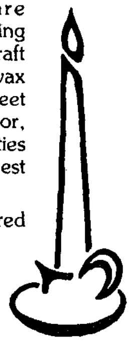

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that he *will* be treated to the secrets of the parents, that he *will* find out what they 'do' in there, that he *will* be able to form alliances with one or another of them. Not everyone feels like that—some people drop out of the institute world and go their own way—but the majority, like me, for whatever infantilely motivated reason, hope that they will get into that bedroom: that they will become training analysts."

"But not everyone makes it."

"Not everyone makes it. Our institute is large, and the places in the inner sanctum are limited. Many of those who don't make it—who see others accepted into the bedroom while they are passed over—become bitter. They are the reason for the discontent, antagonism, backbiting, and factionalism of our institute, for the constant danger of schism. As for the ones who do make it, their behavior is like that of uneasy, shifty-eyed 'good children' who have got into favor with their parents at the expense of their siblings. They have made it into the bedroom and are keeping the other children out, and they feel guilty and defensive because they're afraid they didn't get in there fairly."

"What about you? Are you going to get into that bedroom?"

"I don't know. I have certain inhibitions—neurotic in nature, I know—about pushing myself into places. The Oedipal rivalries, fears, guilts are still operative. They're not anywhere near as strong as they were before my second analysis, but they're still there, and they take their toll."

"Why do you feel you have to push? Why don't you assume you'll naturally rise in the hierarchy because you're good at the work?"

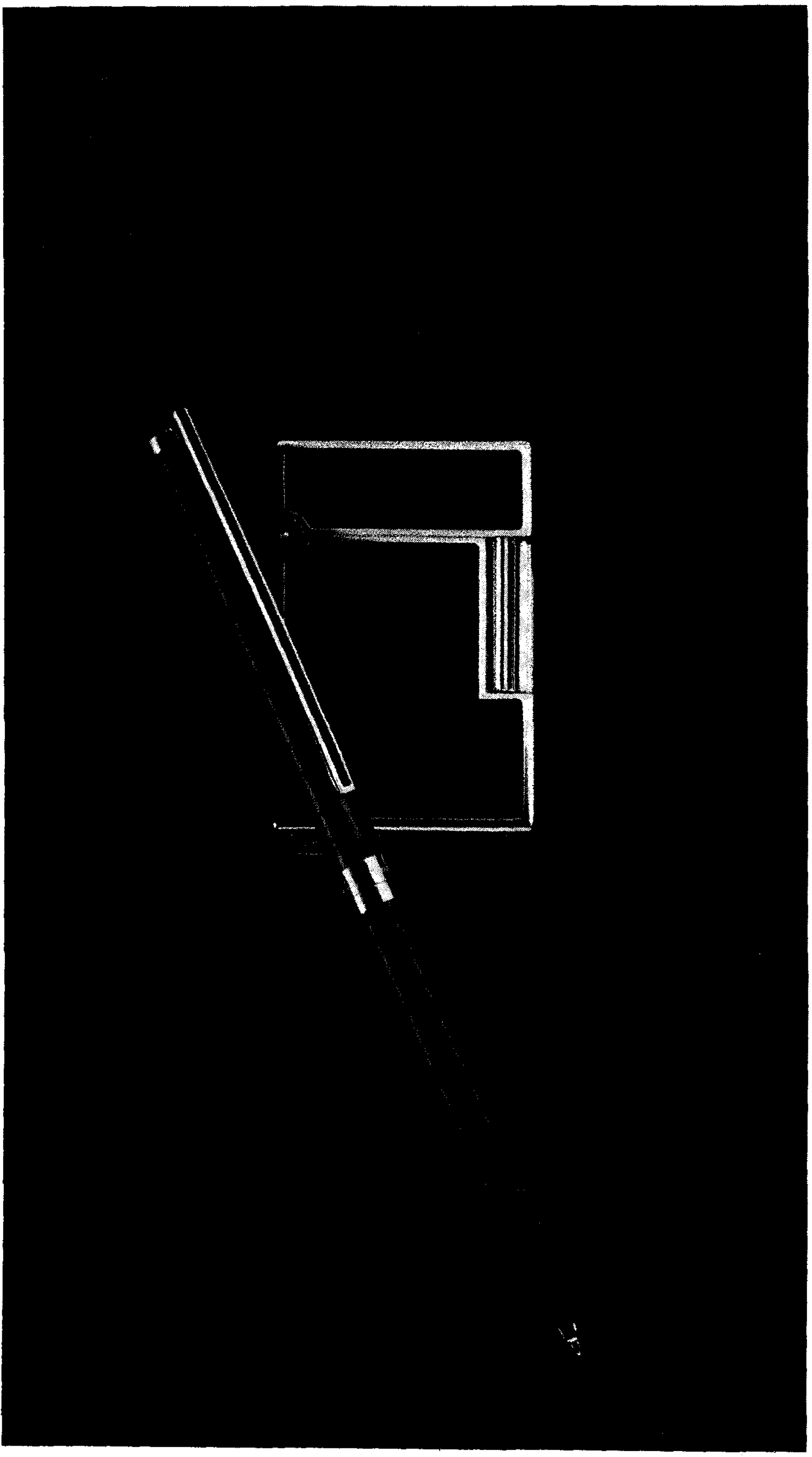
"Oh, I'm very good at the work. I'm better than most people in my year—there's no doubt about that."

"Then why do you have to push? Why don't you just rise?"

"Right. That's the question. Why aren't they tapping me on the shoulder and letting me in? The fact is that the people who are appointed training analysts aren't always the best people available. There are others who are just as good, and maybe even better, who are not chosen."

"And you are afraid that this will happen to you—that you will be passed over?"

"Yes. I'm not politic. I don't socialize much with analysts. My friends are mostly academics and artists. When I'm invited to analysts' parties, I often refuse. My wife, who is a sculptor,



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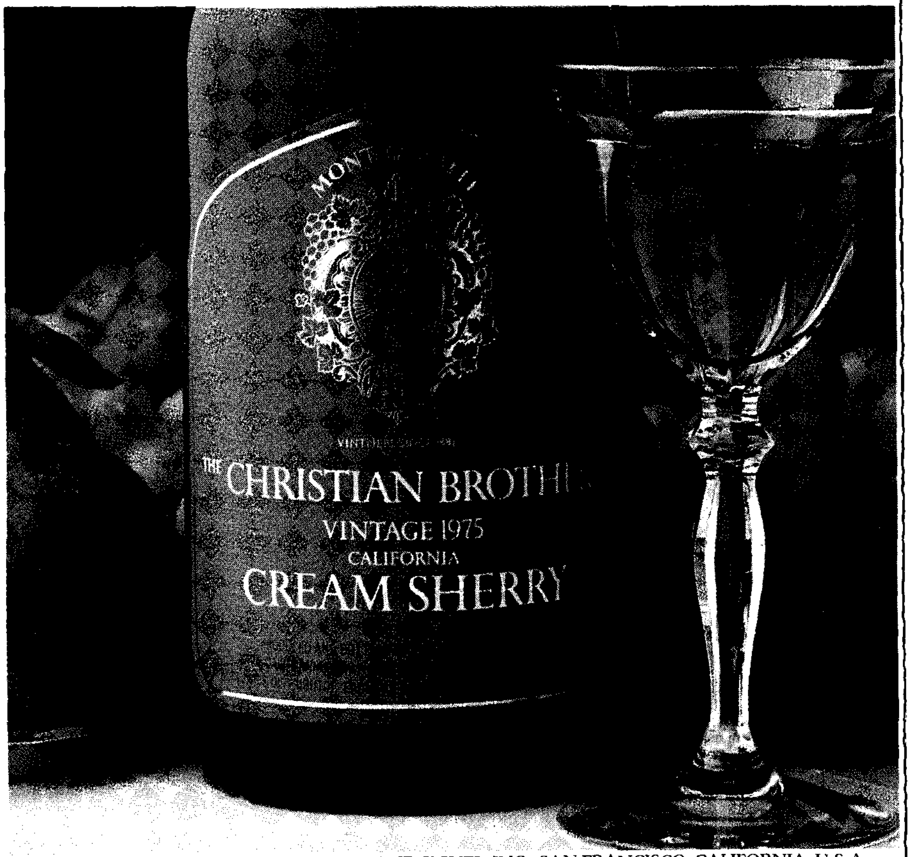

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isn't part of the society that the analysts' wives form, and she feels out of place at these affairs. The analysts' wives all know each other, they serve on the Institute's Hospitality Committee together, they all but play mah-jongg together."

"So you don't like analytic society?"

"It bores me."

"What about the younger people, the colleagues on your own level?"

"They bore me, too. It's the same thing. They talk about their houses in the country, the schools their children go to, their trips in the summer—all that. I don't feel comfortable with them. I recognize this as an old childhood trait. I've never felt 'in' anywhere—not in school, not in college, not in medical school, not in psychiatric training—and now I'm playing it out in relation to the analytic community. Everyone's analysis unearths a central fantasy, and mine is that of an outsider looking into the bedroom: feeling excited and scared, getting aroused, trying to figure out what is going on, but not having to get involved, not having to risk anything. There are many ways of playing out this fantasy. I could have become a Peeping Tom, for one extreme possibility, but I became a scientist instead—a psychoanalyst, a person who gets to know another person very intimately but doesn't have to get involved with him. I'm very much a Jew—another kind of outsider. So if you ask me if I want to get into the inner sanctum of the New York Psychoanalytic—well, *yes*, I do, well, *no*, I don't. I have all kinds of fantasies about what goes on in the inner sanctum, most of which aren't true. They couldn't possibly be true." Aaron laughed at the thought of his fantasies.

"Don't things always look better from the outside?" I said.

Aaron agreed. "I used to have a symptom. I used to have social anxiety before going to parties. Parties, you know, are highly instinctualized things. Well, the symptom fell away during my analysis, and now I go to parties, and they're so mundane."

"The best parties are the ones you're not invited to."

"That's right."

"When you do get into the inner sanctum, you'll find that all they talk about is their houses in the country, their children's schools, their wives' yoga classes . . ."

Aaron smiled and said, "You know, in actuality, I've been treated very nicely by the administration. I've had

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appointments to minor committees, I've been invited to do various things. Just last week, someone called me up and said I was being proposed for a minor administrative office. I said O.K.—though I probably won't get it, because I'm young and unknown. I'm forty-six years old and I'm young. What kind of a profession is this?"

"Do you feel like a kid in relation to the older analysts?"

"Sometimes. Look, you felt it, too, when you compared yourself to a child in front of threatening grownups after you'd met with the Educational Committee people. Which was partly your own psychology coming out—and it's partly *my* psychology coming out, too. I can imagine that, theoretically, there are people younger than I who feel on the level of equals with Them—who are not cowed and intimidated. But only partly. Because there's no doubt that the organization is hierarchical and that the people in charge do not extend an attitude of invitation and incorporation to the younger generation and to the people on the periphery. They *are* exclusive, and all analytic institutes aren't like this one."

"During my meeting with the Educational Committee people, I was always aware that they were three and I was one. There was the feeling of 'against' throughout the evening."

"That is the way they come on with the students, and even, to some extent, with the general membership. I experienced that feeling of 'against' during training. Everyone felt it. We all felt like children. Thirty-five-year-old children! There's a student organization at the Institute now—there's even a national organization of analytic candidates and recent graduates, called CAPE—but there were only faint rumblings about organizing when I was a candidate. I remember once one of my classmates—a very fiery, radicalized fellow, who has since moved to the suburbs and become dull and rich—was haranguing a group of us about organizing, when one of the more authoritarian people on the Educational Committee came into the room. He listened, and then, looking at my classmate as if he were some unpleasantness, said silkily, 'Why an organization? The important thing is to say whatever comes into your mind.' I thought, Son of a bitch! *But. But.* He was right. The motives of student organizations are nothing if not transferential."

"The kids getting together against the parents."

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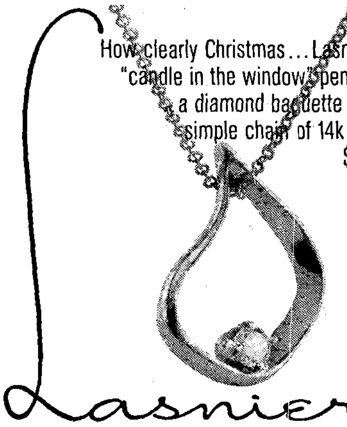

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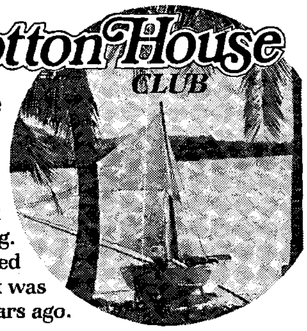

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"Right. The student organization is kid stuff in the truest sense of the term. That son of a bitch was right. The Educational Committee never came out with any official pronouncement about the student organization. About how it would interfere, how it would be extraneous—at best a waste of time, at worst a resistance. They never said that—it would have been foolish of them to say it—but I believe that that was their attitude. Let the children play. Analytic education is inescapably an infantilizing experience. Interesting, isn't it? That a profession which gears itself so much to progressive maturation should conduct its education as an infantilizing experience."

"The Educational Committee people told me that from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the candidates don't graduate, and that most of these are asked to resign. How did you feel about the threat of expulsion when you were a candidate?"

"I didn't feel it as a threat, exactly. But the possibility was always there. I had several friends who were asked to resign."

"After a long time in training?"

"Yes, sometimes after many years."

"What does it mean when someone is dropped?"

"I don't know. These things are shrouded in mystery and a tremendous amount of secrecy—secrecy that is observed not only by the Institute but by the person dropped. In general, either people founder on their casework or they are unanalyzable. Character also counts. There was a man in my class who had a terrible character. He was slick, sharp, he lied, he wasn't *nice*. It enraged me to see him at the Institute and to think that he would be practicing analysis. Well, one day he wasn't there anymore, and I was enormously relieved and glad that he had been found out and booted."

"So the parents are omniscient after all."

"Hardly. The place is run like a candy store."

"What do you mean?"

Aaron squirmed in his chair and grimaced. "They're so casual. They're so unprofessional. They're like the people in the British House of Lords, who would meet in the evening and run England. I look around me and wonder, Do I want to be connected with these people for the rest of my life? Can I fulfill myself among them? Am I going to be happy? Or will I be bored and stultified and

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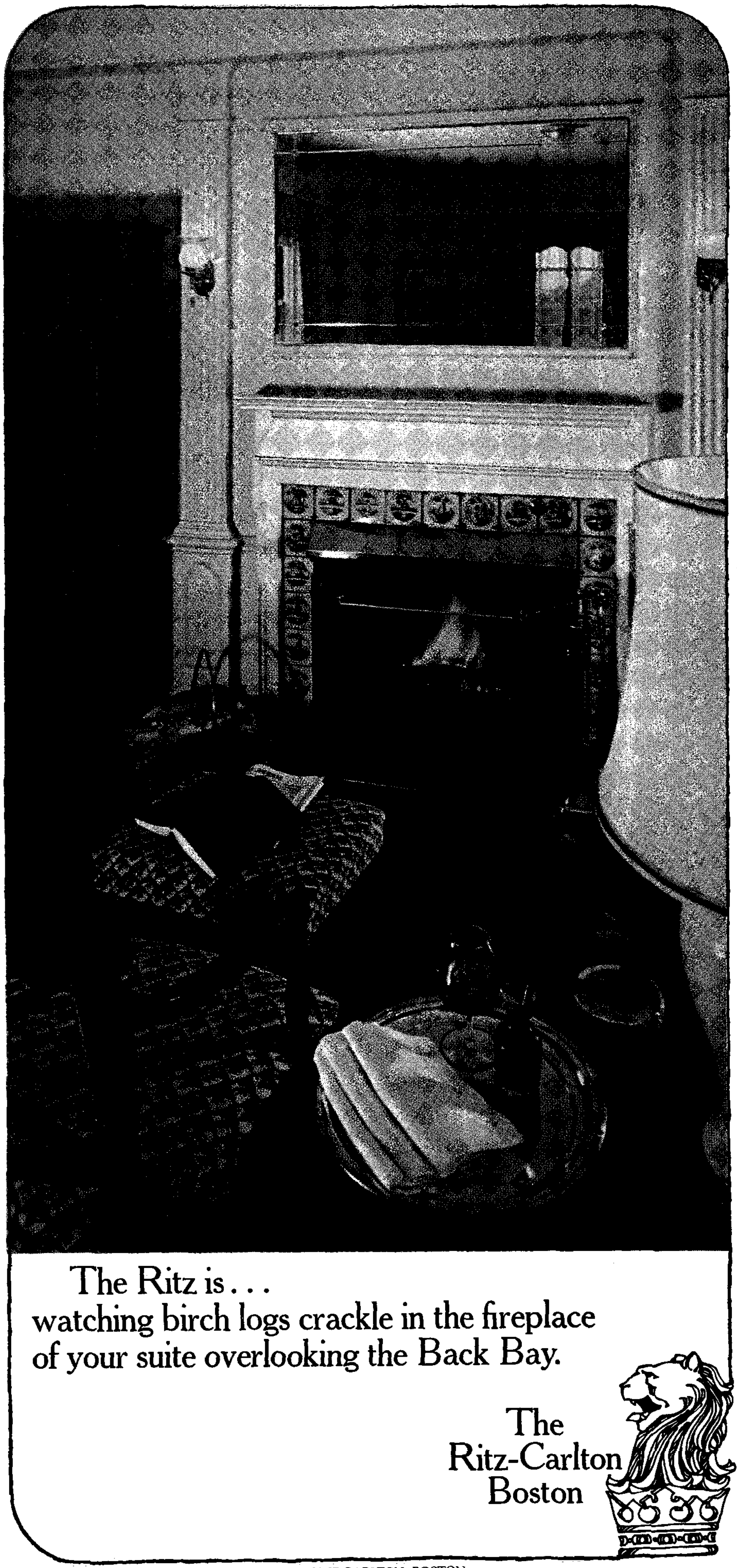
trapped? You should excuse that I, a psychoanalyst, put things as naïvely as that, but that's the way I think about them. I feel I'm being sucked in and taken over. I feel scared and out of control. I had this feeling with this kind of intensity once before in my life—the first time I fell in love. The Institute has a strong gravitational pull. When you spend all day alone with patients—which is to say *alone*—the company of colleagues becomes a great source of solace and reassurance and of stimulation. Some analysts spend almost every evening at the Institute; there are psychoanalytic widows and orphans. I ask myself, Do I want to live like that—like a man hopelessly entangled with a voracious, dull mistress? Obviously, it's not *just* boredom and stultification that I fear. It's getting involved, it's having to put my narcissism on the line, it's getting bruised. I've seen so many colleagues get bruised. A colleague somewhat senior to me—a man I like very much—recently suffered a small but painful, and I'm afraid typical, public humiliation. He presented a proposal at one of our general business meetings—it had something to do with the renovation that is going on in our building—which got ignominiously tabled. Not because it wasn't a good idea but because it had got caught up—as so many issues recently have got caught up—in the factionalism of the Institute. His eminently sensible and reasonable proposal became another battleground for the struggle between the ins and the outs. All kinds of recriminations, with implications of improper behavior, began to come out. It was fascinating and horrifying for us younger members (of forty-five) to look on as our elders made cruel, slanderous attacks on each other."

"What was it about?"

"It was about rugs and chairs. A member of the Renovation Committee knew of someone—the wife or the sister-in-law of another member—who was a decorator and might get things cheaper. And this was the chance the other side was looking for to jump in and criticize the committee—accusing them of bad planning, of irresponsible allocation of money—and even, finally, to question the whole renovation and the morality of spending money on decoration when it could go for things like pensions for the workers at the Institute. But none of this was the real issue."

"What was the real issue?"

"The real issue was that there is a



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clique of people at the Institute who fill all the important posts and decide who is to become a training analyst, and there is another clique of people who don't have power and who want it. That's what practically every controversy at our Institute is about. It used to trouble me—until I thought about other professions and realized that it's no different anywhere else. The neighbors do it, too! The goyim do it! This kind of hierarchy and infantilization exists in every other profession. It's in law, in business, in science, in education. There are Oedipally significant positions in every profession, and when people are up for them it creates a crisis that infantilizes them—causes grown men to squabble like kids about trivial things. I remember a few years ago when my older brother was in one of these crises. He was then assistant headmaster of a boys' private school in N——. The head of the school, who was one of those legendary great schoolmasters, was up for retirement, and my brother was in an agony of indecision about whether or not to put himself up for the position in competition with people from the outside. Freud wrote about this very trenchantly in 'Moses and Monotheism.' Things happen in life, he said, which correspond so closely to infantile fantasies or infantile experiences that they cause the infantile fantasies or experiences to dominate adult life. We're constantly reacting to the evocative power of reality. In my brother's case, there was, in addition, a horrible sharing of unconscious fantasy. The older man saw the succession as the younger generation coming to cut off his member, and the younger man, who wanted the position, saw it in terms of cutting off the older man's member—thus his indecision. So they were very much in sync with each other in this Oedipal drama. Which exists only on a fantasy level. Because the fact is, it's a job. *It's just a job!* So is being a training analyst at the New York Psychoanalytic. That's the funny thing about it all. Why can't adults deal with these things in terms of objective realities?"

"But if the job were seen for what it is—for the poor thing it is—who would want to do it?"

"That's just it. What are the sources of motivation and pleasure? The sources of motivation and pleasure are *infantile wishes*."

—JANET MALCOLM

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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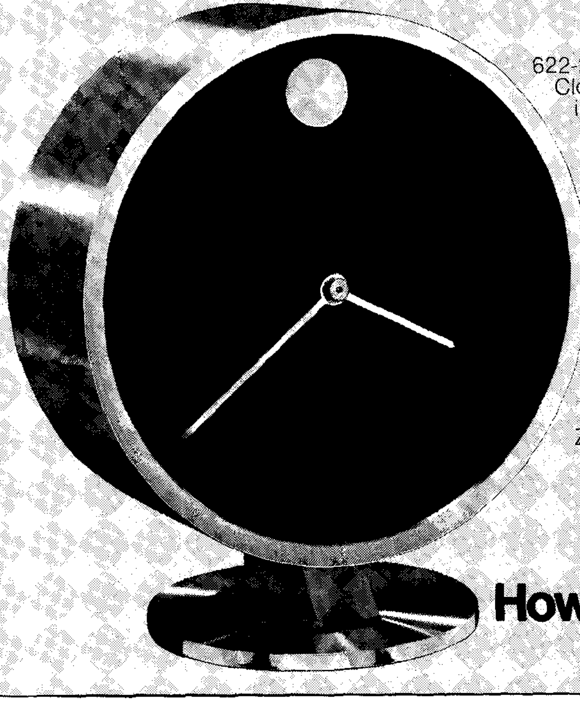

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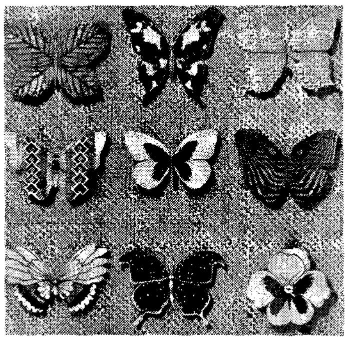

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THE THEATRE

Wrong Way, Right Way

JEAN KERR's new comedy, "Lunch Hour" (at the Ethel Barrymore), takes place in the living room of a chic, agreeably sunstruck house overlooking the sea at—so we are told—Southampton. As designed with his usual grace and cunning by Oliver Smith, the structure appears to possess at least three levels and can therefore be described, in conventional newspaper real-estate jargon, as a "splanch house," which translates into English as "split-level ranch house." For well over forty years, I have been a student of the domestic architecture of the South Shore of Long Island, and it is my opinion that in real life such houses are much more likely to be found perched among the potato fields of Sagaponack than in the ancient green pleasance of Southampton, a community far too rich and stodgy to give tuppence for the bourgeois satisfaction of being splanched. I call attention to this seemingly unimportant failure to hit an architectural and geographical target because it strikes me as being symptomatic of "Lunch Hour" as a whole; again and again the playwright has slightly but crucially misjudged the time and the place and the people that her comedy purports to be concerned with. The slighter the content of a comedy—and the content of "Lunch Hour" is very slight indeed—the stronger and more accurate its particularities must be.

The bowels of the splanch house, surely well down in the sand, are occupied by its owner, a twitching, high-strung actor named Leo Simpson (Max Wright); the upper floors are rented out to a psychiatrist, Oliver DeVreck (Sam Waterston), and his wife, Nora (Susan Kellermann). To the house come Carrie Sachs (Gilda Radner) and her husband, Peter (David Rasche), a local millionaire. The two couples have reason to be troubled, for Peter and Nora are having an affair and Carrie has just brought word of it to Oliver, whose specialty is marriage counselling, and who has been too busy correcting the galleys of a book on that subject to note the frequency of his wife's absences, much less to suspect their cause. It is characteristic of the author's rather easygoing view of dramatic irony that she has chosen a successful marriage counsellor to be the one so readily cuckolded; it is also characteristic of her that she should have given Leo an occupation not very distant from her own. Isn't it the case that an actor playing an actor is, in terms of invention, almost as tiresome as a writer writing about a writer writing? Instead, could she not have made him the twitching, high-strung chief executive officer of some vast petrochemical organization?

Adultery is evidently a topic no more sympathetic to Mrs. Kerr than it would be to the Bobbsey Twins, and she approaches it in a fashion so gingerly that we find it hard to believe that Nora and Peter have ever been to bed together; our incredulity is heightened when, in order to teach their errant spouses a lesson, Oliver and Carrie undertake a mock affair, in the course of which they explore the outer precincts of sex and learn something of value about themselves. Those moments of learning have a certain touchingness, but the fact of the matter is that of the five characters in the play only Carrie is essentially appealing; the rest prove, under scrutiny, a cold and charmless lot. And even Carrie would present us with difficulties if the role were to be played as it is written, which is to say drenched in an intolerable sweetness. At this stage of her brilliant career, Miss Radner remains an entertainer rather than an actress, and her version of a good-hearted waif (I came close to writing "oaf") is frequently at odds with Mrs. Kerr's text. She gives us a humorous impersonation on the order of those that she devised for the TV show "Saturday Night Live," but her relationship to the rest of the cast is shaky. (Since Miss Radner is proficient at accents, I am at a loss to understand why she employs a coarse lower-middle-class one as Carrie; judged merely in terms of verisimilitude, it isn't how the wife of a Southampton millionaire would speak—at any rate, not for long. Peter, being "old" money, would have taken care to provide her with voice lessons on their honeymoon, if not before.)

The costumes in "Lunch Hour" are by Ann Roth; the lighting—which includes a marine sunset worthy of the Hamptons at their best—is by Jennifer Tipton; and the direction is by Mike Nichols, who, like the Devil, always finds work for idle hands to do.

IT is Mrs. Kerr's bad luck that her play came to town only a day or so before Philip Barry's "The Philadelphia Story," a new production of which served to reopen the Vivian Beaumont after several seasons in which the house was dark. Written forty years apart, the plays have something in common, including a major theme—the need to cultivate what Barry calls an understanding heart—and a midnight swimming scene that provides each of them with its climax. Though of different generations, the authors also have something in common: they are of Irish-Catholic descent, and when they write of the dominant Protestant culture it is as outsiders looking in, not without envy. It would be harsh and unfruitful to continue the comparison. "Lunch Hour" is a trifle, in plot and in content; "The Philadelphia Story" is a work of art by a playwright at the very top of his bent. It is substantial in content, robust and yet delicate in execution, and, above all, intensely romantic. Barry could make fun of his created family, the Philadelphia Lords, but, oh, how he admired them! Few comedies are as deeply felt as "The Philadelphia Story," and one isn't surprised to encounter traces of biography and autobiography inside the high artifice of its storytelling. Tracy Lord went to Bryn Mawr and soon afterward married C. K. Dexter Haven, a suitable Main Liner. Barry wrote "The Philadelphia Story" for Katharine Hepburn, who also went to Bryn Mawr and soon afterward married a suitable Main Liner. Barry himself is to be glimpsed again and again in the character of the Irish-American writer Macaulay Conner, who, unlike most writers, contrives to be even funnier when he is tipsy than when he is sober. Among Barry's good friends were Robert Benchley, Donald Ogden Stewart, Cole Porter, Gerald Murphy, Scott Fitzgerald, Archibald MacLeish, Marc Connelly, John O'Hara, and Charles Addams; it isn't difficult for me to believe that from time to time in such company there might arise occasions for laughter.

"The Philadelphia Story" has survived the treacherous passage of time superlatively well, and the good news is that it has been given an able production at the Vivian Beaumont. The enormous backstage area of the theatre was designed to hold the sets for half a dozen plays, in a repertory program that never came into existence; John Conklin has taken amusing advantage of this space, designing for us a Main Line mansion not much smaller than the Stotesburys' Whitemarsh Hall. The cast of fifteen is appropriate to the size of the mansion; at a time when, for reasons not of artistry but of economy, plays tend to reduce themselves to a parsimonious binary Beckettry, we relish the sight of a host of actors loping as if ad lib about the stage. The director, Ellis Rabb, has kept his energetic charges from colliding and on occasion has brought them to a tender standstill, for an exchange of words—coin of our ordinary speech—that prove unexpectedly moving. Blythe Danner has the formidable task of establishing a place for her Tracy Lord beside that of Hepburn's inexpungible original. For me, she has done so; if Danner's Tracy isn't at first as fiercely unconquerable—and at last as vulnerable—as Hepburn's, her interpretation is nevertheless a thoroughly satisfactory one: no man could fail to pursue such a woman and to believe the pursuit worth setting out on even in vain. Surrounding Miss Danner are, among others, Edward Herrmann, Richard Council, Frank Converse, George Ede, Michael Gross, Meg Mundy, Cynthia Nixon, Douglass Watson, and Mary Louise Wilson. The costumes are by Nancy Potts, the lighting is by John Gleason, and the incidental music is by Claibe Richardson. I congratulate Richmond Crinkley, of the Lincoln Center Theatre Company, for having brought the Beaumont back into the world under such happy auspices. What an admirable beginning he has made to what I hope will be many years of adventure and prosperity!

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

On One Wing

EVEN Rosemary Harris's Mme. Arkadina cannot save "The Seagull" as directed by Andrei Serban. The production, which opened last week at the Public, is slack and dispersed, and, for all the sporadic good work of some of the actors, there is no company—an absolute essential in any Chekhov performance. On the other hand, there is Miss Harris, uncompromising in her characterization of this successful, utterly selfish, and somehow beguiling actress, quick and facile in her emotion and its expression, who is not so much cold-hearted as absent-hearted, except in matters that concern her own comfort and well-being. Miss Harris makes even Arkadina's stinginess to her son, Konstantin, understandable: actors must save their money for the lean seasons, and he is twenty-five, no longer a boy. Her unkindness to him and to Nina at the play-within-the-play is another matter. She is *the* absolutely incorrigible member of any audience, using every trick of inattention and diverting all notice from the stage-upon-the-stage, and she is extremely funny in the doing. Nina, by the way, is made to seem deliberately clownish in her readings and gestures, and Konstantin's lines are made to sound absurd and high-flown. (Mr. Serban's broad comedy comes and goes.) There is one good moment, when F. Murray Abraham, as the doctor, is caught by what he hears in the play and realizes that the young dramatist has talent. Mr. Abraham's absolute stillness is very effective; his acting, when it comes to that, is very fine, too—as always. In this production, the disaffected, sympathetic doctor, whose diagnosis of "nervousness" for everyone falling apart around him is probably valid, appears to be doubling as a catalyst, trying to hold the play together and the characters in some sort of relationship to one another. I also enjoyed Pamela Payton-Wright's dumpy Masha, giving voice to her contempt for herself and knocking back the vodka. Christopher Walken's detached, almost disembodied performance as the successful writer Trigorin, Mme. Arkadina's lover, made no impression on me whatever, I'm sorry to report. (Query: Is it not possible that one key point—or an important point, at least—about Trigorin and Arkadina is that they are professionals, whether of the top rank or not? If so, they are of necessity self-absorbed and thus are fish out of water in the company of "civilians"—and very demanding civilians at that. Nina may be Konstantin's great love, but to Trigorin she is just a pretty girl who flings herself at him, so why not seduce her and why not leave her?)

George Hall, as the aging brother of Mme. Arkadina; Michael Egan, as the manager of her estate; and Richard Russell Ramos, as the poor schoolteacher who becomes Masha's put-upon husband, do well enough, I suppose, under the circumstances. But the circumstances are hopeless—hopeless, that is, except for Rosemary Harris. She never allows any chance for humor to get by her, and her ability to give emotional depth to an essentially shallow character is a wonder. The scene in which she begs Trigorin to stay with her after she has caught him with Nina shows all her inner panic and insecurity, and is truly moving. Miss Harris is a great actress, and her appearances in New York are much too rare. When she played Nina in a wonderful production of "The Seagull" by the A.P.A., in 1962, she and Clayton Corzatte were so strong that it became a play about Nina and Konstantin. Now it is simply a play about Mme. Arkadina.

"VIKINGS," by Steve Metcalfe, at the Manhattan Theatre Club through November 30th, is a modest, agreeable play that meets most dramaturgical requirements, except that it doesn't spring to life, in spite of decent acting by all concerned, under Lynne Meadow's direction. It is about a middle-aged widower of Danish descent who is a builder; his grown son and partner; and his old, dying father. The plot concerns the efforts of the builder to persuade his son to quit the trade and go to college, and the efforts of the son and his grandfather to arrange a love affair, and perhaps a marriage, for the grief-stricken widower with a personable visiting nurse. Eventual success on both counts. The action is a matter of small scenes and of speeches made directly to the audience, and there is considerable ingenuity at work in both the writing and the staging, but the dramatist has not yet learned to conceal his hand. Tom Atkins is the widower, Boyd Gaines is the son, William Swetland is the old man, and Sheila Allen is the nurse. Appropriate setting, costumes, and lighting by Tony Straiges, Linda Fisher, and F. Mitchell Dana, respectively.

—Edith Oliver

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THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Lakeville* (*Conn.*) *Journal*]

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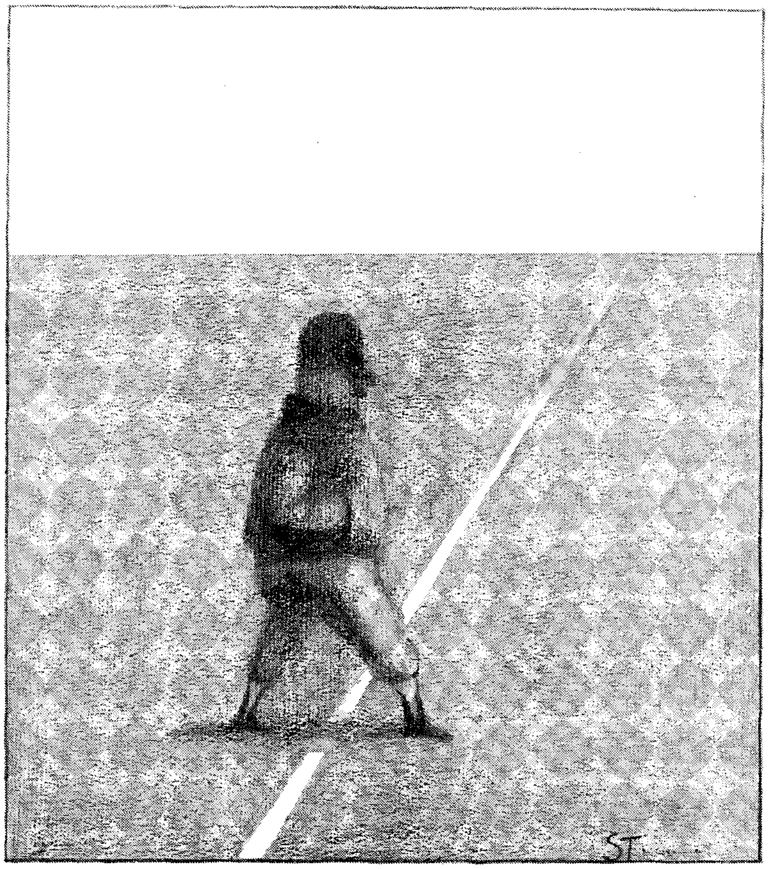
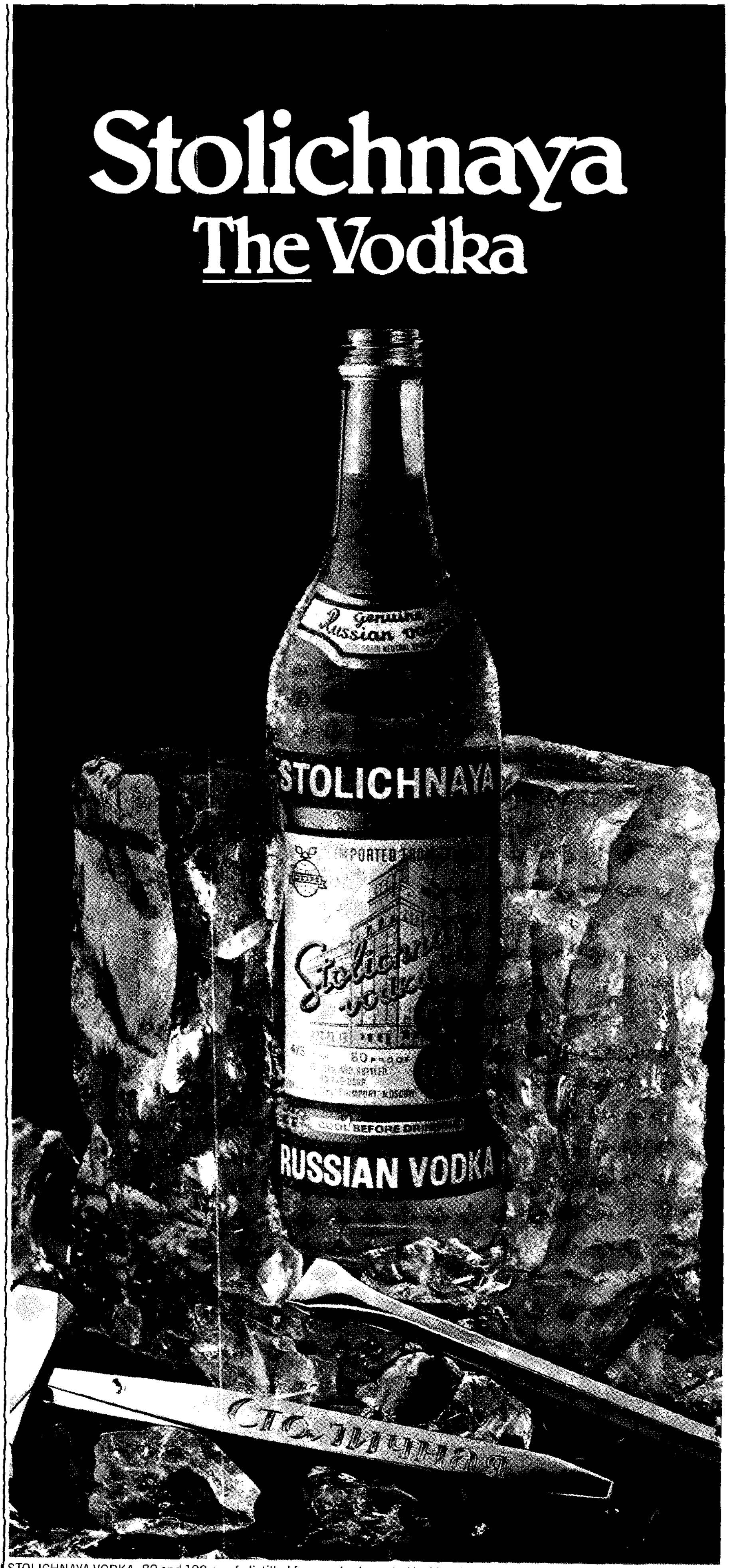


BEGIN with the ending. Last month's turbulent, continuously absorbing World Series, in which the Phillies overcame the Royals in six games—six *hard* games—still fills the mind with its noises and movements and pleasures, and the rest of this long baseball year should perhaps be put aside for the moment while we give ourselves at once to that finale. Or, in the indelible words of a Peter De Vries hero, foreplay later. Phillies fans, who had slogged through eighty consecutive years of summer warfare without an ultimate victory—fifty-one losing seasons, three humiliating successive defeats in the league-championship eliminations of 1976, 1977, and 1978, and bad beatings in each of their two previous, generations-apart World Series appearances, in 1915 and 1950—will have an understandable impatience with any news but their own just now, and why should we not indulge such hard-won solipsism? The Phillies have won more games in the past five years than any other club in their league, but the combination of their habitual post-season ineptitude and the high salaries and lofty self-regard of many of their star players and talented veterans has sometimes made their clubhouse resemble a private sanatorium for privileged depressives—a place of moneyed calm and secret self-doubt. Over the years, the glumness and abysmal unfellowship of the clinic have been sustained by the patients' openly expressed skepticism about their senior therapists, past and present, and their suspicious stares and silences when visitors are on the floor—which is to say that this Phillies squad has always distrusted its manager and hated the press. The new manager this year, Dallas Green, may have dissipated some of the festering malaise early in August, when he blew up between the games of a doubleheader and blistered the Phillies for their detachment and languid play, and the team's brand-new championship may finish the cure. The Phillies' clubhouse, by the way, has often reminded me of the Red Sox' unhappy living room up at Fenway Park, which exudes a similar aura of misanthropy; veteran reporters on both beats have sometimes wondered whether such bad clubhouse vibes were the result of so many annual disappointments or part of their cause.

Phillies fans are typified for me by a friend of mine, a Philadelphia-born editor now in his fifties—a lifelong Phillies invalid, whose sombre, withdrawn visage bears the unmistakable psychic scars of 1964, when his team threw away a sure pennant by dropping ten straight games in late September, and the fainter, pathetic signs of a wasting illness in his boyhood, when his team easily lost more than a hundred games a year for five successive seasons. This man was on his feet at Veterans Stadium, along with a friend and 65,836 other disbelieving partisans, as the sixth game ran down to its last out, and was startled to discover that he felt exactly like the victorious but expiring Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar. Tug McGraw wound and threw, Willie Wilson swung and missed, and as the last great roar of pleasure split the night sky and the green AstroTurf below was suddenly emptied of baseball and filled, weirdly, with police horses and police attack dogs, my friend, tottering, leaned toward his companion and croaked, "Kiss me, Hardy." I cannot claim such an ancient, passionate, and triumphantly rewarded affiliation (nor will I ever, unless some other famous battle—a Lepanto or a Jutland—should be fought and won some autumn in the Strait of Fenway), but, like a great many other fans, far and near, I was so stirred and pleased by this World Series that a hundred visions and flashes of the games are still in my memory and crowd forward at times, almost unbidden:

Pete Rose, coming up to bat again, pauses for a moment to assess the situation and its possibilities, cocking his head in a succession of alert, robinlike stares and twitches, as he looks out at the pitcher, then at his third-base coach, then at the infielders, then at a teammate leading off first. He steps up and goes into his crouch, peering over the barrel of his bat, while the encircling tiers of Phillies fans pelt him with their cheers: "LetsgoPete! LetsgoPete! LETSGOPETE!" A moment later, he is bucketing down the line, his thick legs churning, and he slaps one hand onto the top of his red batting helmet, holding down his hat like some comedian rounding a street corner in a silent-movie chase, as he leans in and turns the bag. . . . Tug McGraw, again bugled forth to put down some vile disorder, standing at attention on the mound, facing first base and squaring his shoulders like a cadet, and then snapping his head to the "dress right" position to pick up the sign from his catcher; his left arm is at a perfect perpendicular, with the gripped ball in line with the red pants stripe of his uniform—the Steadfast Tin Soldier. ("TUG SAVES" proclaims a fan's banner behind third base in the top deck of the Vet.) . . . Willie Aikens, the young K.C. slugger, collapsing his left leg and dropping his left shoulder down a foot or more as he comes around on a pitch with his big, uppercutting lefty swing—a terrible stroke, really—but making violent contact once again, nailing the ball so hard that it jumps out of view for an instant before your eyes can find its distant new path. . . . Steve Carlton, a tall tower, impassive save for some twitchings around the nose and eyes of his small face, leaning back a bit, tilting his head a fraction, cranking and striding—a seven-league step toward the batter—and delivering a burrowing slider to the lower outermost rim of the strike zone. . . . Manny Trillo, in short right, receiving and continuing a peg from the outfield to the plate, wheeling in mid-relay with the motion of the arriving ball and then plucking it out of his glove so quickly that you wonder if it touched there at all. . . . The home fans at Royals Stadium, standing up between innings in the lovely autumn-angled sunlight and clapping their hands and waving their blue-and-white paper pom-poms in time to some thumping, cornball polka from the park organ, in an orgy of wholesomeness and self-congratulation and good cheer. . . . Amos Otis hovering with his back foot just inside the batter's box and his front foot just outside it while he fiddles with his bat, fiddles with his shirt, fiddles with his helmet, fiddles with his batting glove; what he is really fiddling with is the pitcher, of course, who is going bananas out there waiting for him to move up that other foot and get *on* with it, man. The Kansas City locals, eating this up, start their old, quick chant: "A.O.! A.O.! A.-OH!" There has never been a noisier World Series. . . . And, best of all, George Brett batting—a brilliant repeated exhibit of precision and style and success. At the outset, he is far back in the box, with his weight way back as well, so that the spikes of the front (right) foot barely touch the dirt, but he is still in balance, still comfortable up there. The stride begins with the oncoming pitch and moves him swiftly forward and much closer to the plate. His weight is now entirely on the solidly planted front leg, with the foot almost toed inward, and his hands, well extended,



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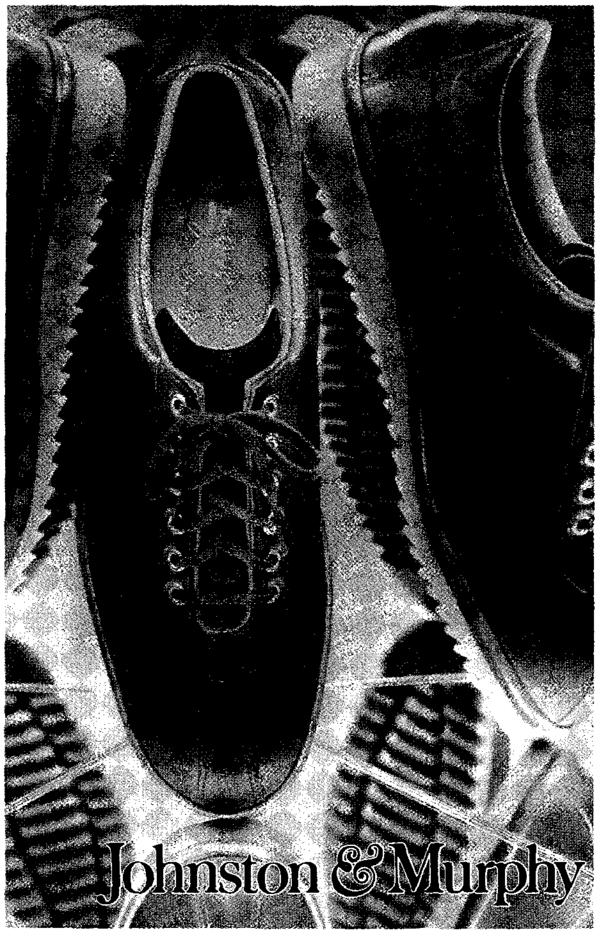
lead the bat through its level swing as the hips open smoothly. Now, in mid-swing, his torso is facing center field while his shoulders are still back, parallel to the lines of the batter's box, almost until the moment of contact, which is made with a final, body-opening thrust that brings the back foot completely off the ground as the ball is struck. The follow-through of the bat is extended, pulling Brett's left, top hand off the bat and imparting a casual, almost lackadaisical look to the swing, as if this batter were some father rapping out weekend grounders to his son in the park. The whole swing is so fluid, so easy and elegant, that you must watch Brett bat a few dozen times before you begin to pick up the instant of power and violence in its midst, when the full force of Brett's legs, trunk, shoulders, arms, and fists is wheeling through the fulcrum, and his head, pulled sharply downward, focusses on bat and ball with such concentration that he does not lift his gaze until the bat is behind him and the classic swing completed. Most of the time, I am convinced, George Brett is the last man in the ballpark to see where he has just hit the ball to, and how hard.

The first World Series game is often a sombre, low-scoring sermon on pitching and defense. Not this one, in which the visiting Royals, it will be recalled, quickly ran up a four-run lead at Veterans Stadium and then as quickly fell behind, all in the space of three innings. The Phillies' five-run response was initiated by a modest lead-off single and a wholly unexpected steal of second by shortstop Larry Bowa, and included a pitch taken on the calf by Pete Rose and then a three-run homer by right fielder Bake McBride. Willie Aikens whacked two homers for Kansas City, the second of which, in the eighth, brought on Tug McGraw, to nail down the 7–6 win. It was the Phillies' fourth straight come-from-behind victory in post-season play this year, and McGraw appeared in all of them. The long, painful marriage between Phillies fans and Phillies players has been a neurotic tangle, which often shows itself in a months-long opprobrious chill and reflexive booing directed at some highly paid resident star or estimable long-term journeyman (Bob Boone and Mike Schmidt were in the doghouse most of last year, and Larry Bowa moved in late this summer), but the line between Tug McGraw and the upper-deck regulars at the Vet is



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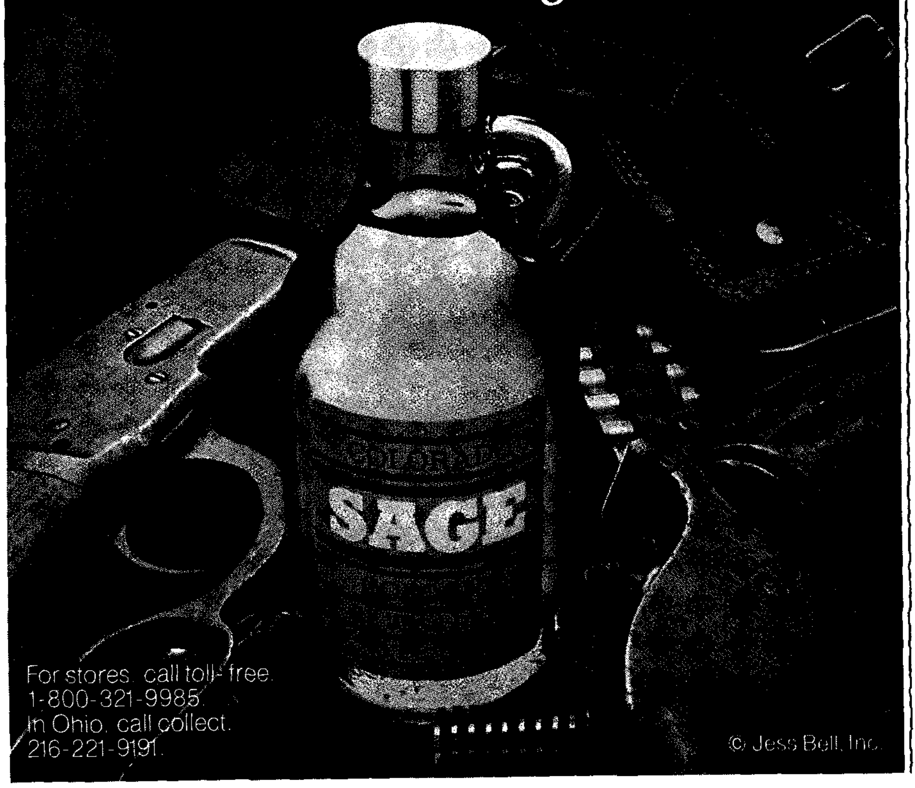

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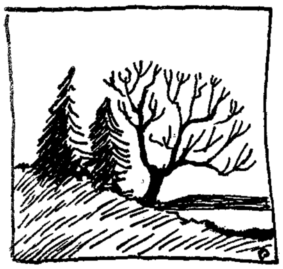
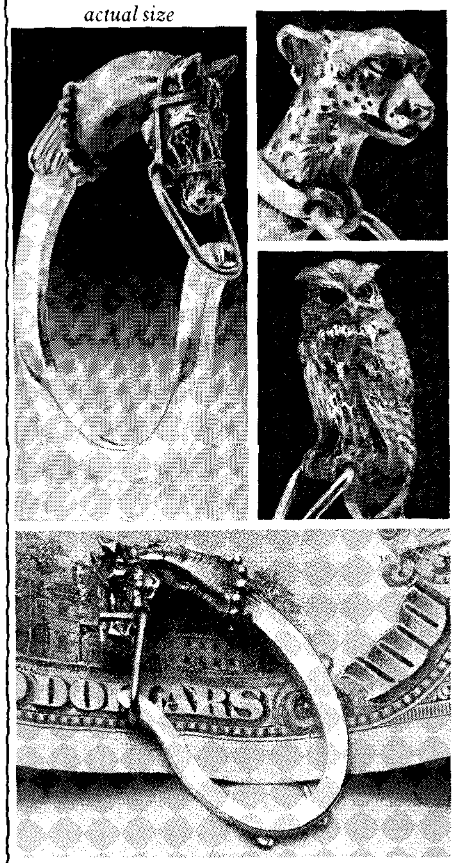
healthy and direct, perhaps because his joy in the game is so evident: the upraised fist after an inning-ending strikeout, the broad-jump off the mound when the last screwball of the day has been fired and the game is put away. “I love the crowd,” he said at one point last month. “Whenever I need something extra, I look up, and there it is. I keep saying to them, ‘Give it to me, give it to me.’ ” It was the same at Shea Stadium in 1973, when Tug was a Met and his “You Gotta Believe!” (along with his twenty-five saves) helped take that modestly ferocious club all the way to the seventh game of the World Series. Tug, who is thirty-six now, seemed to be throwing with exceptional heart and heat this fall (his regular-season earned-run average of 1.47 was the best of his career), and his appreciation of the dour, self-doubting Phillie-bitten citizenry goes a good deal beyond mere public relations. “I think it takes kind of a second effort to get to know the fans and identify with them, but that’s easy for me, because I’m such a fan myself,” he told me. “I don’t understand the game of baseball as well as a Pete Rose or a Larry Bowa does. The positioning of the players, the strategy, when to put on the hit-and-run—those things have always sort of baffled me, which is why I’ve never thought about staying in the game once I retire as a player. It’s the entertainment and the emotional aspect of baseball that I understand—the whole fun of it.”



Phillies fans, who had waited ever since October 8, 1915, for their second victory in a World Series, got their third one in just twenty-four hours, when their club, rallying still again, scored four times in the eighth inning of Game Two and won by 6–4. The Phillies looked resolute and, above all, patient—which is the mark of a tested, senior club—and their ace left-hander, Steve Carlton, gave us a textbook lesson in how to win on an off night. He struggled from the outset, running up high counts on most batters and walking several of them, and sometimes bouncing his best pitch, the slider, in the dirt—the fifty-nine-foot delivery that catchers so detest—but he hung in there, making minute adjustments to his delivery and just skinning out of trouble until the seventh, when three walks led to three runs and put the Royals ahead by 4–2. Carlton’s prime weapon on this night was his pickoff motion to first base and its baffling, near-balk variation when he goes to the plate—a tantalizing tilt and sway that he probably learned from Jerry Koosman. Running is a big part of the Royals’ attack—they led their league with a hundred and eighty-six stolen bases this year—but their rabbits were so bemused by Carlton’s snaky moves that on several occasions Kansas City base runners could be seen ducking back toward first base at the instant that a Carlton pitch was crossing the plate. This time, the Phillies’ uprising came against Dan Quisenberry, the Royals’ side-wheeling relief specialist, who gave up a ringing pinch-hit double to left by Del Unser and, a moment later, a louder, longer double—the gamer, it turned out—by Mike Schmidt, the Phillies’ muscular slugging champion (forty-eight homers this year, forty-five homers last year). Most of this got into the newspapers the next day, amid some amazingly extended medical bulletins, for this was the game when George Brett, sorely afflicted, had to leave the lineup in the sixth inning, and several hundred sportswriters learned, once and for all, how to spell “hemorrhoid.”

In Game Three, played on Tartan Turf at Royals Stadium (this was the first All-Carpet Championship of the World), the Phillies rallied not once but thrice, scoring solo runs in the second, fifth, and eighth innings, each time countervailing a K.C. tally and sustaining a tie, which brought the teams into the tenth inning all even at 3–3. Brett, just out of the hospital, had started things off with a sharply pulled homer in the very first inning—an unarguable announcement—and one immediately sensed that the first Series game ever to be played in this enclosure would come out all right for the home folks. Luck had a hand in it, to be sure, for the visitors stranded fifteen base runners (a record), and in the top of the tenth Schmidt’s low line-drive smash flew into the glove of the Royals’ second baseman, Frank White, who turned it into a double play. In the bottom half—to a vast, imploring din—the Royals’ remarkable switch-hitter and base runner Willie Wilson (he had two hundred and thirty hits this year and seventy-nine stolen bases) got to first on a walk,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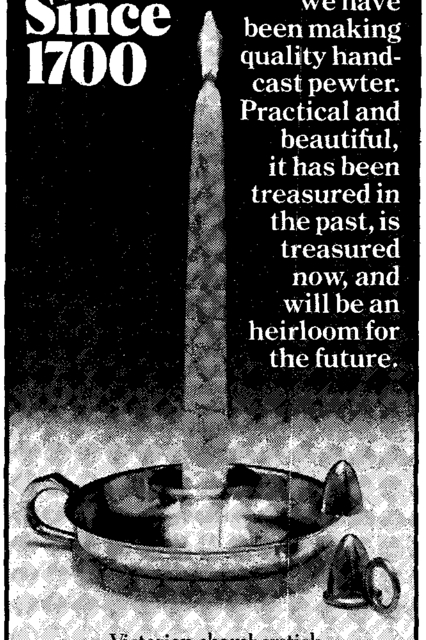
stole second (beating a pitchout), and flew home when Willie Aikens hit a good, low outside Tug McGraw fastball to left center, where the ball seemed to lift and bend and sail, all on its own, so as to elude the pursuing Garry Maddox, and at last bounced free for an end to the wonderful game.

Suspense was given the day off in Game Four, in which the Royals, effulgent in the Saturday sunshine, batted around, and also batted for the cycle, in the very first inning: two singles, two doubles, a screeching triple by Brett, and a homer by Aikens, all good for a paltry (under the circs) four runs. They added another run in the next inning, on another Aikens downtowner (a standing ovation summoned him to the dugout steps each time, where he waggled his upraised cap delightedly), and the margin held up for a 5–3 win that tied the Series. The important event of the day may have been the fourth-inning fastball thrown by a muscular right-handed Phillies reliever named Dickie Noles, which very nearly struck George Brett in the face. Brett flung himself backward at the last instant and then stared out at Noles in disbelief while lying in the dirt in the batter's box. His manager, Jim Frey, put up a fearful ruckus, sprinting onto the field to roar in protest to the umpires and then almost charging Noles on the mound. There was no acting here. The pitch was a knockdown, plain and simple. The score and the count and the batter all made that clear (Brett was batting .500 for the Series at that juncture, and Willie Aikens, who was waiting in the on-deck circle at the time, said later that *he* had been expecting a knockdown, in retaliation for his two homers), but conclusions about the scary business are harder to agree upon. After the game, Frey said that while brushback deliveries were part of the game, blatant intimidation—and possible serious injury to a player—was not. Brett himself, who sees a good deal of such incoming fire in the course of a season, thanks to his batting average and his forward surge toward the plate when he swings, was unruffled, and the testimony of other bystanders and expert witnesses seemed to depend on their own professional prejudices: batters, past or present, expressed a preference for having such a message arrive in the vicinity of the knees instead of the chin, while mound people (including Tom Seaver, who was part of the NBC television team covering the Series) admired it



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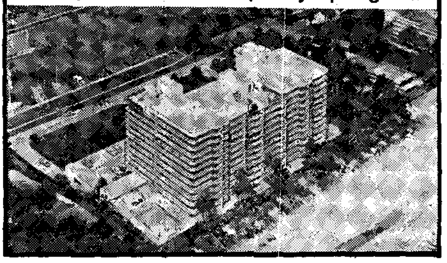

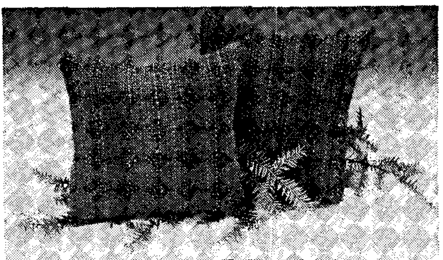

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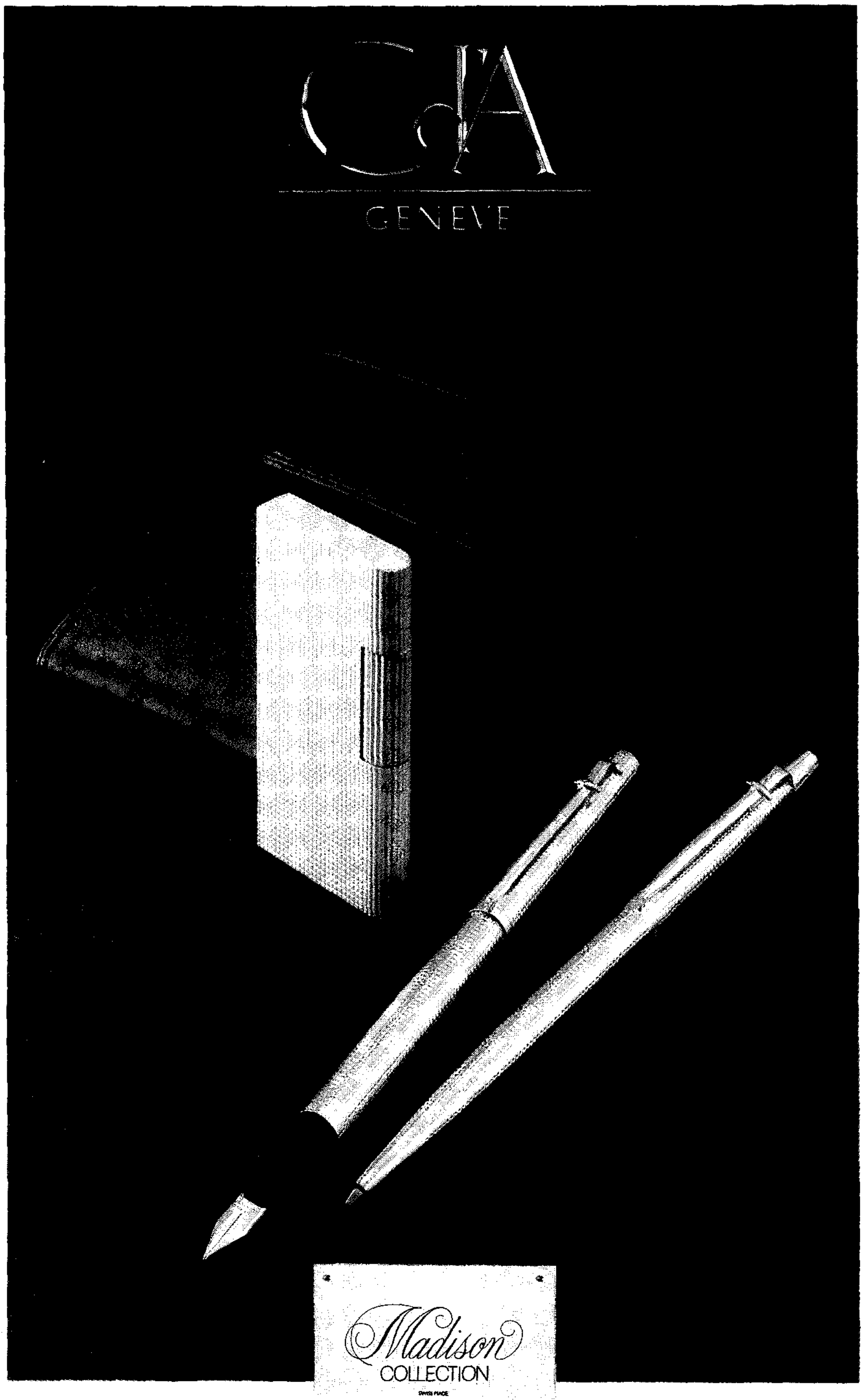
as "a pitcher's pitch." It should be pointed out that the Royals scored no runs in the game after Noles' pitch, and that they won no games after that one, and that Brett hit only three insignificant singles for the rest of the Series. I don't think that he or his teammates were intimidated by the knockdown, but I believe its meaning was sensed and absorbed, perhaps unconsciously, by both teams. Baseball is a war sometimes.

I DON'T much admire the much admired Royals Stadium, a contemporary sports palace so denuded of leaf and lawn that the gentle sobriquets "field" and "park" are no longer heard there; it is a "facility," and when it is taken with its adjoining football facility, Arrowhead Stadium, and their shared parking prairies it becomes the Harry S. Truman Sports Complex—a peculiar posthumous honor for a President whose sole athletic interest, to the best of my recollection, consisted of those brisk morning walks and an occasional dip in the White House pool, during which latter diversion he always wore his glasses. The stadium, which is kept so clean that one almost looks for the "Sanitized" paper wrapper across one's grandstand seat upon arrival, is famous for its illuminated fountains, which plash and pulse between innings in a lakelet beyond the right-center-field fence, but these are far less noticeable than a towering and epochally ugly gold-crowned scoreboard in dead center, which rises to a height of twelve stories, dwarfing the playing surface and its occupants, and is given over to blinding commercials between innings. Like any Holiday Inn, the stadium appears forever new (it was opened in 1973), and thus without history—the wrong overtones for a sport so devoutly attached to its ancestors and its family records. Kansas City is in fact an old and honorable baseball town, with tribal memories and histories that run deep in the local fan consciousness. The present club arrived as a newborn expansion team in 1969, when the franchise was purchased by Ewing M. Kauffman, a local pharmaceuticals executive, who is still the Royals' president and All-father; during the seventh-inning stretch at most home games, Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman—or Ewing and Muriel, as everyone thinks of them—come forward in their upper-level enclosed box behind home and wave cheerfully to the multitudes below,



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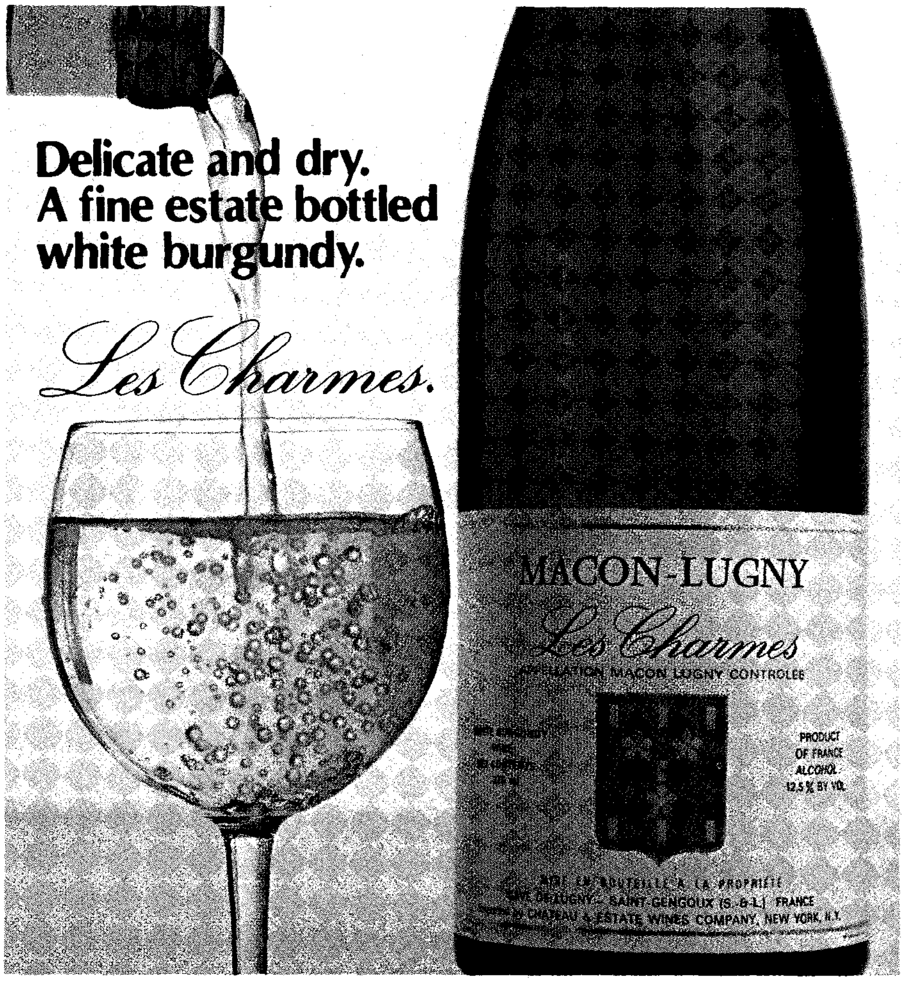

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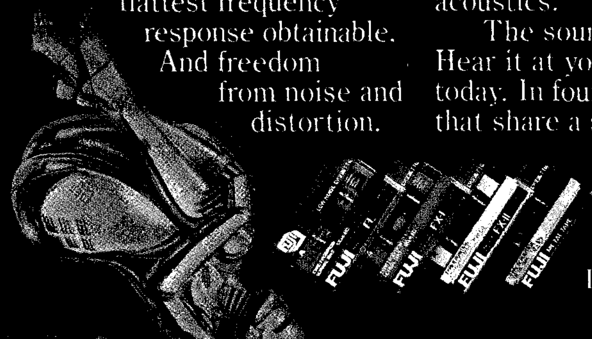

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who wave back. Kansas City baseball has prospered under the Kauffmans. The Royals have won their divisional pennant in four of the past five years, but they fell before the Yankees in their first three league-championship series (1976, 1977, and 1978) in painful and heartbreaking fashion, twice losing hard-fought playoffs in the ninth inning of the fifth and final game. This year's club, under the management of Jim Frey, who succeeded the long-term incumbent, Whitey Herzog, last fall, dominated its division all year, leading the pack by twenty games at the end of August, and its restorative, almost effortless three-game sweep of the Yankees in the playoffs this fall probably meant more to the players and the fans than any old World Championship. The club, incidentally, drew 2,288,714 fans this year, which was the best attendance-to-local-population ratio achieved by any club in the league. It was not always thus. The previous K.C. team, Charlie Finley's Athletics, arrived from Philadelphia as a shifted franchise in 1955 and never once came close to a respectable season in its thirteen-year incumbency. The renamed A's became a fond, wry local joke (they finished forty-seven and a half games out in 1961, for instance), but there were grim feelings in town when Mr. Finley abruptly folded his tent and took the club to Oakland after the 1967 season—a bitterness that hardened when that team (whose roster included youngsters named Reggie Jackson and Catfish Hunter) grew up into the fearsome three-time World Champion Oakland A's in the early nineteen-seventies.

Much of this midlands cultural history was given to me during a memorable supper of ribs and baseball (and frosty pitchers of draft beer) in the side room of Arthur Bryant's Restaurant, a Tour d'Argent of barbecue, just after Game Four. My friendly companions were Jim and Dana, both faculty members of the University of Kansas; a free-lance writer named Bill; and Jim's seventeen-year-old son, Mike. All these humanists had watched and thought about Kansas City ball throughout their lives, and as they talked and laughed and argued their voices seemed to flow and part and intermingle into a single river, a murmurous Missouri of baseball memories.

—No, no, the resignation about baseball here started long before those Yankee games. For me, it always began with the fact that St. Louis had the Cardinals and at this end of the state we just had the Blues. Until the A's came, we were always minor-league.

—I think we were more minor-league *after* the A's came. I mean, the Blues were better, weren't they?

—But you have to admit this doomed feeling had a lot to do with losing those playoffs to the Yankees, even though it started before that. It always showed itself in the way the fans began to get down on some player. They'd blame him for everything. There was that anti-Freddie Patek faction here for years. There was an anti-Amos Otis faction . . .

—Still is!

—Still is. If you go back a little, there was an anti-John Mayberry faction. And then Clint Hurdle came along to take Mayberry's place, and in his first game as a starter he hit that shot that landed in the fountains and bounced right out of the stadium . . .

—I saw that! I was there that day!

—Of course you were there—we were there together. But then it turned out that Hurdle was still a year away—a year away at least—and so then, of course, you had an anti-Hurdle faction.

—And before that—way back—there was even an anti-Lou Piniella faction, when he was here.

—The *reason* for it—the reason for all the factions, for everybody getting down on so many players—was that the fans just had to protect themselves against losing. Everybody had to learn not to have such high hopes, see, because that way you don't get your heart broken.

—You don't get your heart broken *so much.*

—Right now, Hal McRae is sort of senior man on the club. He's the most respected by the fans and the most respected by the players. There isn't any anti-McRae faction.

—Well, I don't care. The one I like most is Amos Otis. I *love* Amos Otis.

—So do I.

—Me, too.

—All that great stepping out of the box. But it's on the field where he's so special. That elegance and, uh, *restraint* that make so many people think he really isn't trying out there. He'll get booed for not making some catch or play that he had no chance at all on, but then later in the game, like as not, he'll make a much more difficult catch—an impossible play, you know—and the fans will change their minds and cheer him, and then he'll tip his hat in that *ironic way.*

—Right! Right!

—Oh, I love Amos.

—I think there are three ghosts watching this Series—Mayberry, Whitey Herzog, and Steve Busby.

—And Cookie Rojas.

—Well, O.K., *four* ghosts. I mean, Busby back when he was going good—the best pitcher we ever saw here. Before he got the fashionable rotator-cuff injury. Busby the dominator, with those two no-hit games.

—Old Steve. The Buzz . . .

—Whitey? Well, he was pretty good at using all his players, but a lot of people faulted him for the way he handled pitchers. And I always thought he played the left-hand, right-hand game kind of mindlessly.

—Well, I'll always remember where I was when he brought in Doug Bird to pitch to Thurman Munson in the eighth inning in '78, when he had Hrabosky all warmed and ready.

—Everybody remembers where they were that afternoon.

—Where I was was in the car, because we were driving to Colorado on a trip. I had the radio on, of course, and when I got the news that it was going to be Bird we were on I-70, just this side of Wa Keeney, and I let out this *groan,* because of course I knew what was coming. [*What was coming was Thurman Munson's four-hundred-and-twenty-foot home run into the center-field monuments at Yankee Stadium, which helped win the 1978 American League championship for the Yankees.*]

—I think the feeling about players here was a lot better back when we had the Blues. They were always pretty well stocked, even though we kept losing all those guys when they'd get called up to the Yankees. The first game I ever saw here, Rizzuto was playing short for the Blues, and they had Jerry Priddy and I think Johnny Lindell.

—Do you remember Walt Lochman doing the Blues' road games over the radio—those re-creations, with the funny fake game sounds and the telegraph ticker going in the background? And do you remember going to see the Monarchs play at Municipal Stadium when the Blues were on the road—the Monarchs, of the old Negro League?

—Well, I hate to say it, but you're a little older than I am. The guys I

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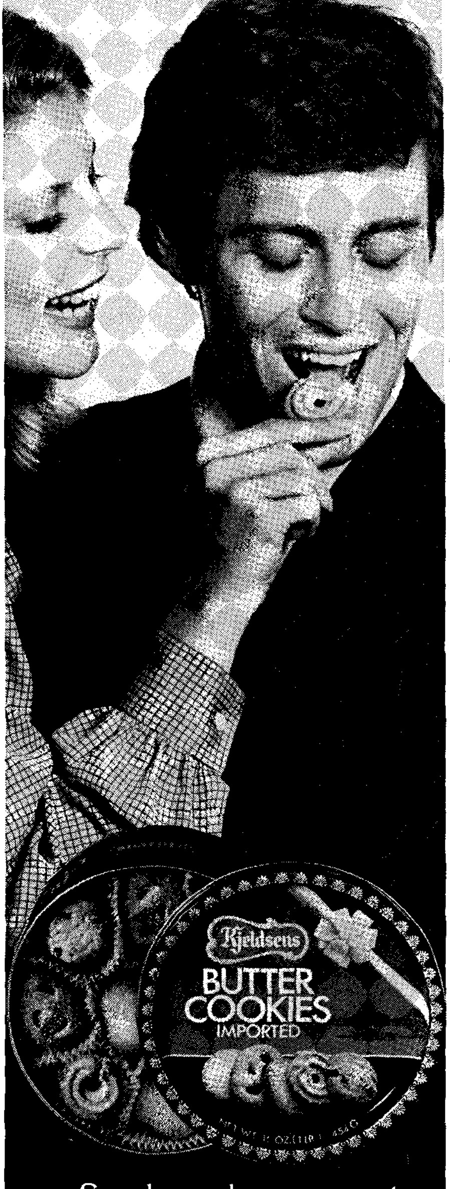

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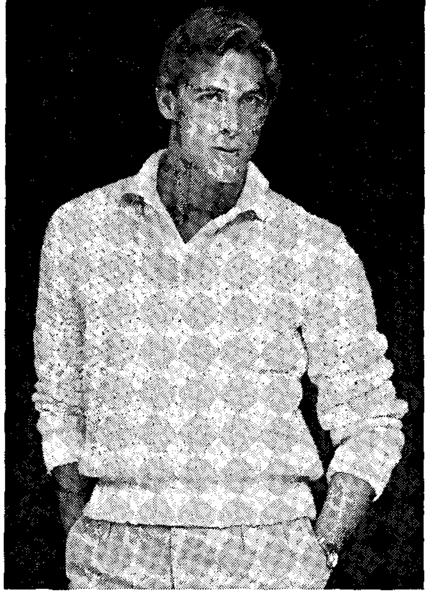

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remember best were the first Athletics team here, in '55—the first Kansas City A's. Gus Zernial. Elmer Valo. Jim Finigan—Jim played third base . . .

—No, no. Jim played second that year, didn't he? And we forgot Art Ditmar.

—And Arnold Portocarrero.

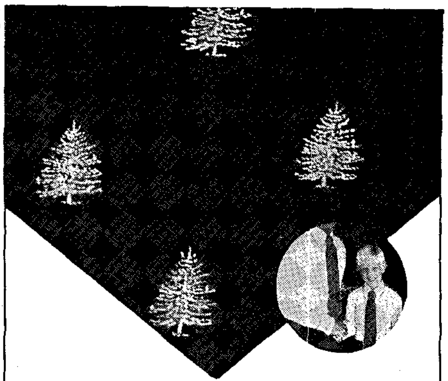
—[*In chorus*] Arnold Portocarrero! [*The three older men laugh uproariously.*]

—But listen, when you said Walt Lochman it made me think of Buddy Blattner. He taught a lot of people around here about baseball. I mean, he was always on the tube telling everybody about how you're supposed to hit to the right side of the infield in order to move up a base runner, and then . . .

—And then Cookie would come up to bat and *do* it!

—Old Cookie . . .

I THOUGHT about these friends again and again during the next afternoon (Jim and Mike were at the game, I knew, sitting out in short left field), when the Royals and the Phillies played the best game of this stirring Series, and the Phillies—coming from behind, of course—won in the ninth, 4–3, under excruciating circumstances, and took command of things for good. A different outcome had seemed very likely in the middle innings, after Amos Otis made a dazzling running catch of Larry Bowa's drive to deep left center, and the Royals began to rock the Phillies' young starter, Marty Bystrom, with solid base hits. A salvo of blows in the sixth, including a low, hurrying leadoff homer by A.O., only added up to a bare 3–2 lead for the home side, however, because the Phillies executed a picture-play relay—right fielder McBride to second baseman Trillo to catcher Boone—to nail the middle runner, Darrell Porter, at the plate and break the back of the rally. By the ninth, it was Quisenberry vs. McGraw again—or, rather, Quisenberry vs. Mike Schmidt, who led off with a single off Brett's glove, a bullet that George knocked down but could not quite retrieve. (Schmidt had homered in the fourth, for the Phillies' first two runs.) Del Unser, pinch-hitting again, doubled just inside first base—an inch or two beyond Aikens' backhand stab at the ball—and the game was tied. Trillo then won it with a sinking, deadly little liner that caromed off the tip of Quisenberry's gloved left hand and the tips of the fingers of his bare right hand and rolled behind him, just



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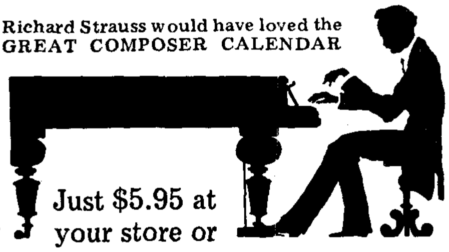

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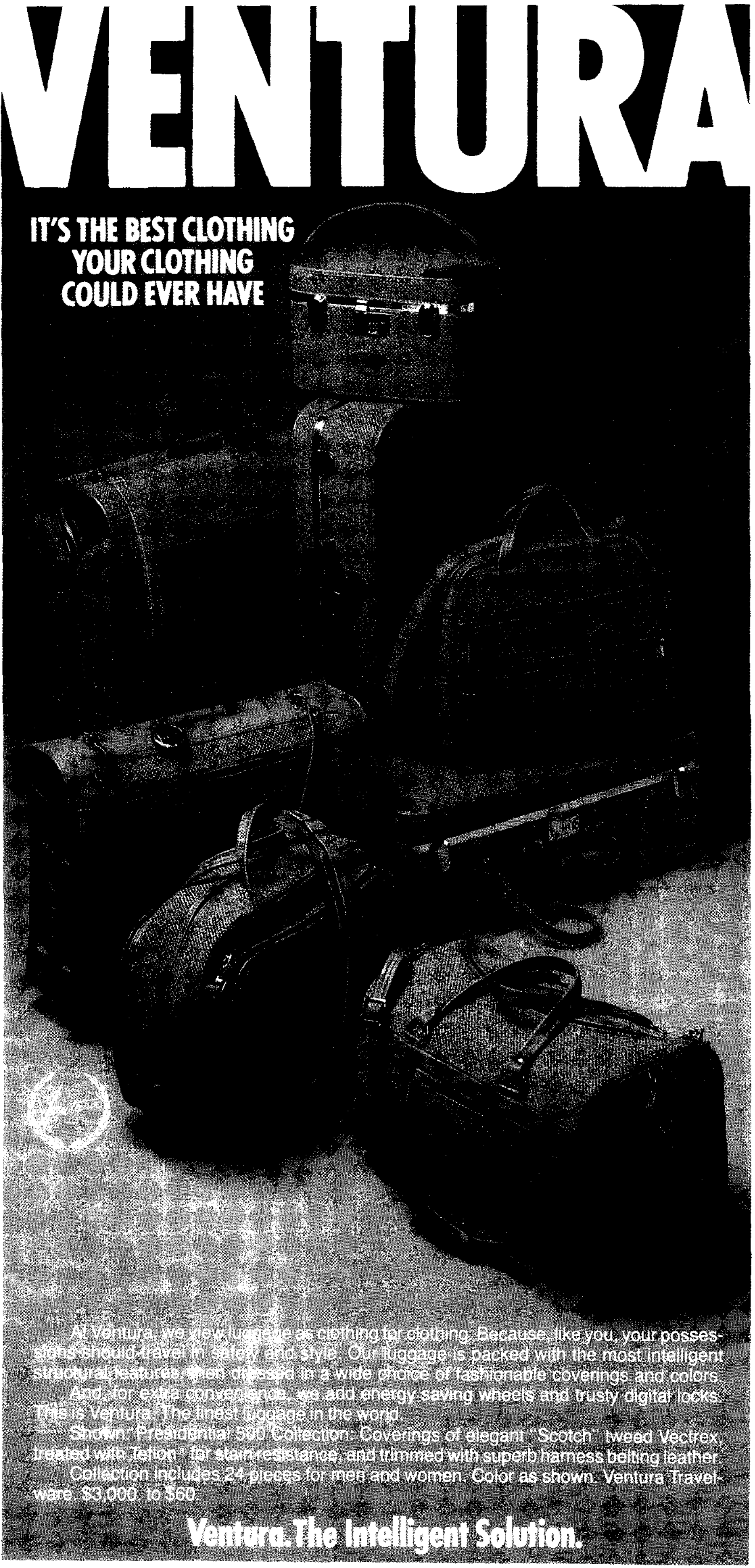
too slowly and too far for Brett to make the play at first. Inches each time—to be recalled and remeasured in years to come, I'm sure, by my grieving river chorus of friends. Tug McGraw, in the K.C. half, walked the bases full but also, along the way, fanned Brett on three terrific pitches, survived a shot into the left-field seats by Hal McRae that hooked foul at the last possible instant, and, with everyone in the place screaming and roaring, fanned Jose Cardenal for the last out.

THE Phillies, back at home before their own convalescent sufferers, won their World Championship in a 4–1 game that was never quite close, because Steve Carlton, throwing mostly fastballs this time, seemed absolutely in charge of things during his seven-inning tenure. The Royals lost it with two trifling misplays in the third inning—a throw by Frank White that pulled shortstop U. L. Washington a foot or so off the bag in what should have been a force play, and a bunt by Pete Rose that pitcher Rich Gale should have fielded but didn't. Mike Schmidt then delivered the necessary two runs with a brusque single to right. Schmidt has a compact, businesslike, microscopically tuned swing—most unusual for a man of such awesome strength—and he meets the ball so solidly and so far in front of the plate that he appears to have ruled out the lucky hit, the nubber or little blooper, as part of his repertoire. He batted .381 in the Series, hitting safely in all six games, and won the Most Valuable Player award. Tug McGraw came in one more time, and again made things interesting by loading the bases in the eighth and ninth, before the tears and the air horns and the riot police (what were they protecting? *AstroTurf*?) and the champagne and the flapdoodle took over. A few conclusions can be ventured. Dallas Green seemed to have handled his pitchers better than Jim Frey handled his, and the Royals, perhaps made overcautious by the weight of the event, never quite showed us the dashing, opportunistic, boyish brand of baseball that had taken them so far this season. For contrasts, there was young Willie Wilson, who somehow lost his good stroke as the games progressed, and ended up fanning twelve times, and thirty-five-year-old Del Unser, who somehow found his at just the right moment, and who has been around long enough to know how big



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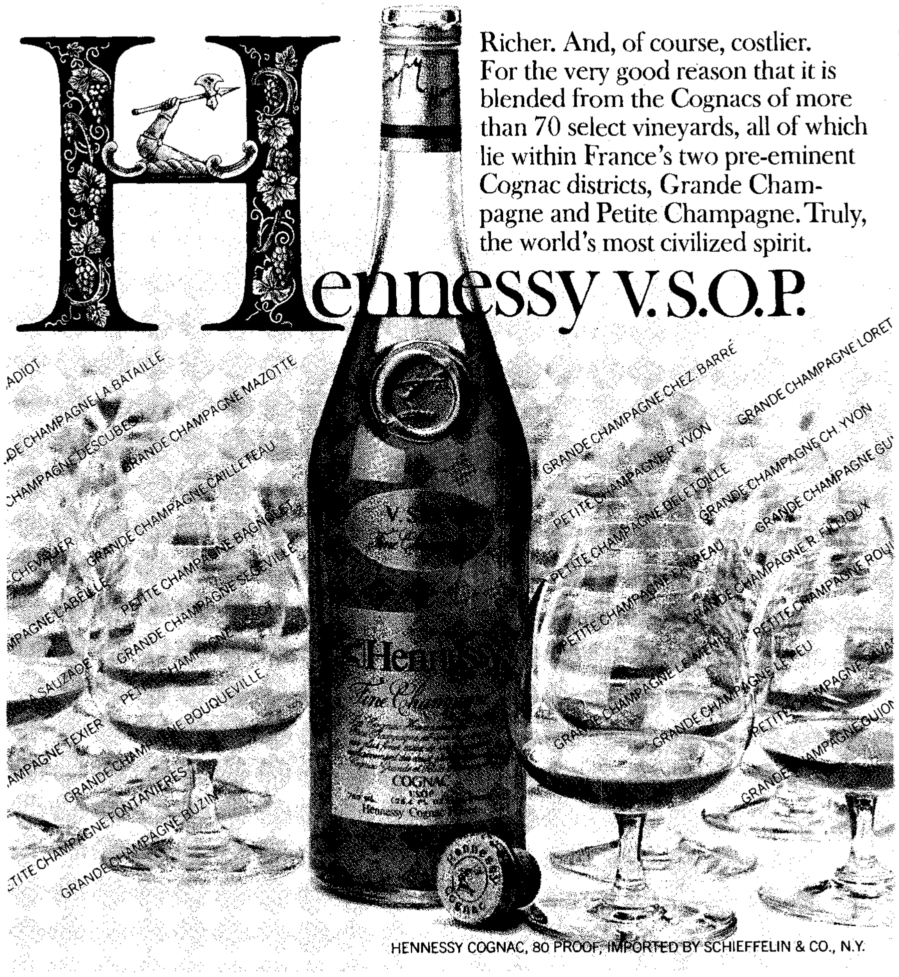

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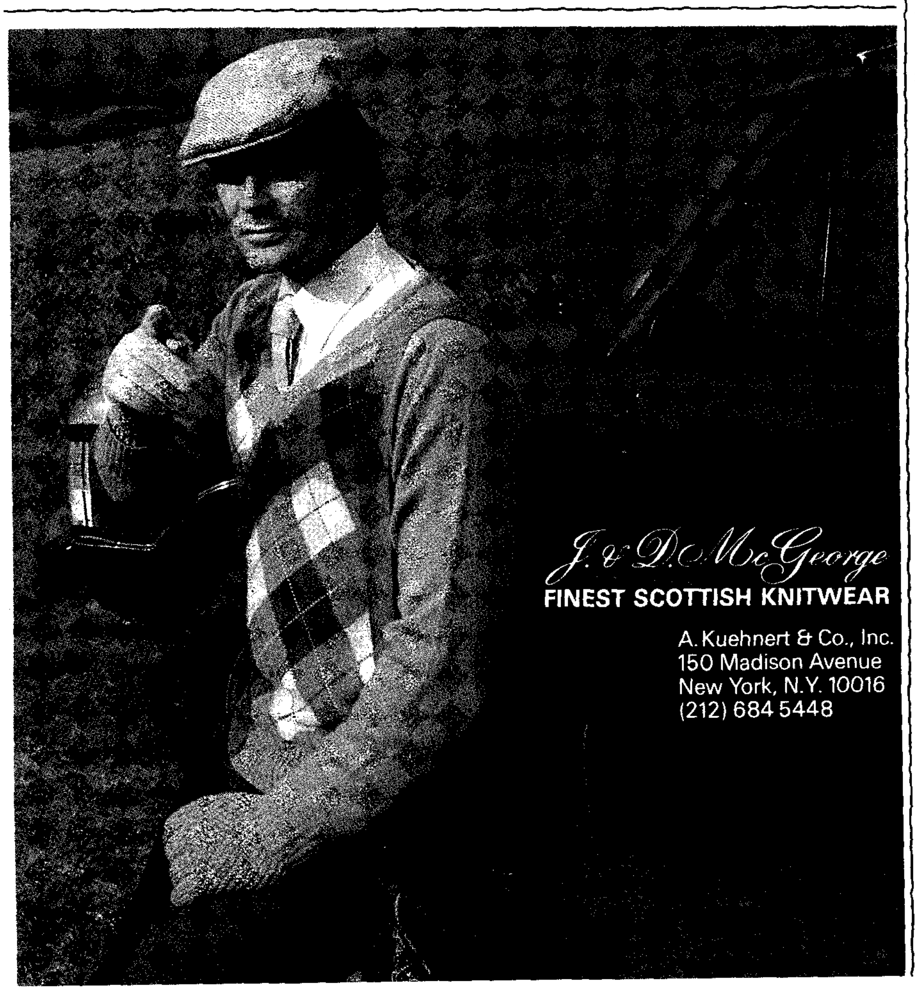

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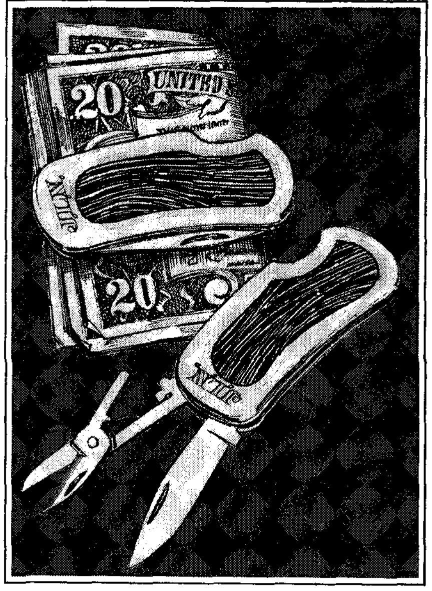
a part chance plays in such matters. Unser, a contemplative man, said of the Series and its ending, "Probably the younger guys don't appreciate how rare this is." Then he smiled and added, "I don't know what I want to do now when I grow up." There was a lot of talk in the clubhouse and in the newspapers the next day about the Phillies' newfound "character"—a dubious business. Just before the Series began, Pete Rose (he was speaking of the Phillies' terribly close five-game victory over the Astros in the National League playoffs) had said, "I don't know if the fans understand how much luck is involved in these things. You always have to have luck to win, and sometimes the best team is just the luckiest." And Mike Schmidt, in the champagne-soaked clubhouse when the games were over, said, "The only difference between this club and those other Phillies teams that everyone was complaining about for so long is a few key hits. Four or five hits gave us all that character."

THE season just past (if we may now reset our clocks to summer time) sometimes seemed overstuffed with melodrama, as if the standings and averages had been taken over by the scriptwriters for "Dallas." George Brett launched a three-month-long assault on the snowcapped pinnacle of a full-season batting average of .400 (last attained by Ted Williams in 1941), sustaining an astounding .500 over twenty-one games in July and batting .460 for the first three weeks of August. He fell just short in the end, possibly because the Royals were out of the pennant race by then (they had won it), or perhaps because from August 17th, when he first broke through the .400 level, until the last days of the season his every move and word and gesture, on the field and off the field, were under scrutiny by hordes of newspaper and magazine reporters, television and radio crews, and assorted promotion people and hangers-on of our celebrity machine—the unwinking, irony-proof, gigantic eye of the Brett Watch. He wound up at .390. . . . Meanwhile, at midseason James Rodney Richard, the six-foot-eight strikeout artist of the Houston Astros, began to complain of a vague weariness and of an odd dead feeling in his pitching arm; when he missed some turns on the mound, he was subjected to extended innuendos and a few open accusations of malingering by the pennant-hungry Houston press, and even by some of his teammates, although he was leading his league at the time, with a 10–4 record and an earned-run average of 1.89. On July 30th, Richard collapsed during a workout at the Astrodome and was taken to the hospital, where it was discovered that he had suffered a stroke. He underwent two operations to remove blood clots, and is expected to recover fully, although it is not known if he will ever pitch again. Whether he should *want* to pitch again is another question. . . . Earlier in the year, the players and the owners had come within hours, or perhaps minutes, of a full-scale players' strike over the issue of compensation for teams losing players to the annual free-agent draft. The strike threat, which hovered over the sport for weeks on end, probably cost the leagues another record-breaking season at the gate (the total of 43,014,756 was off by half a million from last year), but there were healthy signs as well: the Yankees played to an all-time-high American League audience of 2,627,417 at the Stadium, and every club in the National League was over a million at the gate, for the first time ever. . . . Nothing in recent baseball history has been healthier, or more melodramatic, than the late pennant races staged in both divisions of the National League, in which two famous old contenders—the defending World Champion Pirates and the Cincinnati Reds—grudgingly gave way as September waned, leaving the Dodgers and the Astros (in the West) and the Expos and the Phillies (in the East) to have at each other in violent fashion in the final moments of the season. Montreal died at home on the very last weekend, just as it did last year—this time going down before the Phillies, 6–4, in the eleventh inning of the rain-soaked, miserably played, miserably close Saturday game. Out in Los Angeles, the Dodgers, trailing Houston by three games, with three games to play, swept the set, beating the fine Astro pitchers with a thrilling home run each day—by Joe Ferguson on Friday, Steve Garvey on Saturday, and Ron Cey on Sunday—to the accompaniment of the most uproarious and fervent fan noises of this fervent year. By Monday, the Dodger fans seemed yelled out, and no wonder, and their injury-worn, self-exhilarated heroes ost the one-game divisional playoff to the Astro knuckleballer Joe Niekro by 7–1.

It didn't seem likely that the league-championship series between the Astros and the Phillies could be better than that, but it was. Yet our recollections of that extraordinary semifinal, which the Phillies won in five games—the last four of them going to extra innings—should not let us forget the brilliant, combative kind of baseball that the National League had given us all through September. On one evening, for instance, the Expos beat the Cardinals with a three-run pinch-hit homer in the bottom of the ninth, while the Phillies tied the Cubs with a one-out fielder's choice in the seventh inning and then beat them, 6–5, with a three-run rally in the bottom of the fifteenth. On another, a twenty-one-year-old Montreal rookie named Bill Gullickson struck out eighteen Cubs batters in the course of a 4–2 win, while the Astros, playing at home, beat the Dodgers, 6–5, with a home run in the twelfth inning; the two previous Houston innings had ended with a Dodger outfielder throwing out an Astro base runner (and the winning run) at home plate. Too *much.*

The American League, obdurately persisting with a schedule that does not permit all its divisional teams to play against each other in September, will probably pretend to ignore the Merlin-like foresight of the N.L. chartmaker and its wonderful results. The Royals' runaway in the West would not have been altered in any case, but the league's senior executives ought to be dismayed and embarrassed by the clear evidence that the only riveting series of the entire summer—a wonderful eight-game, home-and-home battle between the first-place Yankees and the onrushing Orioles—was over and done with by August 18th, and the rest of that pennant struggle took place in the reading-room atmosphere of the daily standings, since the clubs did not meet again for the rest of the year. The Yankees, as we know, did not quite give up their foothold (or toehold: it was down to a half game for a full week in August) on first place, and won by a three-game margin before falling to the Royals in the startlingly short playoff. The Orioles, the defending A.L. champs, cannot quite be dismissed as losers, since their hundred wins were



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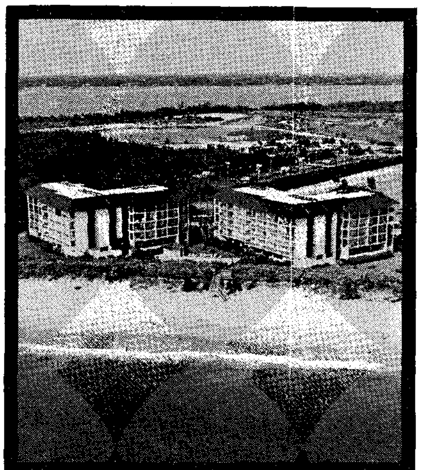
the second-highest record in either league. Their rising star, Eddie Murray, who is still only twenty-four, had his best year ever, batting .300, with thirty-two homers and a hundred and sixteen runs batted in, and Steve Stone won more games than any other pitcher this year: twenty-five. The young Oakland A's, under the tutelage of Billy Martin, soared to a second-place finish in the A.L. West, with an 83–79 season, picking up an astounding twenty-nine games in the win column and a half-million new fans at the gate. They had the league's best pitching, perhaps the league's best pitcher in Mike Norris (twenty-two wins and a 2.54 earned-run average), and the league's most electrifying base runner in outfielder Rickey Henderson, whose hundred stolen bases broke Ty Cobb's ancient league mark of ninety-six. The long-rumored sale of the Oakland team came to pass late this summer, when the franchise was acquired by Walter A. Haas, Jr., the chairman of the board of Levi Strauss & Company (the bluejeans people), who seems likely to give the club a larger investment of time and money and energy than it has received from Charlie Finley in recent times. The A's may be even better next year.

The list of losers is far more crowded. Never, it seemed, was there a season of longer falls or more frightfully shattered hopes. The Angels, divisional champions a year ago, played without the services of the injured Don Baylor, Brian Downing, and Dan Ford for most of the going, and without any pitching to speak of (they had allowed Nolan Ryan to depart as a free agent), and finished thirty-one games behind the Royals. The Red Sox, suffering, as always, from shortages of pitching, speed, and imagination, got indifferent (for them) years from Jim Rice and Fred Lynn, and slid gloomily to a fourth-place finish. They now face the necessity of trading some of their expensive long-ball hitters in order to lighten their heavy payroll and their sludgy style of play. Red Sox fans, perhaps worn down by so many years of summer hopes and autumn mopes, turned out in smaller numbers this year. In September, a Bosox addict named Stephen Burke wrote to the Boston *Globe* to announce the formation of Ball-Anon, a local organization of Red Sox "fans or former fans who, thinking that they are experiencing pennant fever, feel a sudden impulse to turn on



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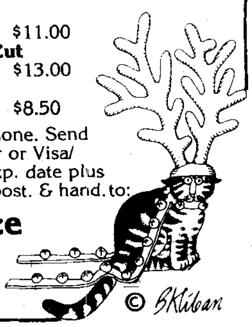
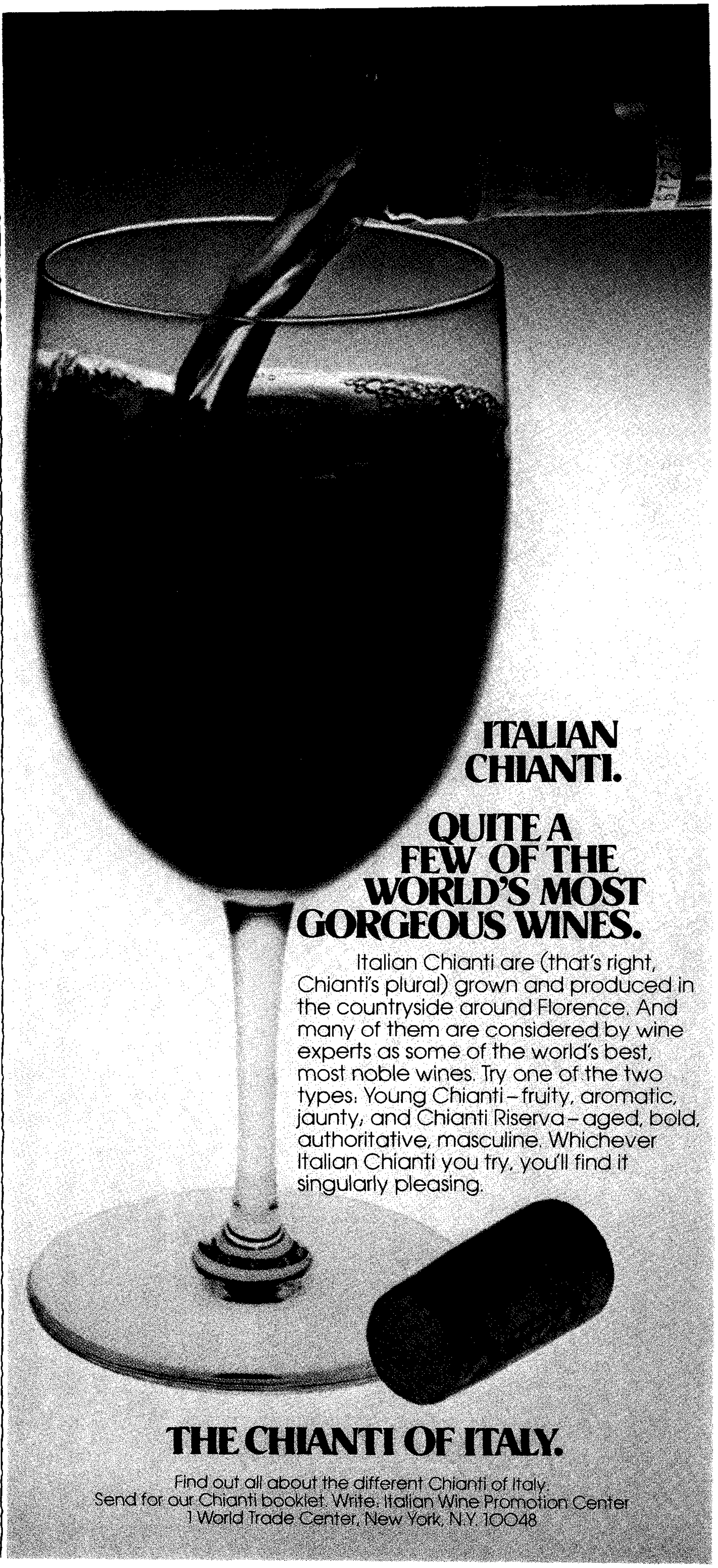


the game, read about it, talk about it, or to buy or use tickets to actually go see a game. Ball-Anon members will talk on the phone to those afflicted at any hour of the day or night, and will make home visits, if necessary." Other branches, it seems to me, could be opened in Milwaukee, where the muscular, forever-promising Brewers finished seventeen games back, in spite of Ben Oglivie's forty-one homers and Cecil Cooper's .352 batting average and league-leading hundred and twenty-two R.B.I.s; or, for that matter, in Seattle, where the apparently budding Mariners organization fell apart, in the front office and on the field, and the team finished dead last.

In the N.L., the Mets escaped the cellar, but only barely—a terrible disappointment after an amazing midseason burst of energy and good pitching that had brought them to .500 (and to within four games of first place) in late July. The Cardinals, picked by many to take over their division this year, wound up with the best hitting (five of their regulars hit over .300) and the worst pitching in the league, and never came close to contention. The club also fired its general manager and its manager (and let go two replacements); both posts will be filled next year by Whitey Herzog. Six other managers went under during the season or at its close—about average for this occupation, whose survival rate is something like that of an R.F.C. wing commander in the First World War. Among the fallen was the estimable and resilient Don Zimmer, of the Red Sox, who left an office desk on which he had carved over a hundred notches—one for each time he had read or heard about his imminent firing over the past three years. The Serpent's Tooth Watch Fob, awarded each year (starting right now) to the most ungenerous executive in the game, was won hands down by John McMullen, the principal owner of the Houston Astros, who recently fired the Astros' president and general manager, Tal Smith—the man most responsible for building Houston's new divisional champions. Mr. McMullen cited "philosophical differences" as the reason for the deed—possibly a heated Heideggerian debate over Inexplicable Difficulty, which may govern more baseball events than anyone suspects.

Saddest of all—to me and perhaps to a great many other baseball-watchers who recall their rare team fellowship and the splendid quality of their play in the World Series last fall—was the



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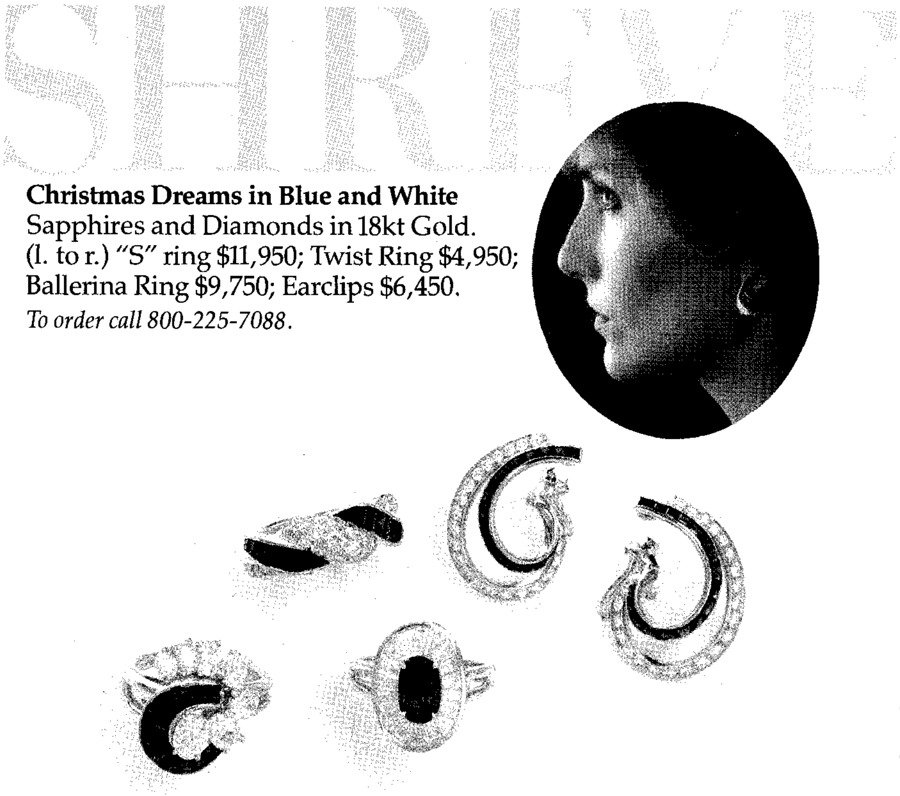

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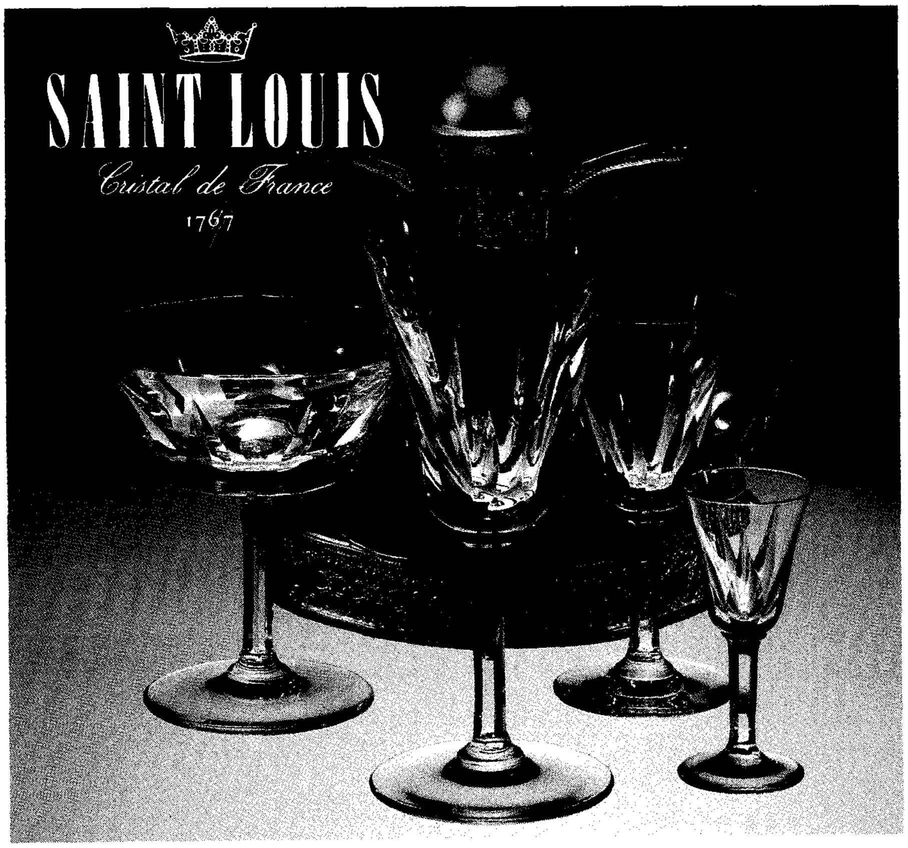

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third-place finish of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who lost their field leader, Willie Stargell, to a knee injury (and to age, it must be said: he is thirty-nine) and yearned for the vanished magic touch of reliever Kent Tekulve, who was 8–12 this summer. What hurt them most, surely, was the ingratitude of their bleacher fans, who turned savagely on right fielder and former M.V.P. Dave Parker, pelting him with abuse and hate mail and at times—horrifyingly—with deadly missiles, including a nine-volt electric battery. Parker, as it happened, was playing all summer with a painfully damaged knee, for which he underwent surgery at the end of the season, but the combination of his very high salary and the team's sagging fortunes was apparently unpardonable to some of the Pirate fans—if that is the word for them. The violence and drunkenness of the crowds in many ballparks have lately reached such a point that many of us now hesitate to take children or unwary friends to the games. Few owners and executives have seriously addressed themselves to the problem of assuring the safety and comfort of their more restrained customers, since the appropriate measures of control—including the control of beer sales—might have an adverse effect on attendance. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn habitually talks about the wholesome image of baseball, and recently pointed out that the game is "a family sport appealing to young children, women, mothers, and family groups" (this was in defense of his suspension of pitcher Ferguson Jenkins after his arrest on drug charges in Canada, although Jenkins' case had not, and has not yet, come to court), but I wish Mr. Kuhn would leave his box seat once in a while and take a stroll through the outer grandstands and upper decks of his bailiwick, in the interest of preserving his game instead of its image. The problem is not really beyond solution. Last June, Detroit president and general manager Jim Campbell closed the center-field bleachers at Tiger Stadium for a Tigers-Brewers game, because the fans out there had been so foulmouthed and had thrown so many things at Brewer outfielders the previous night. He also apologized to the Milwaukee team.

A few peeps of sunlight broke through. One day in Detroit, Baltimore manager Earl Weaver, the Kwazy Pwofessor of the game, wrote in pitcher Steve Stone as his designated hitter, in the No. 6 slot of his batting order, although Stone happened to be in another city observing a Jewish holiday at the time. The next night, Weaver selected Tippy Martinez, who was attending a funeral in Colorado, for the same position. There was method, as always, in Earl's tinkering. In both cases, his d.h. was a straw man, for whom he would pinch-hit, when the time came, with either a right-handed or a left-handed hitter, who would thus not be wasted if the enemy pitcher should have been knocked out instantaneously and a pitcher who threw from the opposite wing brought in in his place. (Think about it.) . . . Seattle pitcher Rick Honeycutt was suspended for ten days when umps discovered a thumbtack taped to the inside of his glove, on the presumption that it was there not to help him spear line drives but to rough up the surface of the ball and thus add a pretty variety to the flight path of his pitches. This form of cheating is more traditionally accomplished by means of a sharpened point or projection on a pitcher's belt buckle, but Honeycutt was forced to improvise because the Mariners wear those beltless double-knit jammies when on the field. Bring back the old uniforms! . . . Oakland shortstop Rob Picciolo, who has evidently decided that getting to first by means of a base on balls gives him an unfair advantage at the plate—he walked three times in 1979, with three hundred and forty-eight at-bats—had no walks at all this year when he came up to bat against White Sox pitcher Richard Dotson on October 2nd. When the count on Picciolo went to 2–0, writers in the press box leaned forward in their seats, in wild surmise, like watchers of the final outs of a potential no-hitter. The count went to 3–0, then to 3–1, and Picciolo, having been flashed the "take" sign, looked unhappily at an eye-high pitch and trotted down to first, where umpire Steve Palermo stopped the game and presented him with the ball. . . . And a first-things-first, early-autumn headline from a newspaper in Philadelphia, just when it was beginning to be noticed that this might be a different kind of year down there after all: "PHILLIES FAN WINS NOBEL PRIZE."

O MY Mets! I came back to Shea—came back home, really, after a sensible defection of several summers—when they began to win, or almost win, a lot of games in June, mostly on nerve and pitching and some plain luck. I have a private scorecard symbol for an eye hit—two tiny circles under the pencil stroke that indicates a single—and a good many of my Mets scorecards saved from midsummer, I notice, have those beads peeping out from the thickets of some Mets rally. No matter. Runs made out of wormy singles and topped rollers and sacrifices and stolen bases are sometimes more beautiful than a cathedral-high homer, especially if they are happening to the right people, and I recall with particular relish a winning three-run rally against the champion Pirates that was built around an eighty-foot bingle by Lee Mazzilli (and the game then held by some stout pitching by young Ed Glynn, who was once a hot-dog vender at Shea); and a 6–5 comeback win over the Dodgers (who had led by 5–0) which was patched together mostly out of four singles (one of them zapped between the legs of the L.A. pitcher) and two providential Dodger errors, and which held up because Neil Allen pitched so beautifully in relief and because Ron Cey, frazzled by the screaming of the Mets sans-culottes, "walked" on a ball-three count, causing the similarly deluded Steve Garvey, on first base, to amble over toward second, where he was tagged out for an embarrassing (hee-haw!) end to the inning. The Mets didn't always win quite so flukily. Mike Jorgensen, brought in as a defensive replacement during the late innings of another game, hit a grand-slam homer in the tenth to beat the Dodgers in a different way. "I haven't seen the fans as excited as this since I played here," manager Joe Torre said one night. "Players used to dread coming here. The wind is blowing, the planes are roaring, and the fans are screaming. I *love* the crowd here."

Me, too. I sat, by choice, out in the farthest left-field grandstand for one Sunday doubleheader against the Pirates, where the fans in my section became a neighborhood of sorts during the six or seven hours we spent together: the beefy, noisy renegade Pirates fan who kept yelling "You're a piece uh *gah-bage!*" at each Mets batter, and then yelled "Let's go, Bucs!" when the wrong guys were up there (until a woman across the aisle from him—she was wearing taped-together glasses—told him to make up his own damned cheer); and the white gent in white shoes and plaid pants who suddenly stood up and handed some bills to a Hispanic gent in the row behind him (a bet of some kind), who gave

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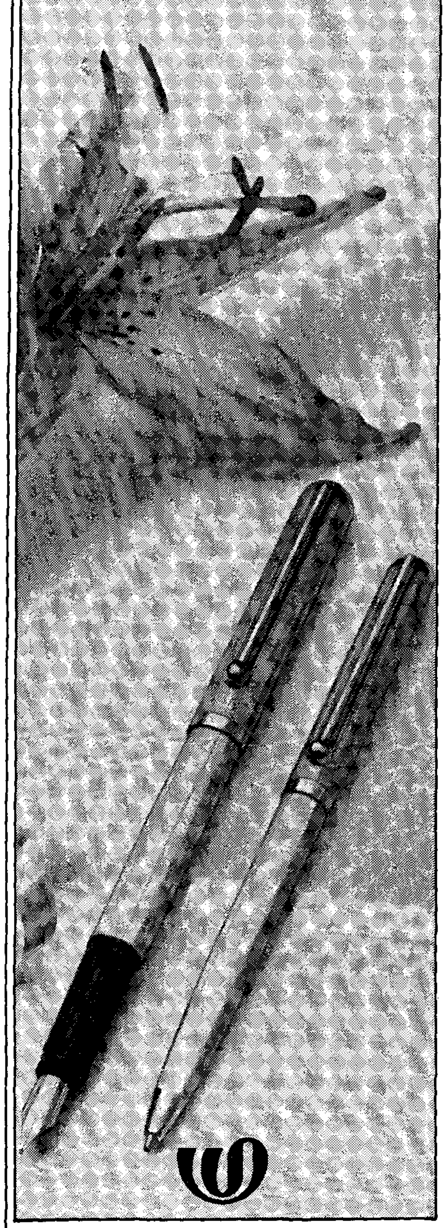

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him his Pirates cap in return; and the two black kids just behind me (brothers, I figured) who kept the venders busy all afternoon ("I don't know why you're not spending much," said one. "Hey, man, I'm spending," said the other. "I spent two-fifty. What you spend—something like a dollar thirty-five?"); and the Mets unexpectedly coming from way back to win the first game (yahoo!); and then the long, long between-games parade of fans' banners down the left-field line and up the right-field line (it was Banner Day), with kite banners and balloon banners and bedsheet banners tromping along, with about ten "THE BUCS STOP HERE" messages, and about twenty variations on "STRAWBERRY'S FIELD FOREVER" (the Mets had just signed their No. 1 choice in the rookie draft, a phenom named Darryl Strawberry—*Darryl Strawberry!*), and so on and on, with the banners flapping and wrinkling in the windy sunshine, and then, at last, the banners going away, thank God, and the players and umps reappearing way off down there around home plate, and the baseball resuming, and all the fans in our section—well, *almost* all—craning their necks and staring in and yelling "Sweep! Sweep!" and clapping and whistling and carrying on for the Mets, who *didn't* sweep, as it happened, but it was a great day and you can't have everything, can you?

That was in June, and there was more of the same (including one very late night at Shea when the Mets, held hitless until the sixth, when they were down six runs to the Giants, came back to win it, 7–6, in the ninth, with a three-run, two-out homer by Steve Henderson, who had been knocked down by the Giants pitcher with the previous pitch). But all this Mets joy had to be paid for later on, it turned out. Catcher John Stearns broke a finger and was lost for the season, and Doug Flynn, the dandy second baseman, went out with a broken wrist, and Pat Zachry, the skinny, bearded, introverted super-starter, went out with assorted ailments, and the thinly defended, once lucky, once mettlesome Mets began to lose. They lost and lost, at one point dropping twelve straight games and then going two for seventeen, and five for thirty-two—awful, really; almost too hard to bear—and even lost their fans again, there at the end. But now, with the season over, I notice that the memory of that payment, the down side of the sport,

Alan Paine

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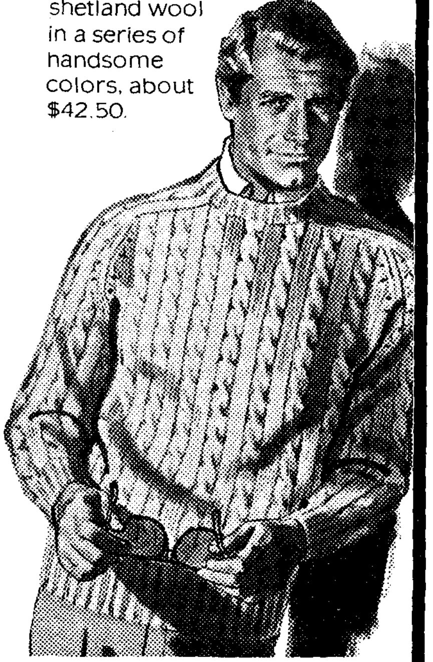

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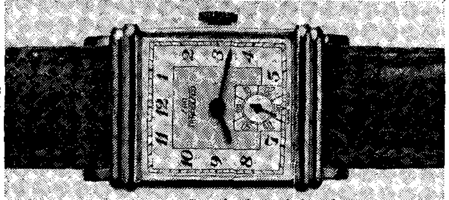

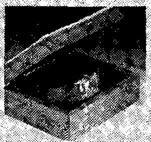

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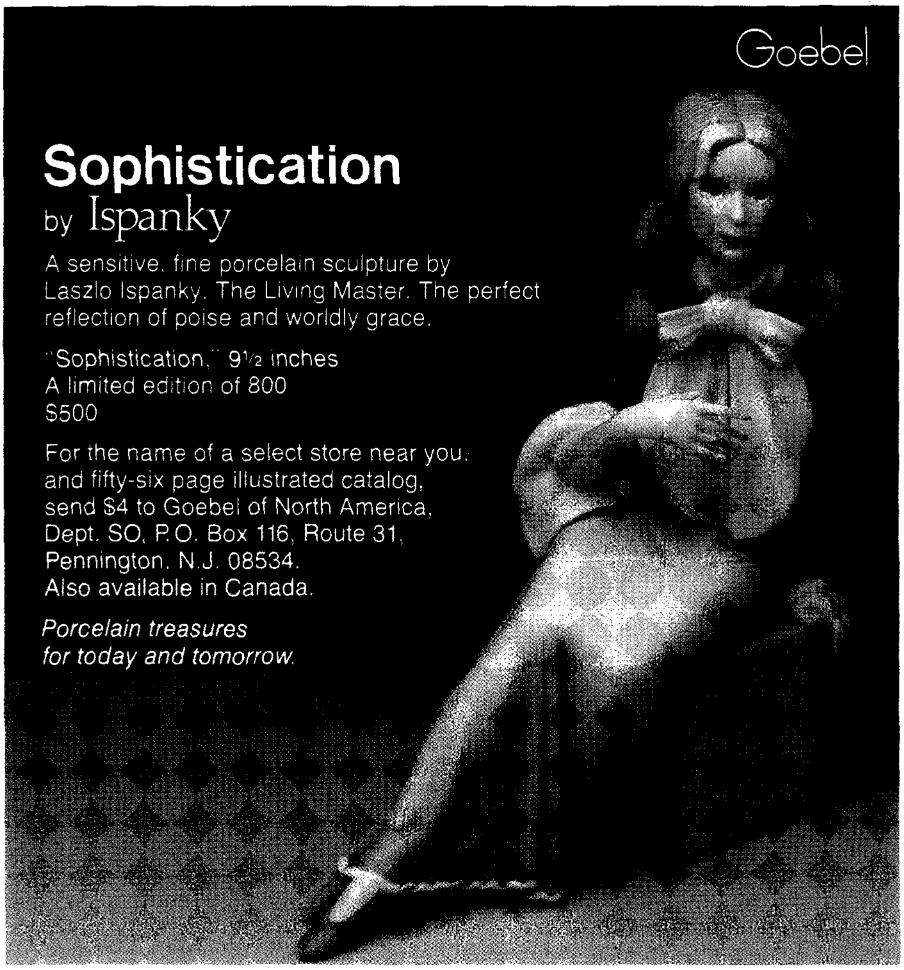
has just about disappeared, and that what I remember are the good days and the winning, which is foolish, I suppose, but a good thing, too, for why would we ever go back, any of us, if we remembered only the hard times and felt we had to protect ourselves against them? Let's go, Mets!

A LOSS of a different kind for me was the famous double series between the Orioles and the Yankees in mid-August, during which the O's swept three games from the Yanks at Yankee Stadium and then, after a three-day interval, won three of five at Memorial Stadium, before huge, jam-packed crowds, to close to within two and a half games of the leaders. I was out of town—out of both towns—and missed the whole wonderful business, but so many friends told me about the games later on and insisted on my listening to each riveting moment that I have almost begun to think I actually *did* see Steve Stone's two-hitter; and Willie Randolph's first-inning, first-pitch homer against Mike Flanagan, which was matched by Al Bumbry's lead-off homer against Tommy John in the bottom of the same inning; and Bumbry's catch against Reggie at the fence in New York; and Ruppert Jones' leap and grab at the fence in Baltimore to pull back Eddie Murray's shot; and Reggie's catch against Doug DeCinces and his frightening full-tilt crash into the bullpen gate; and much more, I suppose. Until their sudden October expungement, the Yankees had a vivid and rewarding summer. Reggie Jackson, who is thirty-four now, seemed to make peace with himself this year (and worked out a truce of sorts with the demanding Bronx bleacher fans), winding up with a .300 average, forty-one homers (tying him with Ben Oglivie at the top of the league), and a hundred and eleven runs batted in—his best season, all in all, since his M.V.P. summer of 1973. I admired him most during the second half of the year, when he kept his poise despite the very few decent pitches he was given to swing at (Graig Nettles was ill, and the loss of his bat in the lineup allowed enemy pitchers to work around Jackson), and then suffered through a debilitating slump in mid-September. Reggie has slightly altered his batting stroke and now stands a bit farther away from the plate than he used to; when the count goes to two strikes against him, he abandons that awesome, flailing hack at the ball and goes the other way, sensibly settling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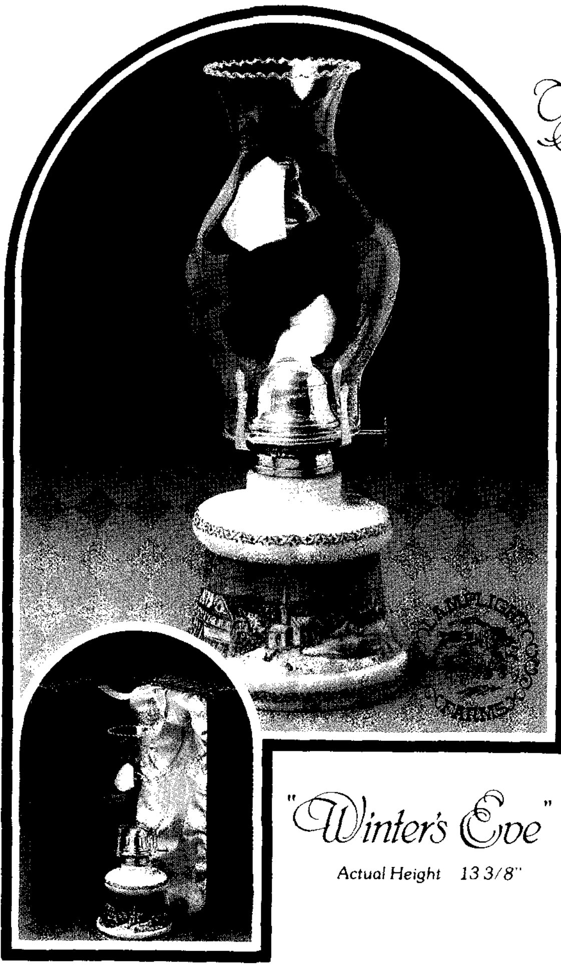
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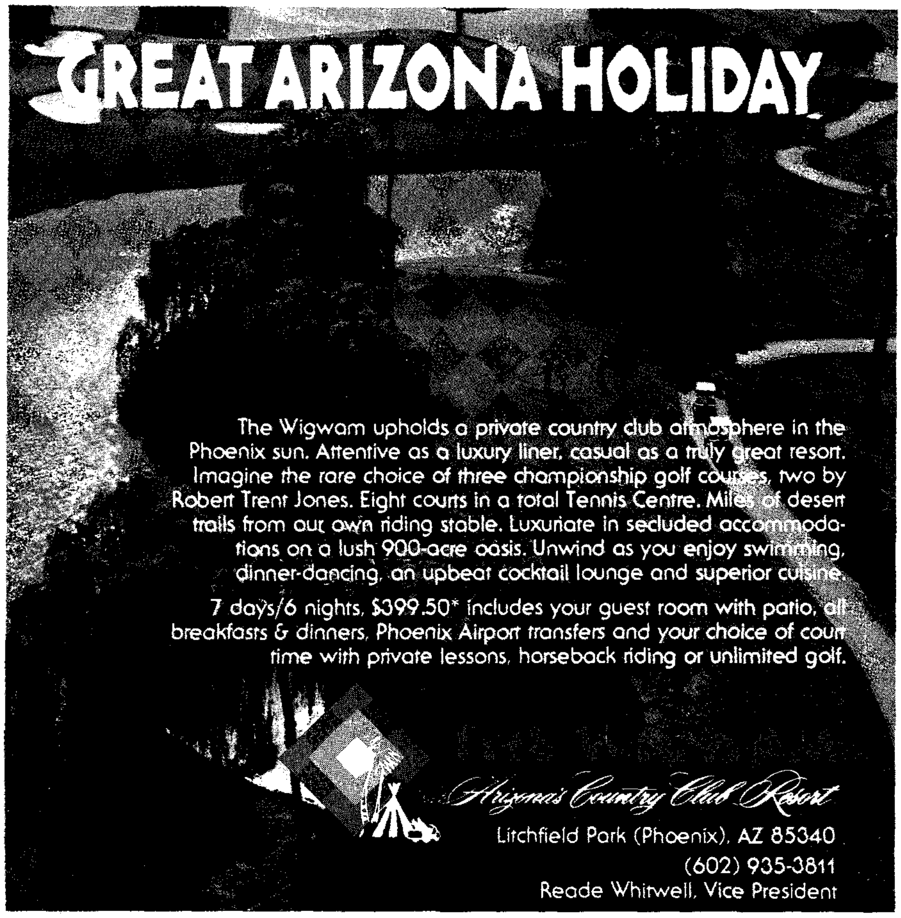
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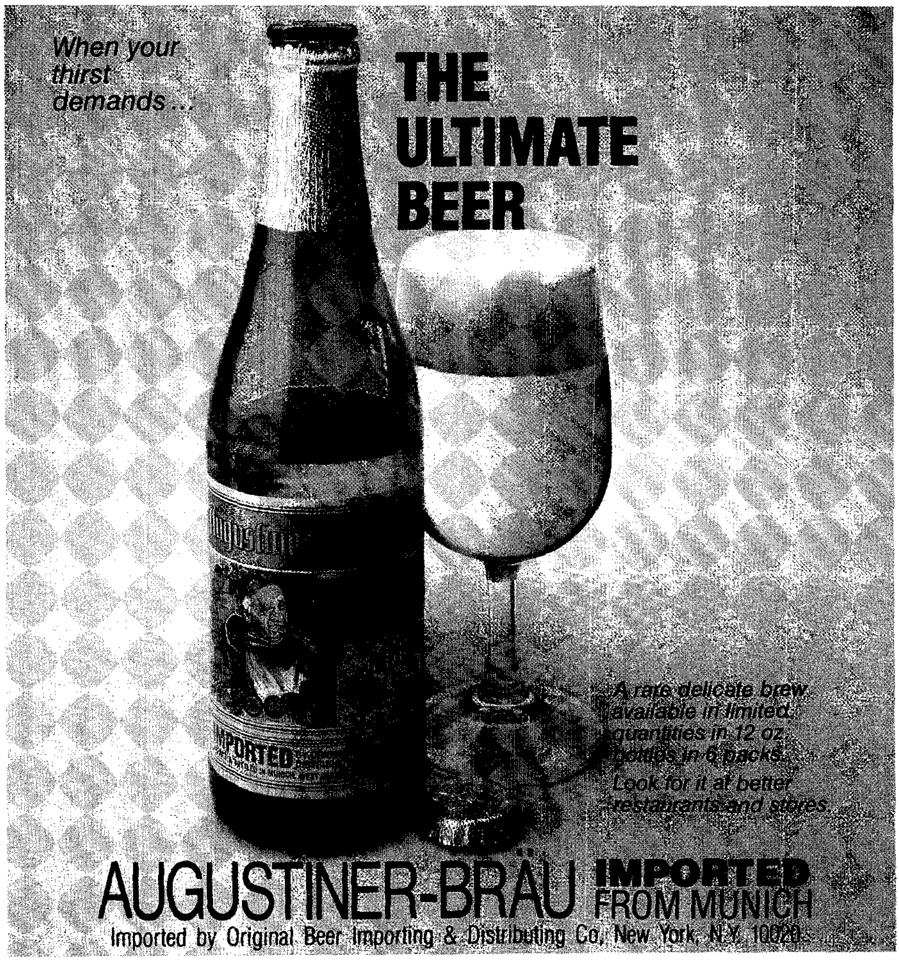
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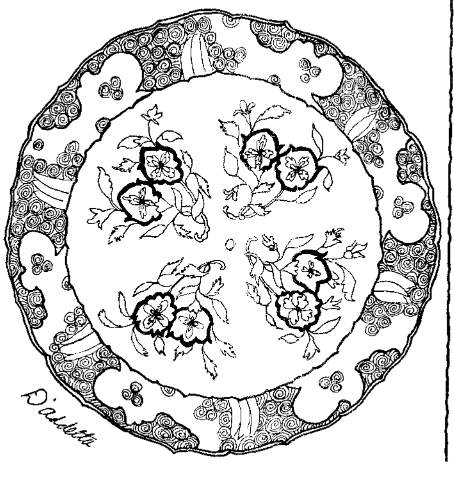
for singles or sliced doubles to left. (All this, by the way, owes a good deal to the tutelage of Yankee batting coach Charley Lau, who was also the main architect of George Brett's lovely stroke.) It was this shortened, flatter swing that allowed Reggie to fight his way out of his slump and finish the season with a shower of hits and homers. I also felt great admiration for Dick Howser, the Yankees' astute, low-key freshman manager, who kept calm when his squad seemed on the point of collapse in mid-August, and got it winning again in spite of some chronic pitching problems, outfield defensive problems (after center fielder Ruppert Jones went out for good), and owner problems. Not everyone seemed to notice that the Yankees won eighteen of twenty games between August 26th and September 18th, which is why they were able to stave off another typical late-season cavalry charge by the Orioles. Howser's use of his great bullpen star, Rich Gossage, seems a model of managerial restraint. He brought him in mostly for bite-size, one-inning or two-inning chunks, which is why the Goose—fearsomely rearing and thrashing out there, with his face sometimes seeming to disappear altogether between those hulking shoulders and the pulled-down cap—stayed so strong and was able to run off such formidable numbers this year: thirty-three saves, one run surrendered in nineteen games, twenty-eight consecutive batters retired, and so on. Some of the Yankee and Red Sox players may still be talking about the night up at Fenway Park when, with the bases loaded, the Goose struck out Tony Perez on three straight meteorlike fastballs, each of which seemed to flame past the batter just before he could touch off the synapses of his swing: "Yes! Now! . . . *Damn!*"

I suspect that George Steinbrenner is widely disliked by Yankee fans for his meddling in the day-to-day operations of his club—most of all when he subjects lesser members of the Yankee cast to his bullying public tongue-lashings for their deficiencies at the plate or on the field. This execrable habit probably should *not* distract us from a proper appreciation of Mr. Steinbrenner's baseball acumen—most of all, his eager and astute player trades and purchases. This year's winners would never have come close had it not been for Steinbrenner's off-season moves last year, when he picked up outfielder Ruppert Jones, pitchers

Tom Underwood and Rudy May (who would have guessed that the Yankees would need more *pitching* this year?), first baseman-d.h. Bob Watson, and catcher Rick Cerone, who all played considerable roles in the Yankees' divisional championship. Watson batted .307, and May, a much traded veteran southpaw, led the league with an earned-run average of 2.46, but Cerone was probably the most useful pickup of them all. A mobile, durable receiver, he batted close to .300 for the last two-thirds of the season and delighted Stadium fans with his combustible ways at the plate. On three occasions in one game against Detroit back in May, Tiger skipper Sparky Anderson ordered a Yankee batter walked in order to bring the supposedly weaker Cerone up to the plate, and Cerone responded with two singles and a grand-slam homer. To return to George Steinbrenner for a moment, it seems curious to me that his eagerness to win should often reach such proportions that he apparently expects to control the outcome of every Yankee game through the imposition of his will on his employees, because this, of course, is precisely what one can't do, in baseball or in any other sport, once the play begins. What makes any hard-fought, well-played game so attractive and interesting is the perfect unpredictability of the outcome when a player is up at the plate or out on the pitcher's mound, alone before the crowd and entirely in charge of his own fortunes—exactly the opposite situation and view of things that we have about our own jobs and most of the rest of our lives. But Mr. Steinbrenner doesn't appear to find any pleasure in that moment; in fact, he can hardly bear it when his carefully selected, highly paid athletes actually have to go out there and play, and he and they and all the rest of us must wait to find out what will hap-



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pen. I think he's in the wrong line of work.

NO one took charge of his team's fortunes more suddenly or more decisively in this baseball year than George Brett, with his enormous, first-pitch, three-run homer into the top right-field tier at Yankee Stadium in the third game of the American League playoffs. The blow was so swift, so loud (the explosion of his bat as it collided with a Rich Gossage fastball could be heard in every corner of the great yard), and so terminal in its results and meanings that even before the ball had disappeared among the high-perched rows of fans out there I could hear people all around me in the lower grandstand uttering the same strange cry that I, rising and craning, halfway out of my seat, was uttering myself: "That's *it!*" The Royals, to be sure, were already two games up in this championship series, having beaten Ron Guidry and Rudy May on successive days in Kansas City, but the Yankees were ahead in this game, 2–1, with two gone in the top of the seventh, and when Gossage took the mound in relief of Tommy John (Willie Wilson had just doubled) there was good reason to believe that the Yankees might struggle out of their difficulties and once again break the hearts of the upstart Westerners. The next batter, U. L. Washington, the Kansas City shortstop, was the out that Gossage and Dick Howser badly wanted at this juncture, and when he beat out a short infield bouncer over the mound—barely beat it out—one suddenly became aware of all the possibilities and overtones of Gossage vs. Brett, who was now stepping up to bat. *Started* to become aware of them, I should say, because the whole thing was over in a twinkling: the pitch, the swing, the noise, the cries and groans, the playoffs, and the Yankees (who did, to be sure, load the bases in the eighth before Cerone lined into a sudden double play). Going down the Stadium ramps, and later in the subway, I heard no one among the murmurous, disappointed, now baseball-deprived Yankee rooters—that tough, insatiable critical mass—say anything angry or bitter about the outcome; a lot of them, in fact, were saying, "Well, it was their turn," or something like that. I think all of us felt a thrilling satisfaction, even in the midst of our gloom, over the way it happened—how one man, with one swing, had changed so many things. None of us had ever done such a thing in our own lives—not even George Steinbrenner.

NO such vivid termination and release was given to anyone during the five-game Astros-Phillies playoffs, which, from first to last, were so close and tense and tiring, so filled with adventure and accident and emotion, that one longed at times for something like Brett's clarifying bang. Any one of the four concluding, extra-inning games was almost good enough to be placed alongside such Louvre pieces as Game Six of the 1975 Reds-Red Sox World Series or the 1978 Red Sox-Yankees one-game divisional playoff, and yet there were such varieties of style and structure among them—the accruing tension and austerity of ten classic innings of double-shutout ball in Game Three; the mistakes and disputations and slapstick amazements of Game Four (baseball of the High Baroque, surely); and the grim attrition and sadness (because one of the two teams now had to give way in the end) of the finale, in which the score was retied or reversed five times before the Phillies won it in the tenth—that none of them can properly stand for the whole. Recapitulation is beyond me, but there were some secondary shifts and discoveries that come to mind. Even though the Astros lost, after suffering a succession of disabling injuries to some of their regulars, these playoffs were a means of introducing most of us to a whole squad of interesting and capable players who have been mostly unknown to fans outside their own region. I had paid a brief visit to the Astrodome for an Astros-Reds series a couple of weeks before the end of the season, and I was struck by the modest, approachable character of the Astro players and the old-fashioned virtues of their light-hitting, stout-pitching brand of ball—a team character that is summed up in the person of Bill Virdon, a skipper in steel-rimmed spectacles, who reminds one of a small-town high-school math teacher who doubles as coach of the basketball team. Astro stars like Joe Morgan and Nolan Ryan and Cesar Cedeno are not exactly strangers to the national baseball scene, but outfielder Jose Cruz (an exceptional athlete, who has sustained a .300 batting average for the past five years), and young Terry Puhl, and the gawky-looking, bald thirty-three-year-old first baseman Art Howe (who came into baseball late and almost by

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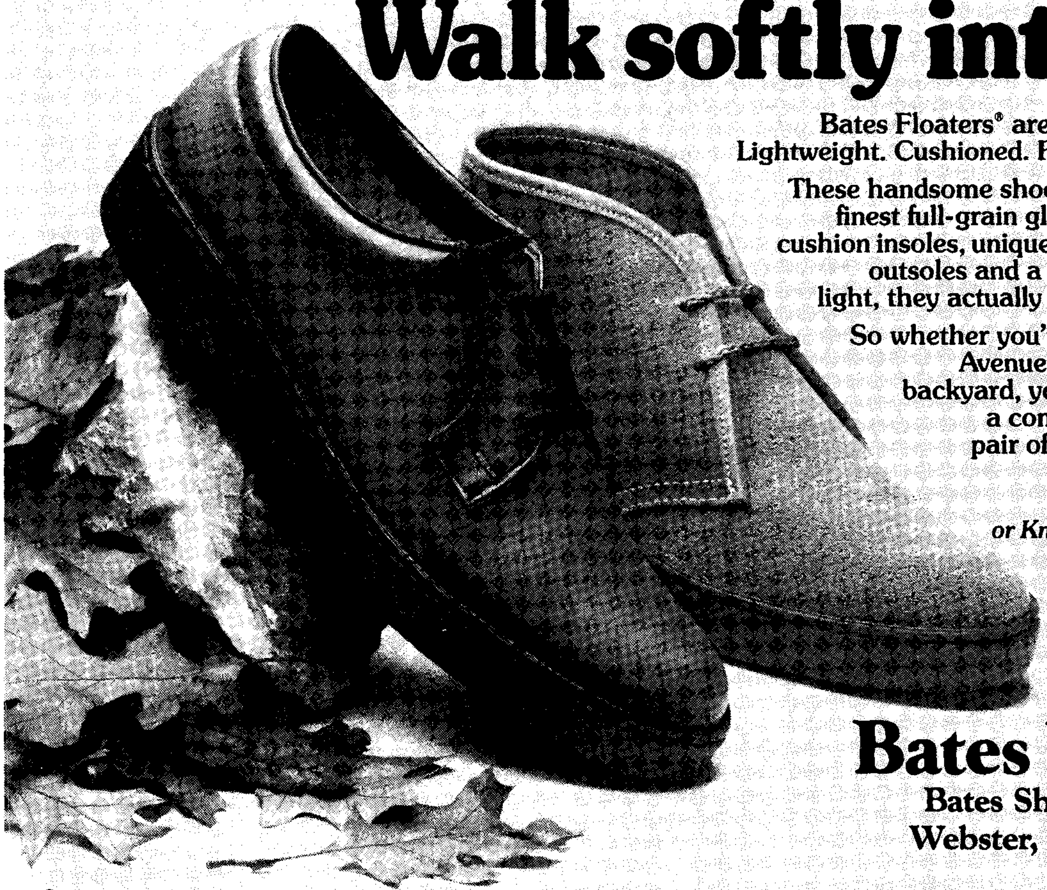

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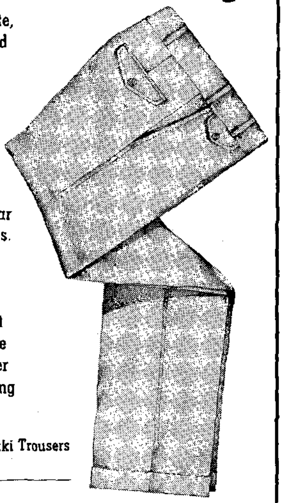

accident after starting a career as a computer programmer with Westinghouse) are newer friends, whose fortunes we will now follow and care about in the seasons just ahead. I was most pleased and startled by the work of Vern Ruhle, a pitcher who had been discarded some years ago by the Tigers because of a sore arm, and who came on valiantly for the Astros this summer after the club suffered the loss of James Rodney Richard. I saw Ruhle throw a masterly four-hit shutout against the Reds, not only beating Tom Seaver in a game of real significance to both sides but swiftly dismissing each of those dangerous Cincinnati batters with a handful of pitches—sinkers and sliders—throughout the evening. "My philosophy is that the hitter is either on or out in three pitches," he said afterward. Many of the Astros seemed to have a fondness for a self-depreciating line of talk ("I like to think we've shown a little perseverance," said Art Howe. "We can move through airports kind of quietly," said reliever Joe Sambito) that reflected a cheerful awareness of their own low profile. Everything about the Astros is a little odd, a little different, starting with their home park and certainly including their audience. The Astrodome no longer strikes me as quite such an outlandish envelope for baseball as it first did, and for some reason the lofty, windless chamber seemed smaller than on my previous visits. It still conveys an odd sense of containing its own weather—the aqueous, twilight silence of a summer lakeside cottage just before a thunderstorm. That eerie light and air confer a perpetual advantage on the home team's pitchers and fielders (two of the games I saw turned on uncharacteristic mistakes by the Reds' outfielders), and since no one can hit the ball very far through the stilly, contained sky of the Dome, the place also rewards the Astro lineup of punch hitters and their one-base-at-a-time attack.

The Astros drew good crowds this summer, but almost until the end their fans were a mannerly, gently involved bunch, who seemed to have trouble understanding that their team was now being followed and watched and talked about by baseball people everywhere. The Astros and their fans have always thought of themselves as a little band of baseball warriors encamped deep in football country, for the team that Houston really cares about is the Oilers, of the National Football League, and even in midsummer the Houston Airport souvenir shops carry vast stocks of pale-blue Oiler mugs and Oiler T-shirts and Oiler light bulbs and "Luv Ya Blue!" Oiler banners, and almost no tangerine-colored Astro junk. The sizable late-season crowds at the games I saw kept up a hopeful cheering and cajoling, but on my last day in Houston I was puzzled by sudden little bursts of noise and spatters of applause that had no connection with the action on the field. Then I remembered that it was Sunday, and I understood: everyone was following the Oilers, too—they were playing the Bengals on the road—by means of radios and portable TV sets they had brought to the baseball game. But all that may be over now. At some point in the midst of the last three wonderful Astros-Phillies games at the Astrodome (I saw these at home, by television, since I had opted for the Yankees-Royals series at the Stadium), I was suddenly convinced that the older, quieter game had at last taken root in South Texas for good. Maybe it happened in Game Four, whose four hours of horrors and heroics and never-saw-it-before vicissitudes—runners tagging up to leave a base before the catch or forgetting to tag up at all; two or three abysmal calls by the umpires; a squirting, comically misthrown peg from the outfield that was still converted into a key out; a triple play that was debated for twenty minutes by the six umps and league president Chub Feeney and then declared a double play; and also some splendidly aggressive play and courageous pitching and a lot of timely big hits—seemed designed to provide the wildly excited and roaring Astro rooters ("HOUS-TON . . . AS-TROS!" they cried again and again, in thunderous chorus) with an entire lifetime of baseball varieties and possibilities, all in a single evening. If such a shift of attachments and passions did come to pass, then those same fans may have concluded on the next evening—as I did during that last, long test of courage and luck and will—that sometimes the game can hold us too closely, when its unique events and their attendant hopes and anxieties so seize us and wear us down that we almost wish ourselves free of such exorbitant pleasures.

LET'S end with something lighter, then—perhaps a weekend swatch of games I saw in Baltimore early in September, when Billy Martin's ris-

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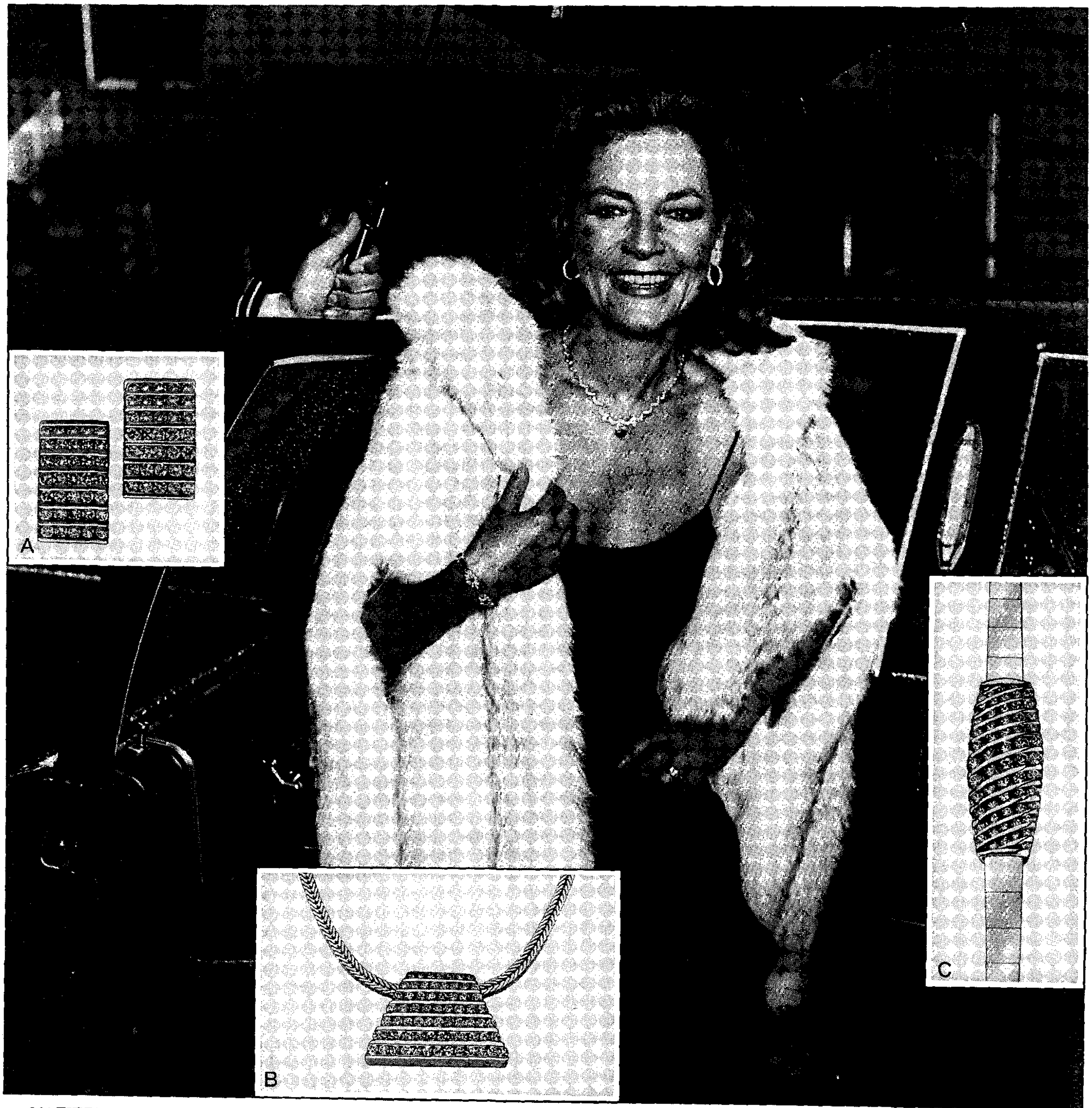

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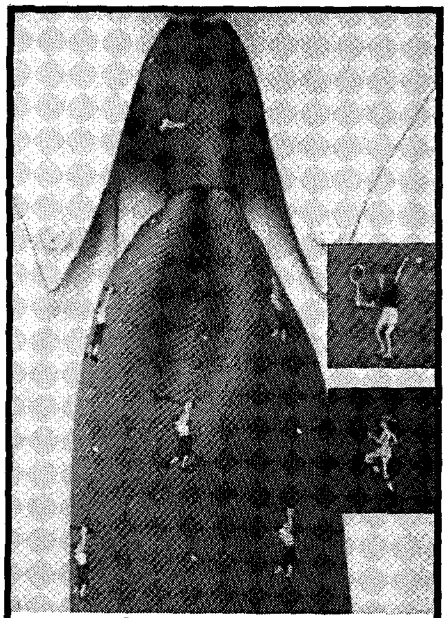

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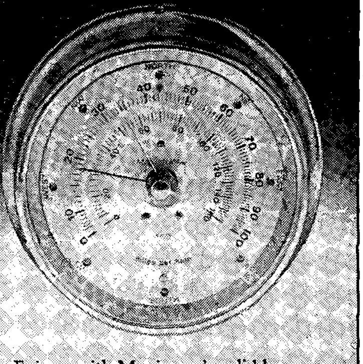

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ing, nothing-to-lose Oakland A's took the measure of the older, deeper, better Orioles in three out of four games, beating them in almost every department of the game, and (it turned out later) just about ruining the Orioles' pennant hopes for the year. I had come down to root for the Orioles, who are longtime favorites of mine, but the dash and zest and impetuous optimism of the young Green-and-Yellows turned me around in no time. Oakland's lead-off man, Rickey Henderson, stole six bases over the four games, while its second batter, Dwayne Murphy, went eight for fourteen at the plate—a partnership that helped the A's score in the first inning of each game—and their teammates chipped in with a passel of bunts and stolen bases and sacrifices that flustered the Baltimore Old Guardsmen no end. Henderson leading off first base is a sketch—a perfect image of skulking thievishness. With his head hunched between his shoulders, his body bent almost double, his legs oddly splayed and knock-kneed, and his fingertips just touching the tops of his knees, he looks like Sylvester Pussycat about to pluck Tweety out of his birdbath. I was similarly entertained by pitcher Mike Norris's hot-dog mannerisms on the field—his stiff-backed, duck-footed saunterings around the mound while he rubbed up the ball and coolly eyed the crowd, and then the pitch delivered, right-handed, with an unorthodox upright, three-part, over-the-top (mostly) motion that finishes with his right leg kicking up behind him, and the ball, much of the time, flicking the wrong way as it crosses the plate: screwball. Norris has a great variety of outstanding pitches: two speeds on his fastball (a "two-seamer" and a "four-seamer," in mound parlance), two speeds on his curve, a changeup, and the excellent screwball—a pitch he learned years ago from Juan Marichal when the Giants' ace, looking for a place to work out during a spring baseball strike, turned up at San Francisco's Balboa High School diamond, where Norris was a fifteen-year-old star pitcher on the team. In the Friday game, Norris had given up one hit to the Orioles over seven innings when Billy Martin determined to rest his young ace, and entrusted the 5–2 Oakland lead to his bullpen—a mistake, it turned out, because the A's *have* no bullpen to speak of (and not much of an infield, either, if truth be told). The Orioles scored three runs in the eighth inning

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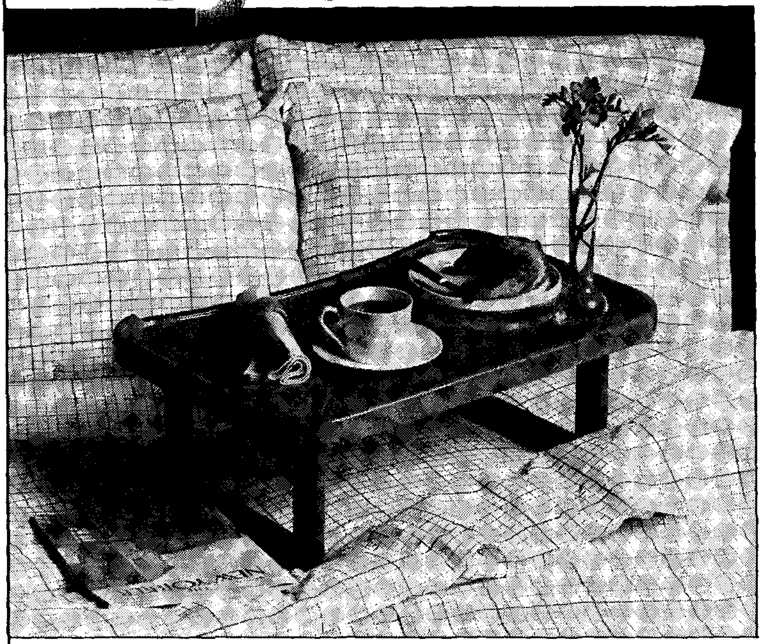
and three more in the ninth, to win it, 8–7, and Martin, who *hates* to lose—cannot bear it—stormed into his clubhouse and threw over the food table. The appalling welter of scattered cold cuts, far-flung beans, strewn fruit salad, and broken ketchup bottles, and the grieving, hungry faces of the young Oakland players presented a Cruikshank tableau out of "Oliver Twist." Poor form, I concluded, and bad leadership, too—but I was wrong, it seems, because the next night the team whipped Jim Palmer, 3–2, in a terrific duel, won by the bald, bearded, resolute right-hander Rick Langford, who pitched his twenty-fourth complete game of the year. (No bullpen, see?) All three of the Oakland outfielders—Henderson, Murphy, and Tony Armas—have superior arms, and the game ended with a sensational peg from the deep-left-field corner by Henderson that cut down Benny Ayala (who had just hit a single and was impetuously trying to stretch it into a double) at second—got him by yards. When Martin came back to the clubhouse, he found six or seven of his players standing guard in front of the restocked food table with their arms folded and mock-serious glares on their faces: Not tonight, Billy!

On the next afternoon—a dazzling, cool late-summer Sunday—Mike Norris, resplendent in a three-piece tan suit, narrow tie, and pink boutonnière, sat in the press box eating ice cream and watching his teammates while they took on the league's leading pitcher, Steve Stone, and rapped him for three first-inning runs, in a game that they won by 5–2. Norris had been given the day off by Billy Martin, perhaps as balm for his disappointment over his cruelly lost Friday victory. Norris is a thin, striking-looking young man, with long fingers and a small mustache and a gentle, lighthearted way of talking. He had taken that sudden hard turn of events with great composure, I had noticed, and he told me now that he had endured some other difficult times this year, including a pair of back-to-back 1–0 losses in May and an exhausting game against these same Orioles that he had won only after pitching fourteen full innings. Hardly anyone knows more about the vagaries of baseball fortune than Norris, who threw a shutout in his very first major-league start, at the age of twenty, but later underwent arm surgery and returned to the minors three times while struggling to regain his strength and form. Just two



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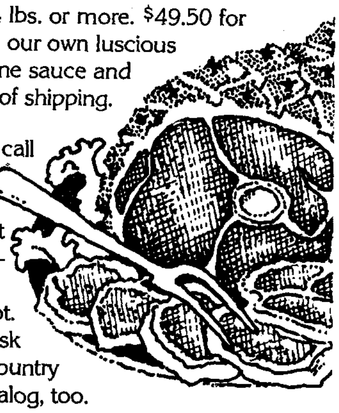

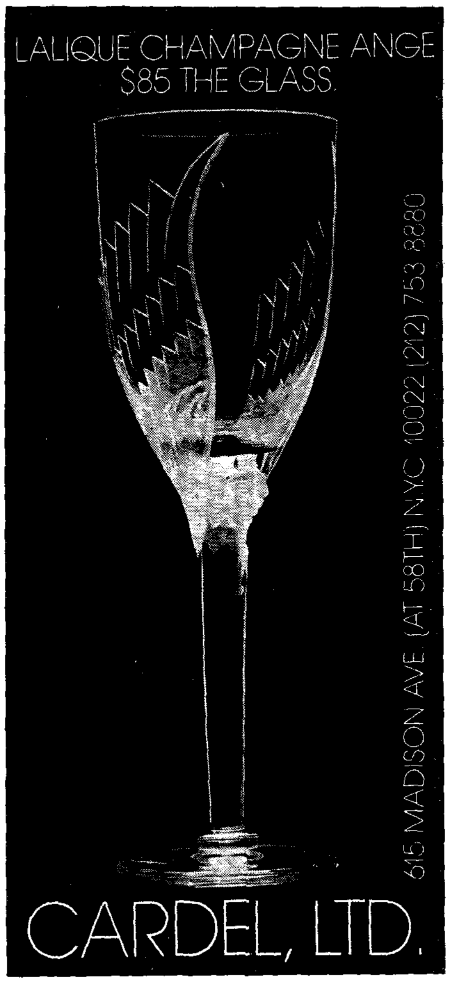

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years ago, he suffered a 2–6 season with a Class AA team in Jersey City, and his tatterdemalion major-league record at the beginning of this season was 12–25. Now, taking his ease in the Memorial Stadium press box in September, he stood at 18–8 and 2.31 for the season, with a very good chance at the Cy Young Award as the best pitcher in the American League. (As it turned out, he finished just behind Steve Stone in that post-season balloting.) Luck and character and Billy Martin (and A's pitching coach Art Fowler) had all had a hand in Norris's sunstruck summer, but I found the whole thing a little hard to believe just the same.

Down on the field, Tony Armas walked to start off the A's fourth, and Wayne Gross stroked a hit past first base and tried to turn it into a double; the throw from right field had him dead to rights, but Gross flew into shortstop Kiko Garcia with a fiery slide and body block and kicked the ball a good thirty feet away, while Armas scored. Jeff Newman beat out a nifty speed bunt to the third-base side of the mound, moving up Gross, and Dave McKay instantly scored him with a bunt—the team's fourteenth successful suicide squeeze of the year. Then Rob Picciolo bunted safely, too. By this time, Mike Norris and I and everyone else in the press box—even the Baltimore writers—were laughing and exclaiming and shaking our heads over this wonderful outburst of Billy-Ball and the discomfiture of Steve Stone and the helplessness of the Orioles and the frustration of Earl Weaver and the joy of the Oakland players, who, of course, were jumping around in their dugout and slapping palms in the air and having the time of their lives. Baseball is hard, as I have been saying here, but there are days when it yields a little to good luck and good play, and suddenly seems almost easy. It becomes a game again, instead of a business or a war or a test of character, and for once we can smile and simply enjoy it.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

The historic Community United Methodist Church in Middle Village, which became the first Methodist society on Long Island in 1768, has another first in its history—a woman pastor.

The woman excused herself for a moment, came back, opened the door and dumped a potful of cold water on Meyers' head.—*The News.*

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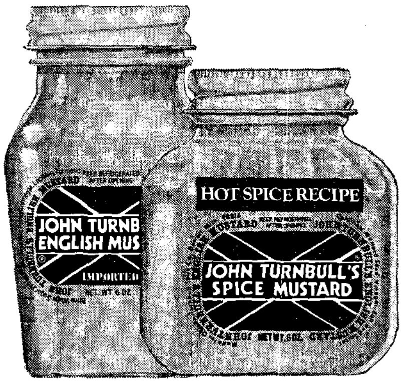

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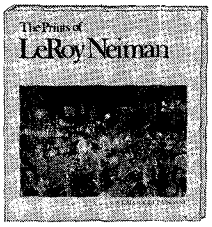

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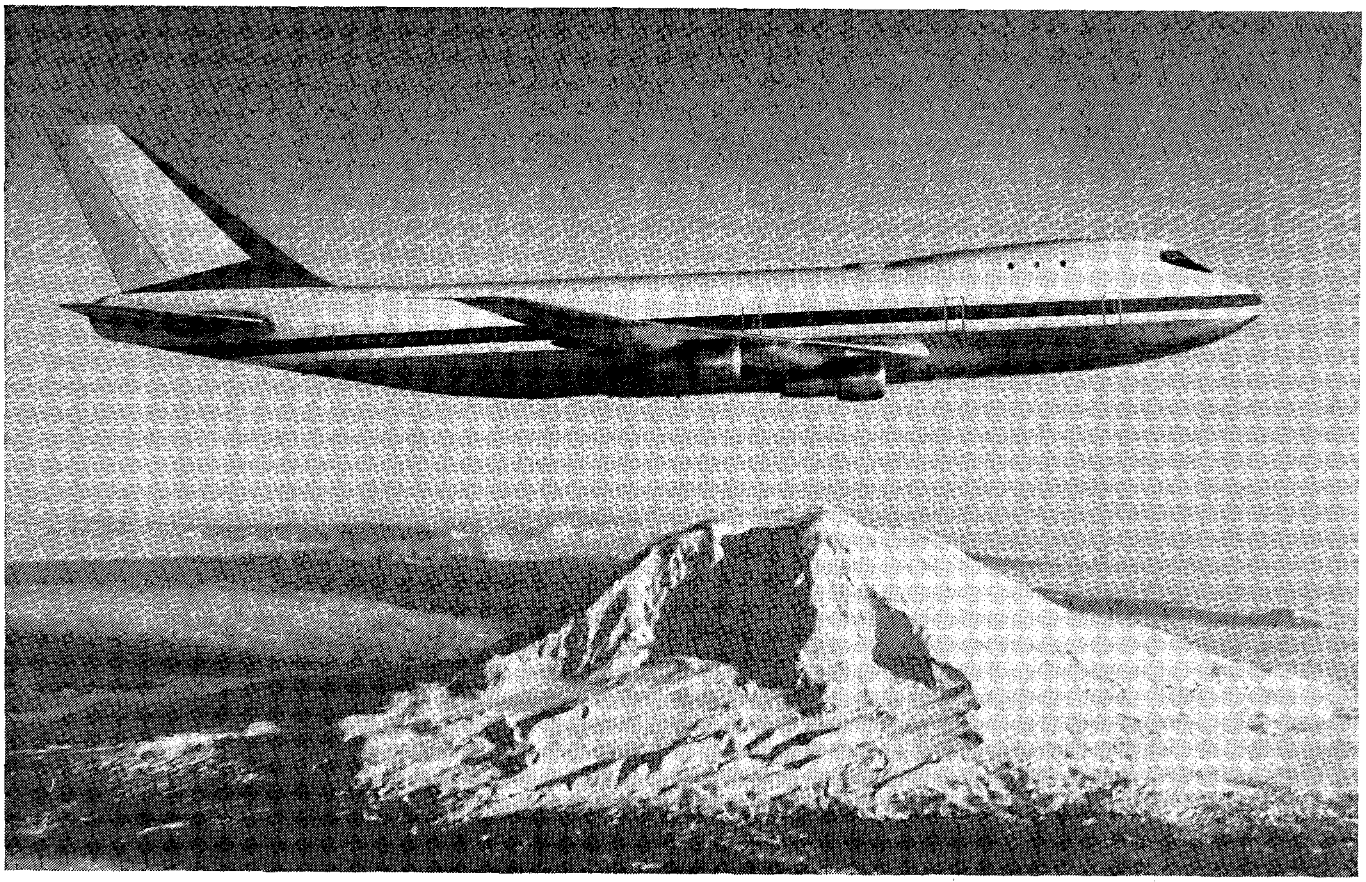

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

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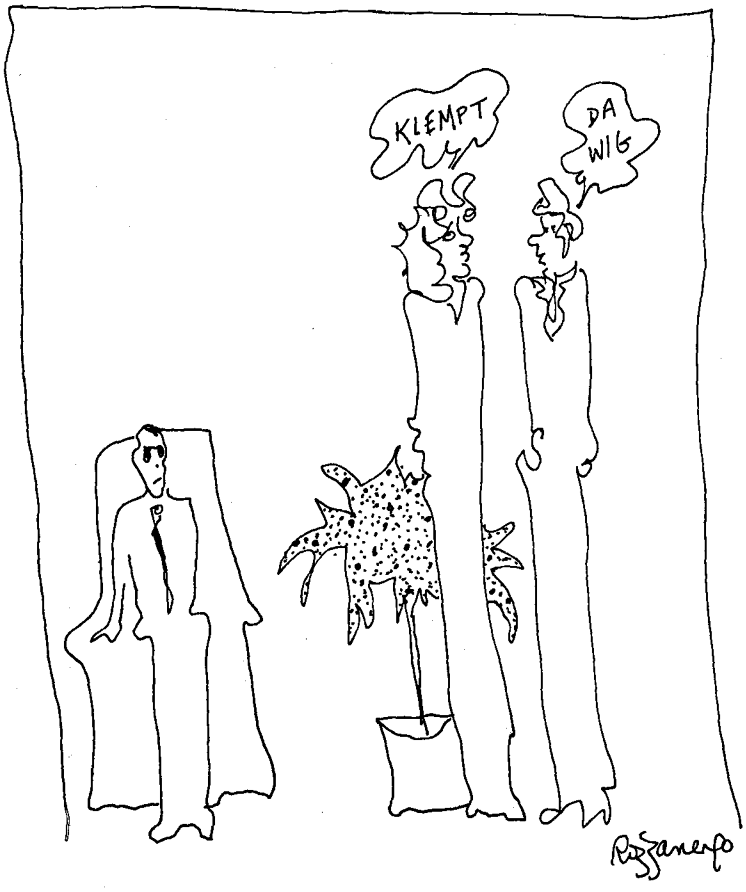
This covers the cost and shipping of five Christmas Tree Clean Up Bags. Spread one of them under the tree, and deck the bag with boughs of ivy. (It's made of white plastic, and needs decking.) Then, when the day comes to take down the Christmas tree, remove the ornaments and pull up the bag; there will *not* be needles still lying around when it's time for the jelly-bean hunt. The bag is sixty-eight by eighty-eight inches, and the reason for ordering five bags is that although one costs only $2.50, the shipping fee is $2.35 for orders under $15. In the interests of economy and friendship, it is therefore worthwhile to order five and give away four as presents, perhaps with some of that ivy.

How to Keep Warm Without Actually Turning Up the Furnace is still a subject of consummate interest to suppliers as well as consumers this year. Clark & Wilkins (Tel.: 534-5110) will deliver a cord of sixteen-inch mixed hardwood logs to your sidewalk for $285; stacking is $25 extra. In the country, a cord of wood costs anything from $50 to $175, plus cartage. Those who do not have access to a free wood supply might consider a gas fire. The Brass Loft, 20 Greene Street, can supply a "gas log" on a grate which can be installed in any fireplace, provided it has an eight-inch flue. The charge is $97 for a standard-size log, and $50 to $75 for a safety kit. (If the pilot light goes out, the gas automatically shuts off.) There is also a plumber's fee, because, among other things, gas may have to be brought to the fireplace. (Many old houses and apartments already have a gas pipe leading into the fireplace. Check.) The Brass Loft's log comes with embers as well, and the effect is infinitely better than the effect of an electric fire and almost as good as a wood fire. To the myopic, it looks like a wood fire that has been burning for a few minutes. The ritual of fire-building is lost, along with the smell and crackle of burning wood and an excuse to get up and poke the fire, but if gathering winter fu-u-el and making fires is anathema, a gas fire is cheaper in the long run, and it can be turned down as the room warms up. Two small presents for someone with a wood-burning fireplace are to be found at Altman's and Lord & Taylor. Altman's has eight-pound boxes of Genuine Irish Turf, packed in a cardboard box with a picture of a green-and-white Irishwoman leaning on the lower half of a cottage door; $13 for the Old Sod. Lord & Taylor has a tin demipail ($15) filled with pine cones, cedar chips, and piñon wood. It's an attractive package, and a good present for those friends who don't want any gifts that they can't eat, drink, read, or burn.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGN MAN



That sine qua non of every English nursery the Dimplex has arrived on our shores—at Manhattan Ad Hoc, 842 Lexington Avenue (64th). The Dimplex is a portable oil-filled electric radiator, and is not to be confused with the Simplex, which is a water-filled English teakettle. The Dimplex heats both the air (by convected heat) and the fabric of the room (by radiant heat), and the oil retains heat, so the Dimplex uses less voltage than other electric heaters. It has a thermostat, is permanently oil-filled, and gives off a steady, even heat—like an ordinary radiator, only it's on wheels. It is white, two-dimensional, and uncompromisingly plain ("quite good enough for the nursery"), but it works and is safe as churches; $150.

To judge by the number of hundred-per-cent-European-goose-down comforters around, they must eat a lot of geese in Europe. There is a great deal of literature on the subject of these "dynes," as they're called. The important points are: (1) the better the grade of down, the lighter the comforter, because less is needed to fill it; (2) channel stitching and a baffle construction prevent the down from shifting; (3) a tightly woven cotton cambric ticking keeps the down inside and also keeps the comforter from ending up in a heap on the floor; (4) some claim that these comforters can be used all year round. Well, maybe in the Far North. The really important point is that if the dyne is going to be used as a combination top sheet, blanket, and bedspread it has to have at least two covers—one on, one in the laundry. The less it is dry-cleaned or washed, the longer it will last. The greatest virtue of these comforters is that there is absolutely no excuse for not making the bed. Just fluff (fluffing is highly recommended for longevity) and pull up. Never mind the bottom sheet. A twelve-year-old boy of our acquaintance, whose bed used to look as though it had

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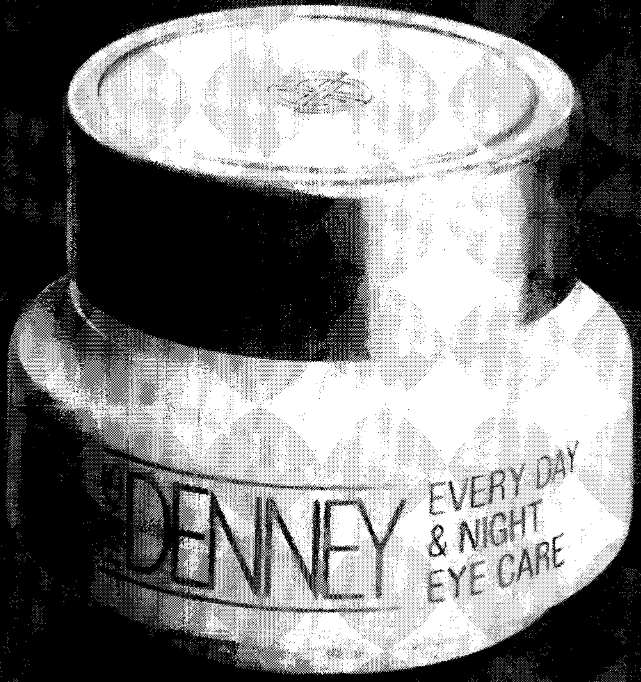

...you might want to consider the alternative of the 80's: Every Day & Night Eye Care, a Frances Denney "rescue cream" that puts collagen to work on the delicate skin above and below your eyes.

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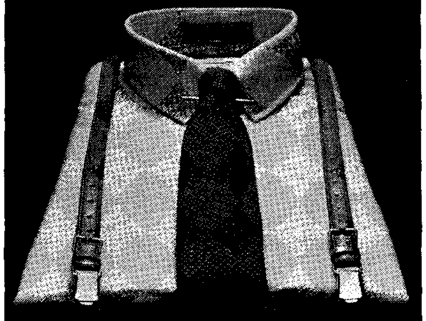

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been occupied by a backhoe, not only manages to keep the quilt over him all night but does not find the job of bed-making too onerous. The dynes come in four sizes, and cost around $175 for the twin size at the Continental Quilt Shoppe, 129 East 57th Street, and most department stores. Continental Quilt also has a comforter for extra-cold climates; $250 for the twin size. Covers are available in every linen department from $30 on up, depending on size and material.

Manhattan Ad Hoc has some Irish wool blankets, seventy by a hundred inches, in green, blue, brown, or red windowpane checks. They are whipped around the edge, rather than bound, and look like horse blankets—which they may be, for a very large horse—but are handsome enough to double as a bedcover; $95. Lord & Taylor has throws, forty-eight by eighty inches, made of mohair and a very small percentage of polyester. They are hand-loomed in Nantucket, and are wonderful to take a nap under. The stock varies, and the combination of colors is better on some days than it is on others; $150. We saw several particularly beautiful throws at Carrington, 854 Madison Avenue (70th). They're *pure* mohair, and are woven by two young women from New Jersey. One is a mauve-gray yarn-and-ribbon delicacy, another is a combination of winter colors—shale, evergreen, dark earth brown, and bark—seldom combined except in nature; $410 each, and worth it.

Herman's, 135 West 42nd Street, has an emergency thermal blanket, for $3.49, that should be in the glove compartment of every car and boat, and in every tent and country house. It's a by-product of superinsulating materials that were developed for NASA, and it reflects as much as eighty per cent of the heat directed at its surface from the body. In translation, this means that it will keep someone warm in an emergency, such as severe cold or shock. Anyone who has ever been stuck on a highway in a blizzard, or in a house during bitter weather when the power has been out for two days, will appreciate its value. It looks like aluminum foil and is what runners wrap themselves in after a marathon. The package is four by four inches, and the word "Expendable" is printed on the wrapper. (The nice thing about expendable presents is that people always need them.) For those who would like something a little stronger, Herman's also sells a more durable model, made of crinkly insulating material, blue or red on one side, silver on the other, and perfectly *hideous;* $9.99. Lamston's has something called a Stop-Draft, which is a roll of brown calico stuffed with sand, thirty-two inches long, to be put along the crack under a door; $4. In gift catalogues, this item is called a Draft-Dodger and is usually cunningly fashioned to look like a dachshund.

THE number of human-energy-saving devices that have been manufactured for the kitchen wearies the mind. Take the ubiquitous pasta machine. In the beginning, there was the classic Italian hand-cranked Atlas, and it's still around; $45 at Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street. This year, there is the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar automatic electric pasta machine (Gimbels, the Lee Bailey shop at Henri Bendel) that does everything but eat the pasta and wash itself. We have conducted a poll, as reputable as any, of nine people who actually own their own pasta-makers, and they are agreed on what happens when one becomes the owner of a pasta machine. The first week, pasta is made M.-W.-F., and twice on Sunday. Spaghetti is draped all over the kitchen, and the excitement is almost too much to bear. The second week, pasta is made T.-Th., and once on Sunday. The third week, once on Sunday. The fourth week, one of the children is sent out to the local store—"Fresh Pasta Every Day"—to buy two pounds of green fettuccine, no Parmesan, and soon the pasta machine is either moved to a top shelf or given to a friend, who repeats the routine. Rule: Before buying a pasta machine, be very sure that the recipient is a dedicated pasta-maker. And don't fall for one of those dinky little drying racks that are usually found parked next to the pasta machines. What's needed is a large clotheshorse (Macy's; $22).

Then, there's the Cuisinart, which has turned into the Barbie Doll of the kitchen. Every year, there are improvements and additions: bigger and better and fancier machines; a Fruit, Vegetable, and French-Fry Slicing Disc, which makes curved sticks ($20); a Square-Cut-Julienne Slicing Disc ($20); a tea-cozy-like cover ($12). One improvement that might be of interest is the Expanded Feed Tube Kit, which can be bought separately and used with the antiquated machine that somebody you know bought two years ago. This funnel will take whole

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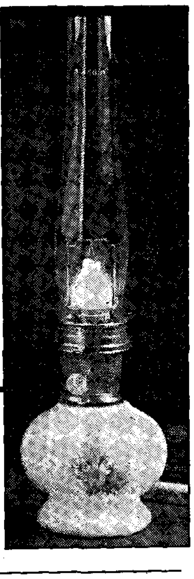

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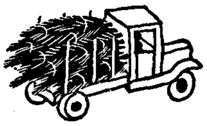
cucumbers, whole (small) potatoes, whole (small) tomatoes, and whole (small) onions, and it comes with two new slicing blades—the old ones won't work—and two pushers; from $50 to $60, depending on what model that old machine is, at almost every department and housewares store.

A worthwhile machine for those who like homemade ice cream is the Waring Ice Cream Parlor. ("Parlor" is at least a better word than "system." Everything is now a system: a vacuum cleaner is a Home Cleaning System; Scotch Tape is advertised at Lamston's as a Wrapping System. A vacuum cleaner by any other name . . .) We have made ice cream after Sunday school by the old-fashioned, hand-cranked, lots-of-ice, rock-salt, and burlap-bag method; we have used an electric version of this machine; and we have used the electric machines that are plugged in and then put in the freezer with the cord hanging out the door. The Waring seems to be the simplest and the fastest of any of these. Using four trays of ice and less than a box of table salt, it can produce two quarts of sherbet, ice cream, or frozen yogurt in forty minutes, provided there's no booze in the mixture. The appearance of the machine does not inspire confidence, but it works perfectly, and the instructions are clear and helpful; around $35 at Macy's, Gimbels, Altman's, and other stores.



Three earnest gadgets that serve a useful purpose are the self-cleaning garlic press, the gas lighter, and the Croque Monsieur Toasting Iron. The garlic press reverses on itself, and small spikes push the residue through the holes—a nifty system indeed; $7.20 at the Broadway Panhandler, 520 Broadway (Spring). The gas lighter is a device your grandmother used to light her gas stove with in the days before pilot lights. Today, it can be used to light a stove whose pilot light has been turned off—something that has been done by a number of people to save energy. It has no batteries, and operates on the spark principle—rather like a Boy Scout rubbing two sticks together, but not as funny. It beats a box of matches, because it's a one-handed operation; $11 at Manhattan Ad Hoc. The Croque Monsieur Toasting Iron is for those who go in heavily for toasted cheese sandwiches, or any other kind of toasted sandwich. It rests on top of the stove burner, and turns out perfectly toasted sandwiches in a shell pattern that is a thing of beauty; $19 at Bridge Kitchenwares, 214 East 52nd Street.

The definitive teakettle has at last appeared on the market. It is called the Hudson Tea Kettle and is available at Lee Bailey. It's hand-cast of top-grade aluminum alloy, has a coiled handle, and looks exactly as a teakettle should, which is to say old-fashioned, substantial, and cheerful. If it boils dry, it will not burn out, and should last several lifetimes, as well it might at $75. Lee Bailey also has a slatted-wood crumb box on which to cut French bread. The crumbs fall through into the box; $22. Well, some people object to crumbs more than others.

Dean & DeLuca has come up with the answer to a common problem. There are a few times in the year when one needs extra cutlery. It may be a Christmas party or an anniversary, and if it's a grand occasion stainless steel doesn't quite fill the bill. D. & D. carries Oneida hotel silver plate. Hotel silver plate is superior to other silver plate, because it has good weight. It's also cheap: a dinner fork and a salad fork are each $3.75, a knife is $7, a teaspoon is $3, a dessert spoon is $3.75, a soup spoon is $4.25. A five-piece place setting is $21.25, but what most people need is a dozen extra forks or spoons that they don't have to worry about. For the kitchen, 1st Stop Hardwares, 1025 Second Avenue (54th), has a wooden tree with four arms, on which hang four teaspoons, four dessert spoons, four knives, and four forks, of stainless steel with off-white, blue, brown, or black handles. The old Design Research version of this was more graceful, but it was usually knocked over every time a child reached for an implement; this one is steadier; $30. The Museum of Modern Art has a picnic set of stainless steel. The spoon and the fork slide into the hollow back of the knife handle to form a neat little package; $6.

The Bowl of the Year, to no one' surprise, is the Pasta Bowl. A pasta bowl is a very large white bowl. Th Pottery Barn has one for $10.95 tha is not too heavy, and a large platter fo the melon and prosciutto, for $17.50 Lee Bailey has a larger and slightl fancier pasta bowl—ovenproof—fo $18. Unlike too many pasta bowls neither has "RAVIOLI" or "BUON APPETITO" inscribed on the inside and therefore these bowls may be used for other things, such as *insalata*. Plain

Michael Cimino's

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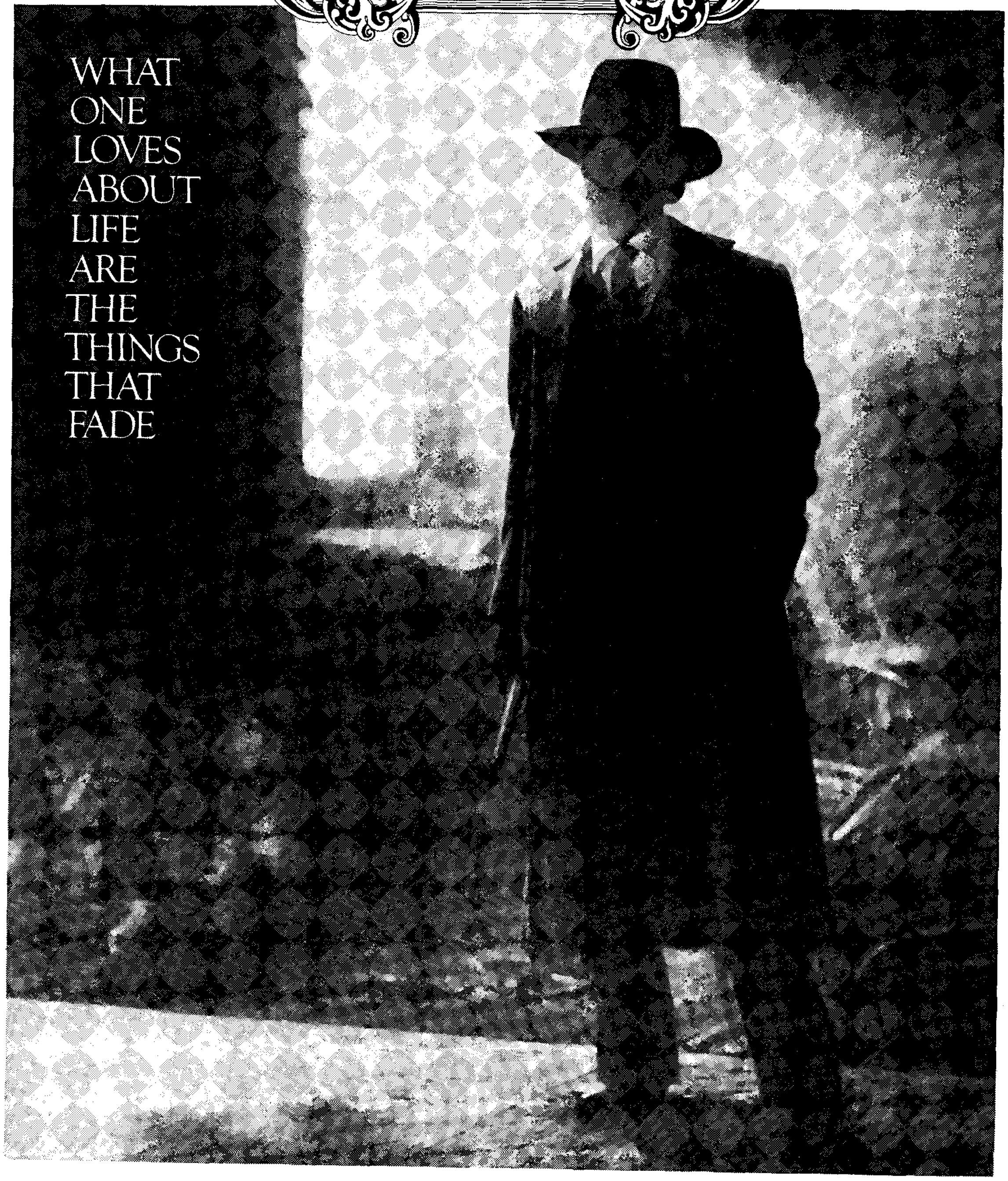

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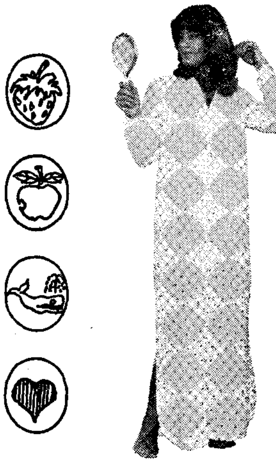

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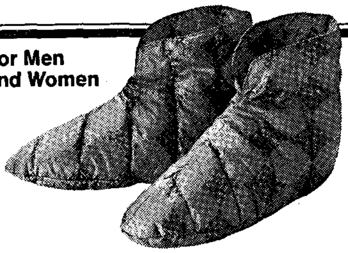

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glass soufflé dishes are available again, in three sizes; $7, $9, and $13 at Manhattan Ad Hoc. The Pyrex double boiler is also back on the shelves of some stores. This is of interest to saucemakers, because the cook can watch the water as well as the sauce; about $22 at Gracious Home, 1220 Third Avenue (70th), Manhattan Ad Hoc, and Columbus Avenue General Store, 207 Columbus Avenue (69th). A nest of five facetted glass bowls, both useful and good-looking, are to be found at Hubert des Forges, 359 Bleecker Street. They can be used as mixing bowls or serving bowls without flinching; $20. Dean & DeLuca has a new line of earthenware that is heatproof. It has a dark-brown glaze on the outside, terra cotta on the inside; a small casserole with a handle and a lid is $15.

A PLETHORA of handmade pottery has hit the marketplace this year, and there is scarcely a store to be found that hasn't a pottery section—people are expected to buy the stuff. It may reflect wishful thinking on the part of the store owners, because much of the work, though well meaning, is ugly. The excellent craftsmanship that produces the nonfunctional and aesthetically worthless object—poor in color, shape, and usefulness—is depressing. Design is the missing ingredient. Richard Bennett, a potter who was mentioned in this column six years ago and is being mentioned again because of the superb quality of his work, has an explanation for the current proliferation of potters: In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, Alfred, New York, was the Athens, Greece, of ceramics instruction in this country, because of the excellent crafts program at Alfred University, and much of the pottery one encountered in shops was the work of students and instructors there; in the seventies, many other colleges, in an attempt to lure back the dropouts who were doing their own thing, such as throwing pots, hurriedly started ceramics departments of their own, and it is largely the work of these students that we are now seeing in the stores. Mr. Bennett studied in Japan. He likes to make things that can be used, and is therefore more interested in turning out plates, bowls, mugs, platters, and casseroles than in making one-of-a-kind collector's items (though occasionally he produces one in spite of himself). His colors are subtle lavenders, blues, grays, ochres, and greens, and are the result of the special materials he uses in his glazes, combined with the varying atmospheres in his multichambered Japanese wood-burning kiln. His work has a serenity and finesse lamentably absent from most of the pottery to be seen around town. Some of his things are available at Gordon Foster, 1326-A Third Avenue (76th); a lavender bowl is $52.50, a blue-green plate is $30. Mr. Bennett's pottery, The Great Barrington Pottery, in Housatonic, Massachusetts, isn't on the way to anywhere, but it is worth a side trip.

Another potter of interest is John Copper, who has a pottery in upstate New York, and also has a number of assistants and a variety of styles. They produce a blue-and-white spongeware for Dean & DeLuca and simple, classic stoneware and porcelain for Carrington. At D. & D., a spongeware dinner plate is $32, a small pitcher is $12, and a coffeepot that looks like one of those friendly old enamelware ones, only more expensive, is $40. Carrington has mauve porcelain plates ($48 each) and some handsome porcelain vases in unpedestrian, clear colors. A very large blue vase shaped like a double gourd is $320. Carrington is an interesting new store that seems to specialize in crafts of a very high order, and of correspondingly high prices. It has an occasional piece of antique furniture, but most of its merchandise is newly woven or knit or thrown or carpentered or painted or sculptured. Many of the things here are beautiful.

A former potter named Simon Pearce designs and blows glass, which is available at Bendel. Operating out of County Kilkenny, Ireland, he and six others make half-crystal table glass by hand (and mouth) which is nearer to Steuben in feeling, though not in price, than it is to Baccarat. It is simple and heavy, but does not require two hands to lift. A round wine goblet is $22, a large jug is $40, a small one is $25, a beaker is $15, and a particularly handsome beer mug is $30.

TIFFANY has a new line of Limoges which is a copy of the china that Monet designed for his house at Giverny, when it probably cost five francs a plate. An eleven-inch dinner plate is now $60; a demitasse *with saucer* is $52. The china is white with a wide band of buttercup yellow edged in cornflower blue. It's country china at city prices, but just one piece makes a room seem sunny on even the dullest November day. Black plates are ap-

One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

Not the football rules, but the rules of the legal system under which manufacturers can be sued for damages. In recent years, courts have been inclined to hold a product manufacturer or distributor liable for injuries even when the company had met safety standards or when the injured person was negligent in using the product.

As a result, judgments, settlements and legal costs in liability cases have increased dramatically. Businesses are faced with uncertainty in trying to gauge the extent of their exposure to lawsuit. When these factors outweigh the benefits of making a product, that product will leave the marketplace.

That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until, as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we, too, are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed o protect business from financial loss resulting from a awsuit. This protection normally encourages business o remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers o develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy.

But the trend in legal judgments threatens all that stability. As lawsuit settlements and awards become higher, insurance companies tend to be more cautious in writing insurance coverage. And they must charge more for it. That in turn causes manufacturers and sellers to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of insurance protection. Which means that consumers pay more for what they buy.

It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs. And that would benefit everyone.

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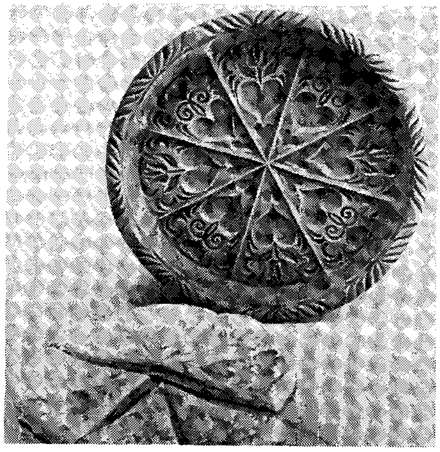

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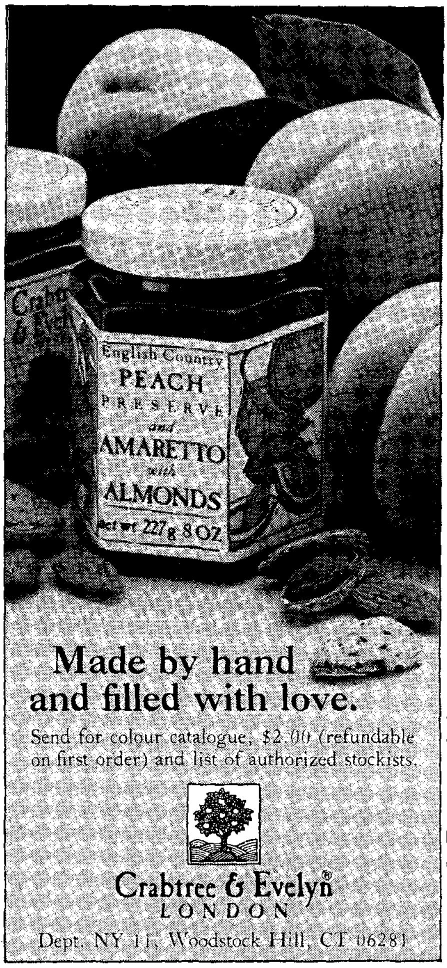

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pearing in a number of stores, probably because it has been discovered that they set off the food, provided the cook is good. (Black plates do nothing for gray lamb or black hamburger.) A black glass dinner plate is around $12 at Dean & DeLuca and Manhattan Ad Hoc. A black ceramic plate is $7.50 at D. & D. Chelsea Passage, at Barney's, 111 Seventh Avenue (17th), has some tart plates from France that are, for once, pretty rather than cute; six for $80, packed in a round box.

To move down a peg or two, into the field of acrylic plastics, Manhattan Ad Hoc has facetted tumblers in several colors at $2.50 each and also clear, fluted ones—the kind used in cheap restaurants—for fifty cents apiece. Canal Street Plastic Supply Company, 2107 Broadway (73rd), has good-looking large Old-Fashioned glasses. They are perfectly plain, practically indestructible, and cost $13.05 for a set of six. The store also has Onion Goggles, for peeling onions, for $6. We like peeling them in cold water, for $0. Lucidity, 775 Madison Avenue (66th), has tumblers ($2.25) and orange-juice glasses ($1.75) that stack. A Lucite cake stand is $16.50, and a linen press for placemats is $25. The linen press—for someone who hates to get out the iron—is two pieces of Lucite that hold mats flat, so that they don't get wrinkled.

WHICH leads us to the subject of linens. Descamps, 723 Madison Avenue (64th), has linens that fall between Porthault and the no-iron linens "created" by dress designers which are to be found in department stores. The Descamps specialty is small prints—flowers, stripes, squiggles, checks, geometrics—in soft but unsappy colors. There are sheets, pillowcases, and comforters, with matching napkins, tablecloths, bathrobes, tea cozies, eyeglass cases. It would be possible to stay in bed all day totally camouflaged. There are also towels and bassinets. A blue-and-white flowered sheet that is only half cotton (the other half is polyester) is $39 in the twin size; an all-cotton sheet is $42. Corresponding pillowcases are $17 and $20.50. A down comforter is $318 in the twin size. Napkins are $4 each.

Shinera, 481 Columbus Avenue (83rd), also has some pretty sheets—Italian, with scalloped edges. All are reversible, in case that is desirable; they reverse to a different pattern in the same color. Again, the patterns are small and neat, in muted colors. (Europeans seem to do soft colors better than we do.) A sheet for a twin bed is $22, pillowcases are $19.25 a pair. It has futon covers in stock, and will make comforter covers out of the sheets. This is a restful store. It has things to lie on, materials to cover them with, rice-paper shades, bed frames, drawers, and tables in the Japanese style, and that's it. It's so peaceful that one is tempted to stretch out on a futon. (A futon is a Japanese mattress made of cotton batting six inches thick, and is six inches better than sleeping on the floor, but it isn't something one sinks into.)

Manhattan Ad Hoc and West Town House, 2276 Broadway (82nd), have movers' pads, but the motherhouse of movers' quilts is The Village Stripper, 519 Hudson Street (10th). It carries large satin quilts, the same color on both sides, in red, purple, black, gray, or plum; $72. It also has reversible cotton ones in innumerable color combinations; $22 for the small size, $44 for the large. It has a red flannel quilt ($22), for the Christmas trade, and a blue-and-white one ($14), for the college trade. Remnants are used to make yoga pads; they are cheap ($8), decent-looking, serviceable, and washable. The Pottery Barn has hand-loomed cotton bedspreads from India; $20 for a single, $25 for a double. Placemats of the same material are $1 each, and everything is in natural or attractively faded colors. The Village Table Top, 384 Bleecker Street, has napkins eighteen inches square, in cotton and blends, for $1.25 to $3.50. There are over a hundred patterns, including all-cotton red or blue checked café napkins, and also solids, and the advantage that this small store has over the linen departments of large stores is that one can examine the entire line of merchandise by standing in the middle of the store and simply revolving. The store also has placemats and tablecloths. For the ambitious, Fabrications, 146 East 56th Street, has French cottons at $10 a yard, and a How To booklet on How To make a round or rectangular tablecloth. It also has napkins of the same French cottons for $3.50 apiece. Admitting that anyone who gives a single dish towel as a Christmas present is asking for trouble, we would like to mention, before shutting the door on the linen closet, an exceptional dish towel, to be found at Barney's Chelsea Passage. It is French jacquard, is *pur coton*, and comes in white or faded toile-de-Jouy colors. The design is woven into the

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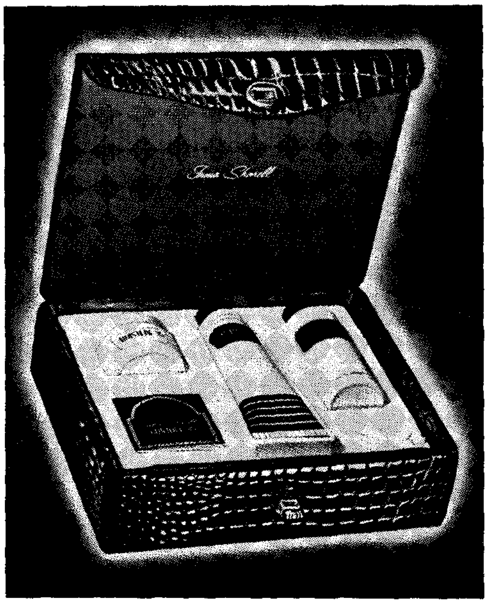

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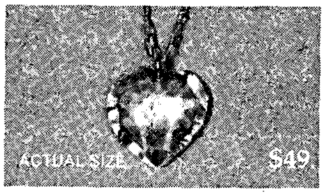

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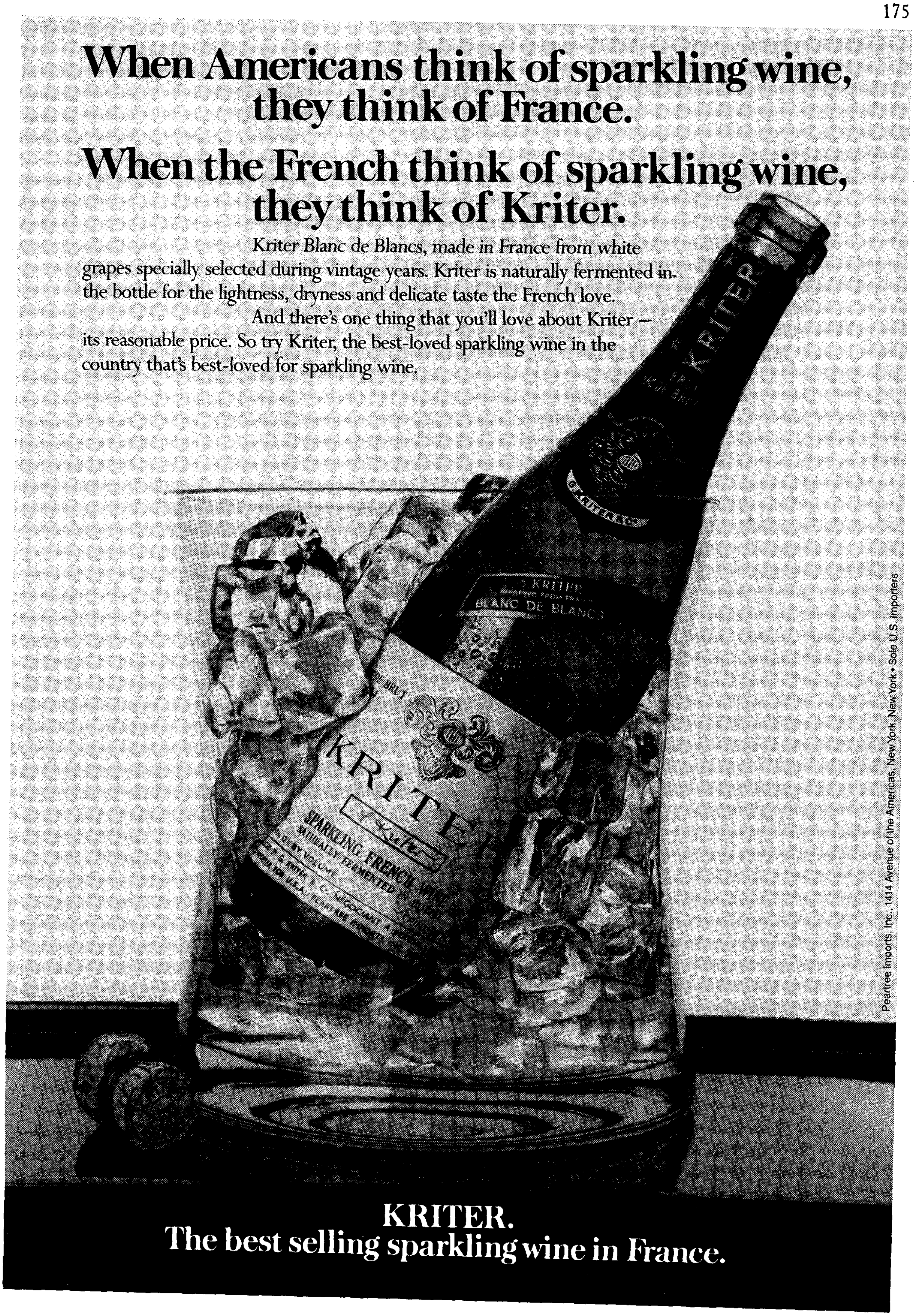
fabric rather than screened on top, so age cannot wither its infinite variety; an eighteenth-century still-life in pale yellow costs $7.50 and is pretty enough to hang on the wall (kitchen). If somebody you know is the owner of a particularly vivid drawing by a kindergarten graduate, Ffolio 72, 888 Madison Avenue (72nd), will needlepoint it for $135—for *next* Christmas. (It takes three months to do.)

THE big news in rugs is the dhurrie and the kilim. A dhurrie, for the benefit of those who haven't heard the *dernier cri*, is a flat, tightly woven cotton rug from India. A kilim is a flat, tightly woven wool rug from Turkey. They come in brilliant colors, and the cheaper ones are usually striped. A fringed dhurrie, four feet by seven, is $49 at Conran's. The Pottery Barn also has dhurries; one that is three and a half feet by six, in wide clear stripes, costs $20. The Pottery Barn has some Dowry Durries (they drop their "h"s), which are one of a kind. The colors, the originality of the designs, and the texture put them in a different class from the plain dhurries. There are stripes, geometrics, florals, and pictorials—mostly birds. They cost from $100 to $250, and although they don't necessarily have to be hung on the wall, they are not for the children's room.

WHAT is for the children's room is a chair called the Sleeper or the Opener's Chair, which is every bit as ubiquitous as the pasta machine. It is a chunky affair with a back but no arms, and a simple flip-flop turns it into a sixty-four-inch mattress, also with a back. It would be useful in a summer house or in a studio apartment. It is comfortable as a chair or as a mattress, and the back enables one to read in bed, but it is only twenty-seven inches wide and will not encourage an adult guest to overstay his leave. It can be covered in Haitian cotton or almost any shade of cotton duck, and costs around $170 at Conran's, the Workbench, West Town House, and Jensen-Lewis, 156 Seventh Avenue (19th). Jensen-Lewis is the canvas center of New York. This firm began in 1886 as sailmakers, and progressed to awnings, which it still makes. It now also stocks directors' chairs in four heights, in stained or varnished wood or painted white, with canvas seats and backs in a choice of twenty-eight colors. The seats and backs are easily removable when it comes time to wash or replace the canvas; $32 to $68. This store also has officers' chairs, for $107 (tufted cushions) and $58 (untufted). Canvas window shades are from $20 to $40. Beanbag chairs have almost disappeared, but Altman's still carries them in the back recesses of its Linen Department on the fourth floor. A very large one costs $52, and a bag of beans is $9. Ambienti, 792 Madison Avenue (67th), has a double-decker metal bed, Italian in origin, that is the conceit of the year. It appears to be made out of an Erector set, with ladders, baskets, shelves, and a writing desk hanging off the ends. The effect is airy, and it is the only charming double-decker bed that we have ever seen, but clearly it is intended for very strictly brought-up Italian princesses. It comes in red or gray, and costs $900.

THERE are some O.K. adult toy available this year. A kraft-pape sculpture called Genesis has been fo sale at the Museum of Modern Art fo two years and is now in gift shops al over town. It's a length of brow honeycombed paper with a groov along one side and a magnet on eac end. When the two ends are stuc together, it looks rather like a ruff wit narrow painted stripes on it. When it' turned in or out on itself, it can b manipulated into different shapes, an an acrylic sphere comes with it to ro around in the groove as part of the act It's one of the few toys made to b fiddled with which look good in repose $16 at Any Occasion, 209 Columbu Avenue (70th), and the Performer' Outlet, 222 East 85th Street, among other shops. Pop/Eye, 130 Thompso Street, has reproductions of homely objects that are greatly enlarged. The are intended as objets de Pop Art, bu the vegetable brush ($35) would b useful for cleaning out a trash can, an the Pantagruelian safety pin ($15 would look fine hanging on a wall—instead of another poster, perhaps. Ther are seventy-inch pencils ($90) eighteen-inch paper clips ($10), sixt inch crayons ($60), and some thirt other objects for giants; prices ru from $3.50 to $165. MOMA has give its seal of approval to a Danish telephone, both handsome and practica that looks like a toy but isn't. (It i said to be used in the Dutch House c Parliament.) It's a push-button jac phone that can be picked up in on hand; its ring is beguiling—like a fa Klaxon, but more genial—and the volume can be turned up or down. Th



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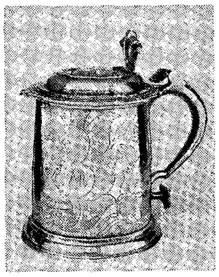

receiver is black, and the base comes in various colors, all pleasing; perhaps the charcoal gray is the most pleasing. Around $145 at Barney's Chelsea Passage, at Phone-Boutique, 855 Lexington Avenue (65th), and, of course, at MOMA.

IN case it escaped your notice, Bloomingdale's lately had an exhibition of Things Chinese from the People's Republic of China. Much of the show will be at the Coliseum in December, but there are still some Things left for sale on Lexington Avenue. Slatted folding stools, suitable for plant stands or for sitting on while waiting in line for tickets to Horowitz, are $12.50 for the large, $8 for the small. Hearth brooms that have long handles of split bamboo and brushes of soft straw colors are $4. A very large thermos bottle with a small tin screw-on top comes in pale blue, green, or pink and has dazzling flowers painted on it. It is possibly the least likely-looking thermos ever seen, and is guaranteed to knock the spots off any in the Yale Bowl; $22. A red flowered tea cozy, visible at fifty paces, would certainly brighten up the breakfast alcove; $16. There is still a good supply of blue-and-white china, and there are hundreds of baskets. (The trouble with most baskets is that they are made for decorative purposes rather than for carrying things. Limited Editions, 253 East 72nd Street, has a nest of strong willow market baskets, with strong handles, costing $15, $24, $36, and $45, the largest big enough for a baby.) At Bloomingdale's, we were slightly disconcerted by three Chinese gentlemen who preceded us through the exhibit, examining price tags and bursting into Chinese guffaws. On the furniture floor, there are some porcelain fruits, about sixty years old, that are passed from father to son to Bloomingdale's to insure longevity; the small ones are $50, the large $75, and they are lovely.

Altman's has its Far Eastern department on the main floor. Chinese antiques include picnic baskets, red lacquer bowls, and porcelain, among other objects. A small rectangular picnic basket, c. 1860, is $185; a very large blue-and-white Ch'ing dynasty bowl is $1,850; a little inkpot is $45. There are some handsome Korean blanket chests, old but not antique, for $650, and the best breakfast tray we've ever seen—an old dark-wood Korean tea table, ten inches by fourteen by eighteen. It would hold any breakfast except an English one, and even without the breakfast it looks good; $85.

"GUERIN P E INC hrdwr 23 Jane" is the understated entry in the phone book for a firm that has been turning out reproductions of antique brass since 1857. It carries more than fifty thousand models of decorative fittings—Continental, English, and American—and there is no point in going to any other place for your escutcheon plates. It also has rim locks, stair-carpet rods, spouts, towel racks, cremone bolts, door knockers, hinges, bouillotte lamps, washbasins, and every other kind of decorative hrdwr that is made of brass, except fireplace equipment. A plain round doorknob is $22.50, a heavy brass ring for the big front door is $225, a simple lever door handle is $32, a shower head eight inches in diameter is $250, a twelve-inch round washbasin is $312.50. Guerin is a serious store, patronized largely by architects and decorators, but it also sells retail. It is a pleasure to stand in this quiet, dignified establishment.

Besides the Stop-Draft and the thermal blanket, there are some other inexpensive items for sale around town. Manhattan Ad Hoc has a French folding knife, with a wooden handle, suitable for picnics or travelling; $5.75. It also has something called a Bug Gun, made of yellow, red, or blue plastic, "for everyone ages 8 and over." It's not exactly what everyone 8 and over needs for Christmas, but it could be put away against the mayfly season. Adjustable suitcase straps in new, bright colors are available at most luggage stores for about $4 apiece. Ffolio 72 has a Big Little Book of household hints, called "All Things Wise and Wonderful." It is full of excellent tips, such as how to remove chewing gum from hair, and also has some fatheaded aphorisms, such as "What garlic is to salad, insanity is to art" (Augustus Saint-Gaudens); $6. Flashmaps Publications puts out a booklet on New York, with area maps of Manhattan and pertinent information on subways and bus routes, the sites of *monuments historiques*, stores, theatres, restaurants, piers, terminals, and just about anything else of a factual nature which a resident or a visitor might want to know. No pull-out maps that tear along the creases; $3 at Brentano's, Scribner's, and the Hammond Map Store, 12 East 41st Street. A slim volume that is both factual and judgmental is "The Penguin Book of Christmas Carols,"

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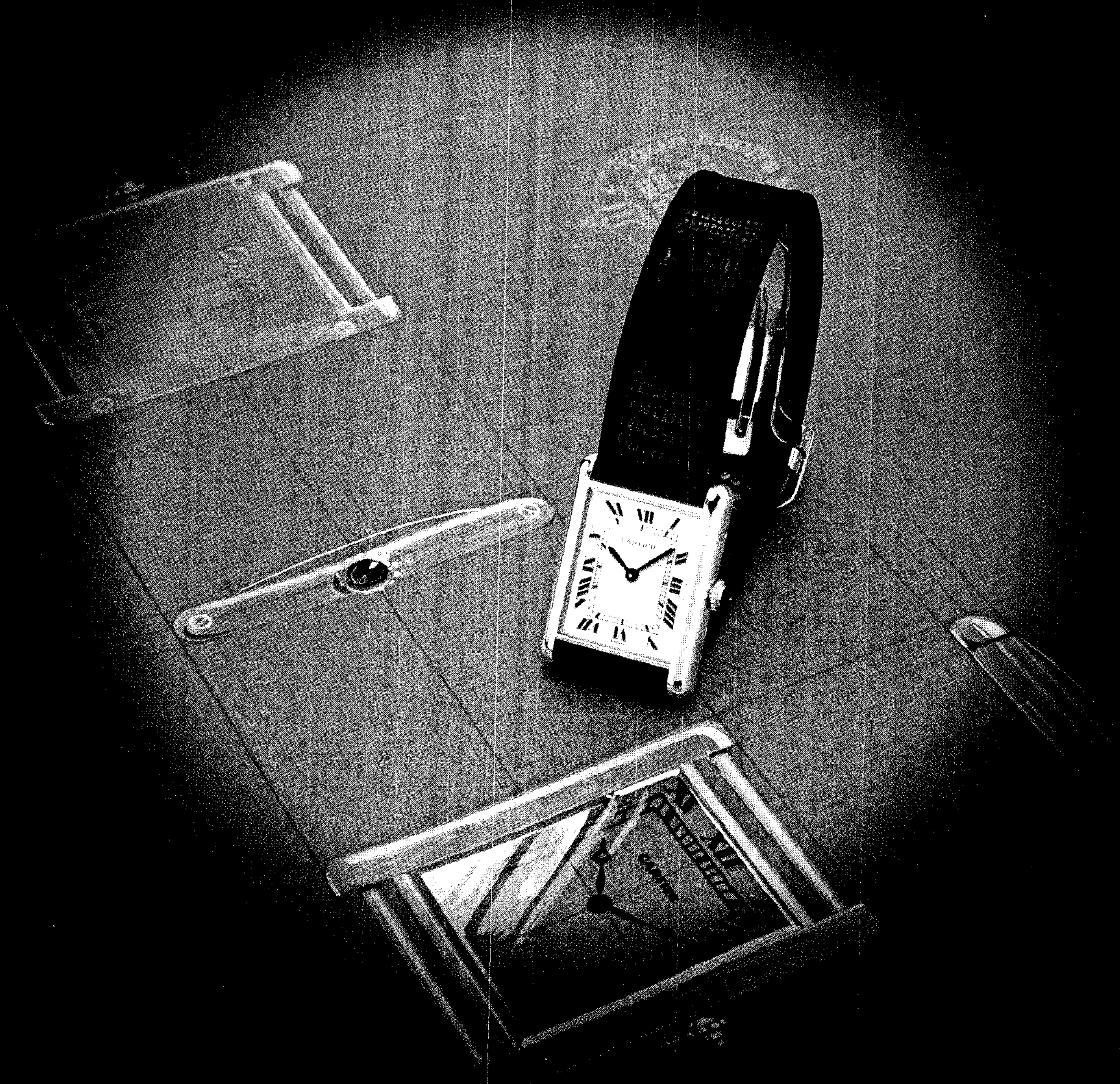

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whose contents were collected, arranged, and commented upon by the late Elizabeth Poston, an English musician and expert on folk songs; $2 at Brentano's and Scribner's. Except for "Jingle Bells," it has all the old favorites (with the good melody for "Away in a Manger") and a number of carols rarely heard in this country, with simple descants. The arrangements are "accessible," as the author says, with an occasional mild dissonance for interest. Miss Poston's comments on "Good King Wenceslas" are particularly acerbic:

> Product of an unnatural marriage between Victorian whimsy and [a] thirteenth-century dance carol . . . in spirit, in feeling, as in fact, it is entirely pagan. Danced as "twist," with modern rhythm accompaniment, this tune would be nearer to its authentic style. (This is bound to disappoint the people who enjoy wallowing in . . . Master and Page solos.)

W. G. Lemmon, 755 Madison Avenue (65th), stocks bobeches, for eighty-nine cents each—always welcome, because no one can remember to buy them. In fact, for anyone stuck with Christmas shopping on Christmas Eve a hardware-and-housewares store, such as W. G. Lemmon or Gracious Home, is an excellent place to prowl around. Both of these stores have spaghetti tongs ($3), colored extension cords for the child whose room is decorated with stereo components ($6), candles (from $1 to $6), hangers (from fifty cents to $8 each), and that salad spinner with the knob ($10). Other people may have the same idea, so the sooner in, the better.

FAT-CAT PRESENTS: James II Gallery, 15 East 57th Street, has a small nineteenth-century coal range of polished steel, in perfect working order. It is sixteen inches by twenty-five by thirty, has an oven with two shelves, three lids, and a riddler, and is adorable. It is not a toy. It's for a very short cook who wants to keep warm, and it's suitable for any room in the house except the ballroom. Whatever s done with it, may it not end up as a coffee table; $3,800.

The Fischbach Gallery, 29 West 57th Street, handles oil paintings by Maurice Grosser. He has done some till-lifes of vegetables and fruits which one feels were painted by a man who cares as much about fresh vegetables and fruits as he does about painting. A large "Still-Life with Red Peppers" (and eggplant and plums) costs $4,800. "Garlic, Lemon, and Bay" is $2,000. "Dismembered Artichoke" is $1,600. They are too good to be hung in any kitchen that is used for much more than warming up the caterer's food, unless it is a very large kitchen.

Carrington has some floorcloths, hand-painted on linen canvas by a man named Peter Fasano. They are more like abstract watercolors than like rugs, and are very beautiful. The twentieth-century use of an eighteenth-century medium is what makes these floorcloths so extraordinary. They would give distinction to almost any room, modern or traditional or eclectic. A particularly lovely one, five feet by seven, artfully daubed with abstract geometrics in muted colors, is $1,260. One that is six feet by six, with painted squares of different sizes and colors, is $450. They can be dry-cleaned or washed, and Mr. Fasano will make them to order.

Lord & Taylor is having an exhibition of Thonet bentwood furniture. Among the few things still unsold is a nursing chair, for $950. A nursing chair, by definition, is one that is low and comfortable and supports the back; it is usually a rocker. This chair is not a rocker, but it is a steal. The exhibition runs through November 29th, and will lift the spirits of the jaded Christmas shopper.

CHRISTMAS trimmings have improved this year. Continuous rolls of wrapping paper are now available everywhere at $5 for fifteen feet. All the stores carry real ribbon, for those who are unable to cope with paper ribbon, but the best place to buy it is in the garment district. At So-Good Ribbon and Trimmings, 28 West 38th Street, fifty yards of five-eighths-inch red grosgrain costs $6. The M. & J. Trimming Company, 1008 Sixth Avenue (37th), has embroidered cotton tape for around $35 for fifty yards. Lord & Taylor has painted-glass birds from Czechoslovakia that clip on the tree; $1.95. Its Christmas department has large windows, and some thought has been given to traffic patterns, but if it proves too much, the Thonet exhibition is just across the hall. Altman's has pears and apples made of natural wood; $1.50 each. Pan American Phoenix, 153 East 53rd Street, has some charming tin decorations. A large, flat tin angel is $8.50. A painted-tin crèche to hang on the tree or the wall has thirteen pieces, including the Angel of the Lord and a shooting Star in the East; $18.50. A Mexican tin Santa

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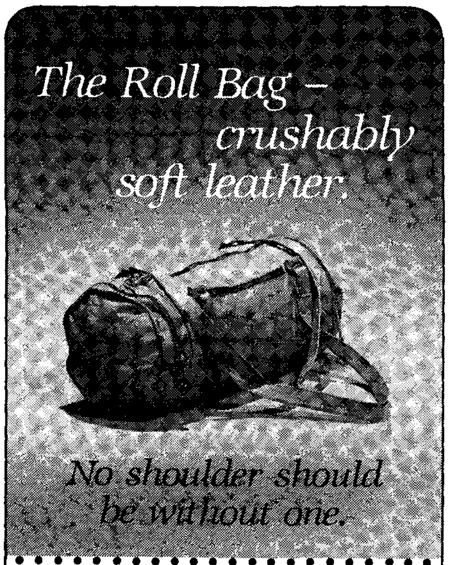

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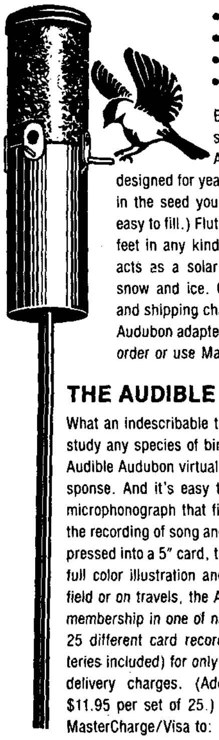

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Claus riding in the gondola of a three-dimensional balloon costs $25. Putumayo, 857 Lexington Avenue (65th), has a wide selection of Christmas-tree ornaments from various countries. The figures are made of wood, felt, Peruvian bread dough, American bread dough, tin, copper (a cat from Peru), or llama fur (a llama from Peru); all unusual, unbreakable, and under $5. The ornaments at the Performer's Outlet are American, made by loving hands at home. There are stuffed, quilted, patchwork, wood, glass, and pine-cone ornaments, mostly under $5. The Performer's Outlet also sells 3 Kings Incense packets, which are made by the Holy Cross Fathers, so the incense should be the genuine article, and not frankincense and myrrh flavoring; $5. Diversion, 905 Madison Avenue (73rd), has cards and "informals" with red or green edges and red- or green-lined envelopes, to be used for invitations before Christmas and thank-you notes after Christmas; fifty cards and envelopes are $20, fifty informals are $15. They will print a motif, brought by the customer and drawn to size, on the stationery for $7.50, but this takes three weeks. Starting about two weeks before Christmas, trees, wreaths, and ground pine are for sale under the West Side Highway, between Canal Street and Chambers Street, at such a saving that it pays to take a taxi both ways if you can persuade the driver to let the tree ride, too. There are Douglas fir, Scotch pine, and spruce. Shopping around and haggling are permitted, and the men are extremely agreeable about untying trees so that they can be examined for imperfections. They are also helpful when it comes time to fasten the tree to the roof of the car or taxi. Some of the men light fires in oil drums, and cook over them. The whole scene deserves * * * for Ambience.

•

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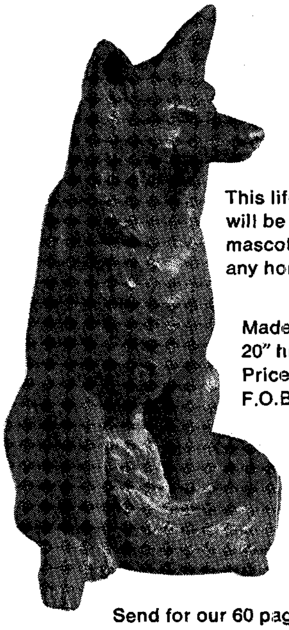

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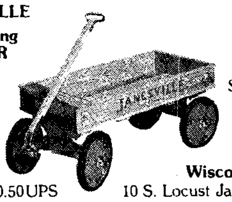

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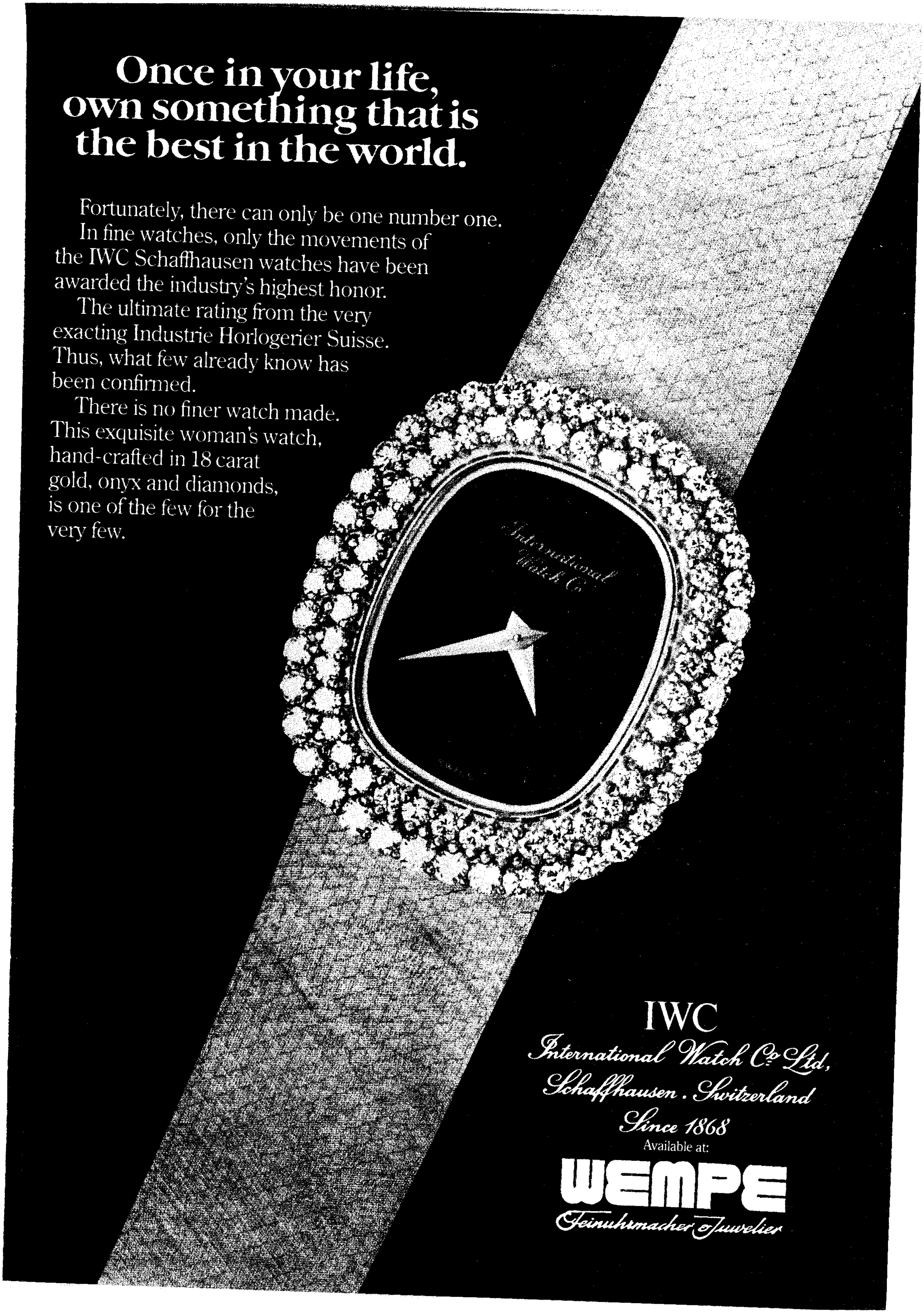

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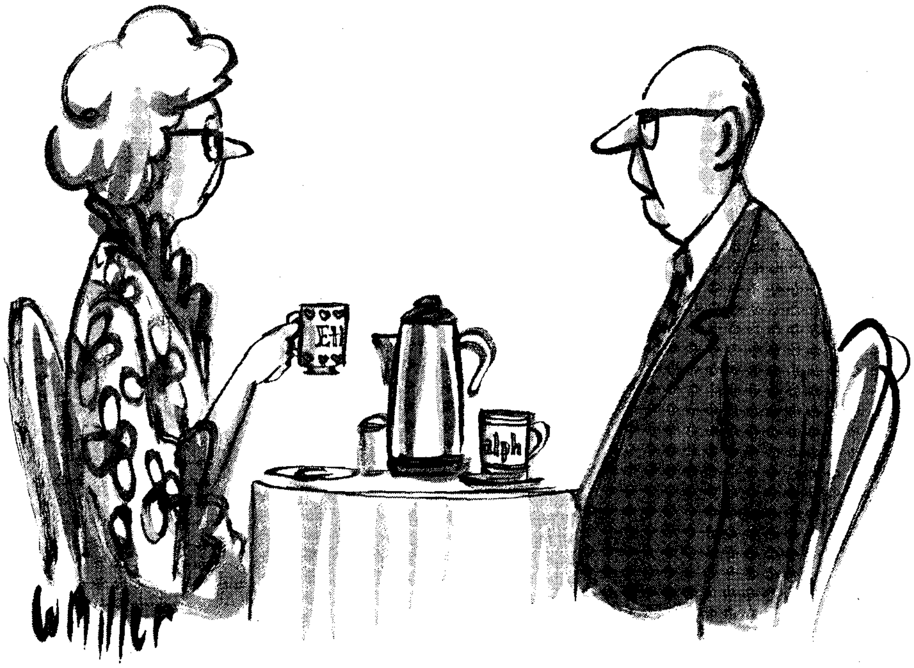
MUSICAL EVENTS

Temperaments

AT a fortepiano recital in the concert hall of the Abraham Goodman House last month, Malcolm Bilson played Haydn, C. P. E. Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, and, for encores, accompanied Susan Robinson in Schubert and Mozart songs. His instrument, built by Philip Belt, was modelled on the Anton Walter fortepiano now in the Mozart House in Salzburg. A piano of beautiful tone, it can also be admired on Mr. Bilson's latest record, a coupling of Mozart's sonatas K. 332 and K. 333 (Nonesuch). Two days after the recital, Mr. Bilson spoke, played, answered questions, and invited his listeners to try the Belt-Walter for themselves at a lecture-demonstration in the musical-instruments gallery of the Metropolitan Museum. There are—as I have often said in these columns—many pages of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert which on a modern Steinway, Baldwin, or Bösendorfer simply cannot be played as the composer wrote them. Though fingers may sound the notes, the intended dynamics, phrasing, detailed articulation, and balance of textures are beyond the capacity of a concert grand. Let me draw attention again to Mr. Bilson's article in the April, 1980, issue of *Early Music*, in which four such passages—by Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn—are discussed. At the Met demonstration, the pianist began with a simple example—the start of the "Pathétique," that thick low chord marked *fp*. Hit it really *f* on a modern piano and it will not die to *p* before the time for the continuation arrives.

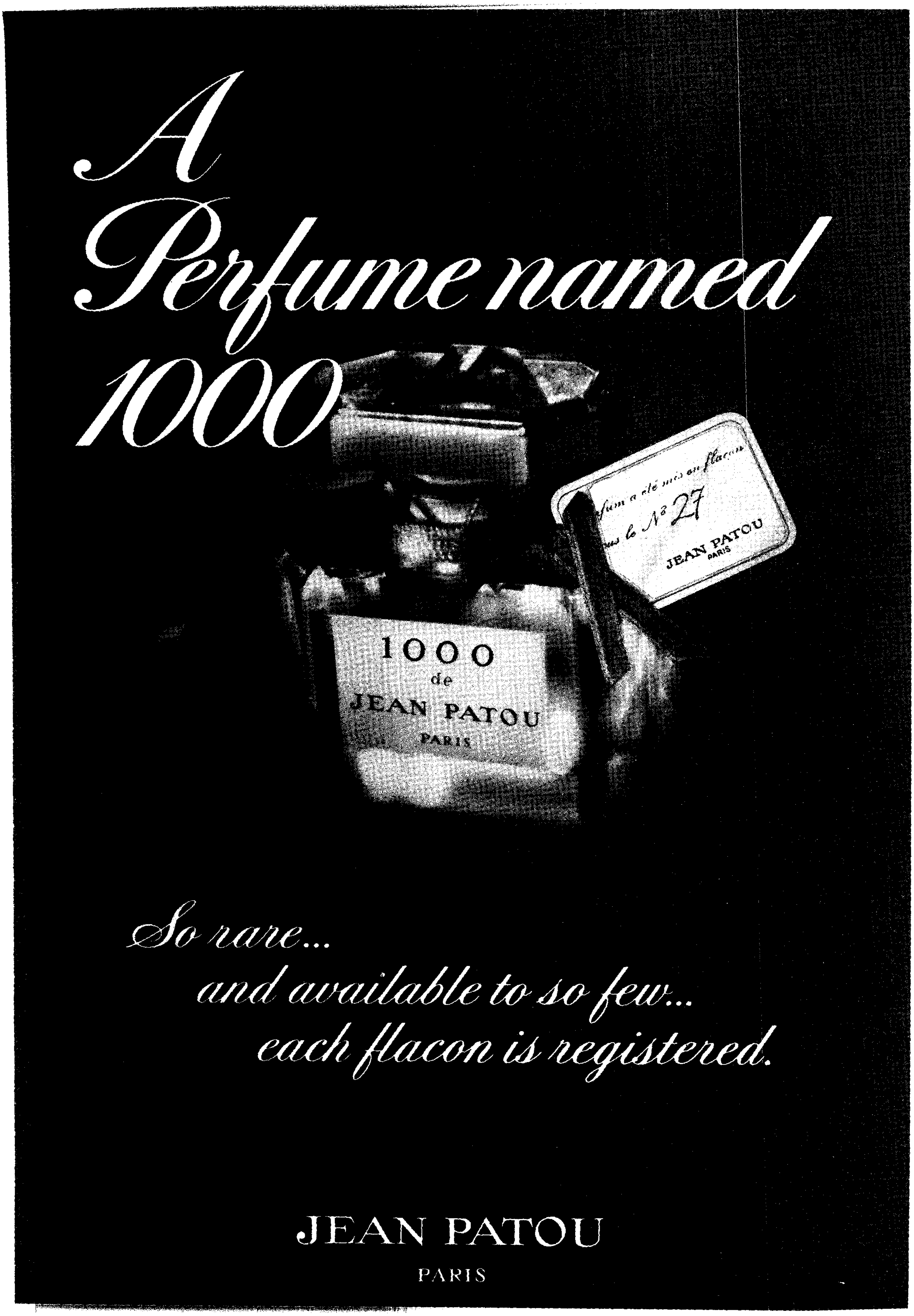
Timbre, lightness and directness of action, swiftness and precision of damping—the light wooden frame, the thin strings, the small, leather-covered hammers—conspire to produce a sound that is clear, singing, and compact. The modern concert grand is not an insensitive instrument. It has its uses. But it was not designed to match the sensibilities of Mozart's, Beethoven's, or Schubert's music. Iron-framed, massive, it aims at resonance, "full" tone, power, and sostenuto; as Grove puts it, thirty-ton inner tensions result in "a sostenuto unknown to Beethoven or Schumann or Chopin," let alone Haydn or Mozart. I needn't go on. To hear Classical music played on a piano of the Classical age—and, for that matter, early-Romantic music played on an early-Romantic piano—is to be convinced. Unless, of course, the player or the instrument is poor.

Mr. Bilson, a superior player on a superior instrument, was able to be bolder, wittier, braver in his contrasts, more delicate and various in his phrasing, and truer to the text than colleagues who must "edit" and adjust the music before feeding it to their modern monsters. There was a new, further interest in the recital, and there is on the latest Nonesuch record: Mr. Bilson no longer uses equal-temperament tuning but has adopted "well-tempered" tuning, in which all keys are available but the common keys are more consonant than remote ones. Therefore, some tonalities are comfortable, smooth, consolatory, and others are keen, edgy, tense. Key colors, key characteristics—the subject of much debate and speculation—are sharply distinguished. I won't pretend that at the recital I was conscious of unusual tuning, except perhaps on a subliminal level. I merely thought the effect of modulations and sudden key shifts—the D-major statement in the first movement of Beethoven's F-Major Sonata, Opus 10, No. 2; the chromatic adventures in the Andante of Mozart's K. 333—was even more noticeable and more telling than usual. One responded to harmony as well as to timbre and touch with added alertness. But at the Met lecture the tuning differences were made clearly audible: the start of the "Pathétique" slow movement took on different emotional shadings when played in transpositions. On the Nonesuch record, the B-flat-minor excursions of the K. 332 Adagio sound more affecting than ever. I don't know what people with absolute pitch, their mental A finely tuned to 440, make of it. For the recording, Mr. Bilson used A=423, and, at the recital, A=430. Key character is usually attributed to a combination of familiar associations (Mozart's G-minor vein, for example), the resonances of the violins' open strings, and the "natural" keys for woodwinds and for brasses. It has also been suggested that the very words "sharp" and "flat" may color one's reactions, making A major (three sharps) seem bright and E-flat major (three flats) solemn; that the very same chord may sound bright when it is thought of as C-sharp and tender when it is thought of as D-flat When we add the factor of unequa temperament, giving different degrees of consonance to the tonic triads, there is good reason why Mozart's A majo should continue to sound "bright" even to an absolute-pitcher who hear it as closer to A-flat.



"Ethel, I'm leaving you. I'm leaving your 'Ethel' coffee cup, and I'm leaving my 'Ralph' coffee cup. Ethel, I'm leaving."

At Mr. Bilson's recital, two thing pinned one to the twentieth century the unhappy lighting scheme currently favored in America—bright on th platform and dim in the hall, settin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the performer apart from his listeners—and, more serious, an electrical buzz in the ceiling loud enough to fill the music's silent moments with sound. (When listening to a fortepiano, one listens very intently, and a hall free of any adventitious noise is more than usually necessary.) In fact, the two things were related, I learned: the dimming of the lights caused the buzz.

The buzz was back at Mary Sadovnikoff's fortepiano recital there some days later. She played Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven on a Belt copy of a J. L. Dulcken instrument. (It once belonged to Mr. Bilson, and on an earlier Nonesuch record of his it can be heard in the Beethoven Opus 27 sonatas.) This was a less remarkable event. Either the pianist or her piano was in less than top form. The instrument sounded neither "well-tempered" nor purely in tune by any system, and the octave below middle C seemed to dominate all: whether above or below the ostinato triplets, the second theme of the "Tempest" Sonata hardly made its way through them. In the finale, and in that of Haydn's A-Flat Sonata, Hob. 46, Miss Sadovnikoff tended to rush her fences.

FOR the first concert of its season in Alice Tully Hall, Clarion Concerts and its music director, Newell Jenkins, joined by the Canterbury Choral Society, revived Carl Loewe's oratorio "Die Sieben Schläfer von Ephesus" (1833). Loewe is remembered as a prolific songwright (his collected songs fill seventeen volumes; Fischer-Dieskau has not yet tackled a complete recording, though he has made some fine Loewe records) and probably best known as the composer of "Tom der Reimer," one of the prettiest of all songs. The Seven Sleepers—whose tale appears in the Koran and was told by Gibbon—provide matter for a romantic libretto. Loewe responds to the moment when after nearly two centuries of slumber the brothers wake in their cave, and voice after voice—from bass to soprano—strikes up steadfastly to praise the Lord. But his response is hardly inspired. The work is bland, with picturesque touches—violas and cellos making an evening murmur at the start of Part III. The composer at his most melodiously inventive and attractive appears in a duet between the boy Malchus, a soprano, and his great-grandnephew Antipater, Proconsul of Ephesus, a tenor. The work, no revelation of neglected glory, was unfailingly agreeable. The ora-

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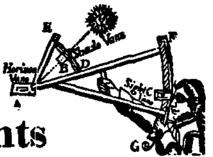

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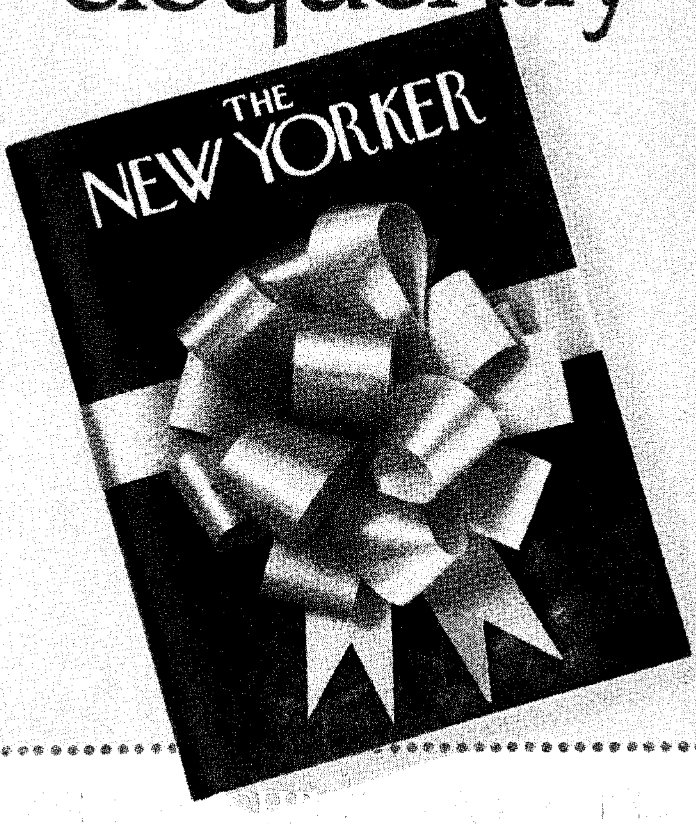

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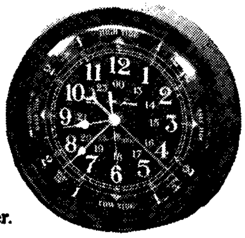

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torios of Spohr and Sigismund Neukomm, once popular, are heard no more: "The Seven Sleepers" showed us something of what was happening between "Christus am Ölberge" (1803) and "Elijah" (1846). A duet for Antipater and his wife catches echoes from Beethoven; a final solo and chorus flowing smoothly over long pedals anticipate Mendelssohn at his most serenely mellifluous. In a decent cast, the basses Richard Crist and Robert Briggs were outstanding. Susan von Reichenbach sang Malchus clearly and resolutely. The large chorus made a surprisingly small sound even when in full cry, but the dry hall, no friend to voices, may have been partly to blame. There are churches in which the oratorio would have flowered more richly. It was done in German, but English text sheets were provided.

IT was sixteen years ago that Elisabeth Söderström last sang at the Metropolitan, where she took such roles as Susanna, Sophie, Marguerite, Adina, Rosalinda. Since then, to hear the great soprano in the theatre New Yorkers have had to travel. Her repertory ranges from Monteverdi, through Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven, to Debussy, Britten, Henze, and contemporary Swedish operas; she is preëminent now as the heroines of Richard Strauss and of Janáček. For London Records, she has recorded Janáček's "Kát'a Kabanová" and "The Makropulos Affair." In San Francisco, where she first appeared three years ago, as Kát'a, her Jenůfa this season has been a revelation of operatic art at its highest. "Jenůfa"—does it still need saying?—is one of the great operas of our century. Suffering and despair have not been more keenly shared. Attending it is a searing experience. Poor little Butterfly draws easy, enjoyable tears; "Jenůfa" is drama and music on another level. It would be unbearable but for the composer's tenderness and compassion. Out of the tragedy and the horror, understanding and love are born.

Söderström first played Jenůfa in a Stockholm production, eight years ago, directed by Götz Friedrich. (When it came to Edinburgh in 1974, the editor of *Opera* called it "one of the most emotionally shattering evenings I have ever experienced" and Söderström's Jenůfa "one of the great experiences of our day.") In a brief autobiographical volume, "In My Own Key," just published (Hamish

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Hamilton), the soprano recalls Friedrich's dictatorial methods with a touch of sharpness:

> "I can't carry out definite movements until I know what sort of person I'm supposed to be, can I?" I said. "I don't even know her yet."
>
> "But I do," said Götz. "Do it like this."
>
> Not until I saw the finished production . . . did I give way. I realised then that I was nothing but a small piece of a gigantic puzzle, and I was so impressed that I swallowed my objections to his interpretations of some of the scenes in the third act. Against my inner conviction, I played them as the producer wished me to. But it seemed cowardly and false.

In the San Francisco "Jenůfa," there was not a false or uncommitted instant. When the curtain rose, Jenůfa stood with her back to the audience; a few bars later, she ran upstage to watch for her lover's return. In Söderström's stance and her gait, the girl was already revealed—eager, apprehensive, willful yet vulnerable. Her every move through the developing drama was eloquent; not a glance or a gesture was stagy or calculated in effect. ("In My Own Key" has some good pages on "physical" interpretation.) She wore Jenůfa's clothes, not theatrical costumes. Her body, its placing, its weights, seemed to be that of a different woman from the elegant, youthful interpreter of the Countess in "Capriccio" and from the elegant, ageless, haunted interpreter of Elina Makropulos. The voice was quite different, too: Jenůfa brought out a fresh, full, girlish timbre, as young as that of Söderström's Tatyana but quite different in character. Söderström is not young, but she sounded and seemed it, and she was singing better than ever, with a richer range of colors. Even in the huge San Francisco house, and over the big orchestra, her voice soared easily. Only in the final duet, where Jenůfa's sustained B-flats lift the throbbing music to its long dominant pedal, did she tire a little. The sound was still radiant.

There are two great women's roles in "Jenůfa." Sena Jurinac, Vienna's memorable Jenůfa in 1964, moved in 1978 to the role of Jenůfa's foster mother, the Kostelnička, and she sang it again in San Francisco. Another marvellous performance: every gesture and every phrase truthful, eloquent. The climactic B at the close of Act II rang out pure, unfrayed, with dramatic-soprano force. Elsewhere, her voice did sometimes sound worn, but there was still beauty in the singing, of sound as of expression. I have loved the two sopranos for years: Jurinac

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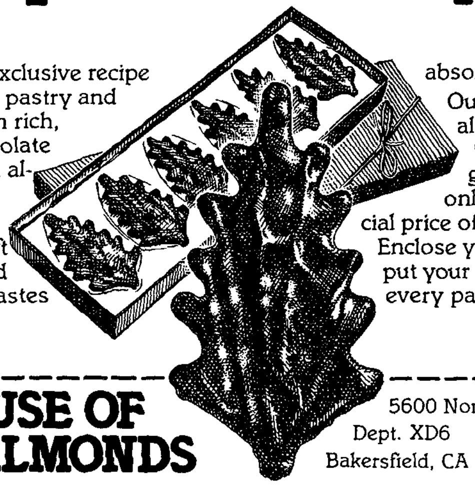

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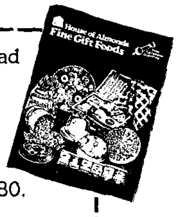

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was Glyndebourne's prima donna from 1949 to 1956; Söderström, who came to Glyndebourne in 1957, has been her successor there. Together, they now scaled new heights of achievement, bringing long experience and sure technique to roles whose directness, honesty, and subtlety peculiarly matched their special art, temperaments, and understanding.

The large cast seemed to be inspired by them and was without weakness. William Lewis (the Met's Steva in 1974) was poetic. Allen Cathcart (the Laca of the Welsh National Opera and the Scottish Opera productions) was unobtrusively subtle. The principals hardly needed any further "direction;" Michael Rennison, the director, and Leni Bauer-Ecsy, the designer, provided a workable framework within which they could appear to advantage. (But the flared perspective of Act II made the Kostelnička's house seem needlessly immense.) The conducting of Albert Rosen (who gave the Dublin première of "Jenůfa," in 1973) had character and strength. The opera was done in Moravian, learned parrot-fashion by most of the cast but sung with conviction. Although I've forgotten what little Czech I once knew, I didn't mind; I was glad to hear the original sounds, and have heard the piece often enough in English or German for mental "subtitles" to run. But "Jenůfa" is unlikely to become the repertory opera it deserves to be (and is now in much of Europe; since 1977 four of Britain's full-time companies have been playing it) except in the language of the audience. —Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Soundings

THE pianist and writer Charles Rosen has recently been devoting both practical and theoretical attention to the sonata. In two recitals at Carnegie Hall, he played five Beethoven piano sonatas (and the "Diabelli" Variations), and he has written a new book, "Sonata Forms," published by Norton. It is not difficult to say which was the more important event. "Sonata Forms" demonstrates on every page how compellingly Rosen can translate his understanding of music into the printed word; his Carnegie recitals demonstrated how fitfully that understanding reaches through his fingers to the keyboard.

A Rosen recital is always stimulating but rarely satisfying. He expounds the music plainly: there is a deliberate dryness and bluntness in his style which restricts the range of pianistic color and forbids any self-indulgence. In his earlier book "The Classical Style," Rosen wrote that the "Diabelli" Variations were "above all a discovery of the nature of the simplest musical elements"—and his playing, at its best, helps us to appreciate Beethoven's mastery of those simple elements. Rosen pares the music to the bone; Beethoven's angularities and grotesque jokes (in Variations 5 and 9, and especially in Variation 13) emerge sharply. Rosen achieves a luminous eloquence in such moments as the theme of the variations in the Opus 109 Sonata and Variation 24 of the "Diabelli," but he cannot sustain the eloquence over such a long span as the slow movement of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata.

In "Sonata Forms," there are three typically astute observations about works that were included in the recitals. The long cadential buildup in the first movement of the "Waldstein" Sonata is, Rosen says, in direct line from the virtuoso cadenzalike passages with which eighteenth-century operatic arias and display concertos marked their cadential points. The opening of the E-Major Sonata, Opus 109, shows a "determination to abbreviate without losing anything;" within nine bars Beethoven has moved from the first subject group through a bridge passage to the second group. The recapitulation of the first movement in Opus 111 steals in during a sequential passage, a bar before we realize it. Yet none of these three passages came off in performance with the force that Rosen's writing gives them: the "Waldstein" was hiccuppy, with sixteenth notes lost and sforzandos uneven; the Opus 109 opening was relaxed, clear, but without any of the concentration implied by the form; and the Opus 111 recapitulation was slammed into with a torrent of overpedalled harmonies. These are clearly failures of technique. Rosen can play all the notes, but his touch is curiously unreliable: chords are ill balanced, melodies are suddenly lost, notes stick out for no apparent reason, and there is a continual scramble over the last beat of the bar (especially where fast passagework is involved) which is rhythmically disturbing.

In the writing of "Sonata Forms," there is no failure of technique; the book is both stimulating and satisfying. Anyone who has studied musical

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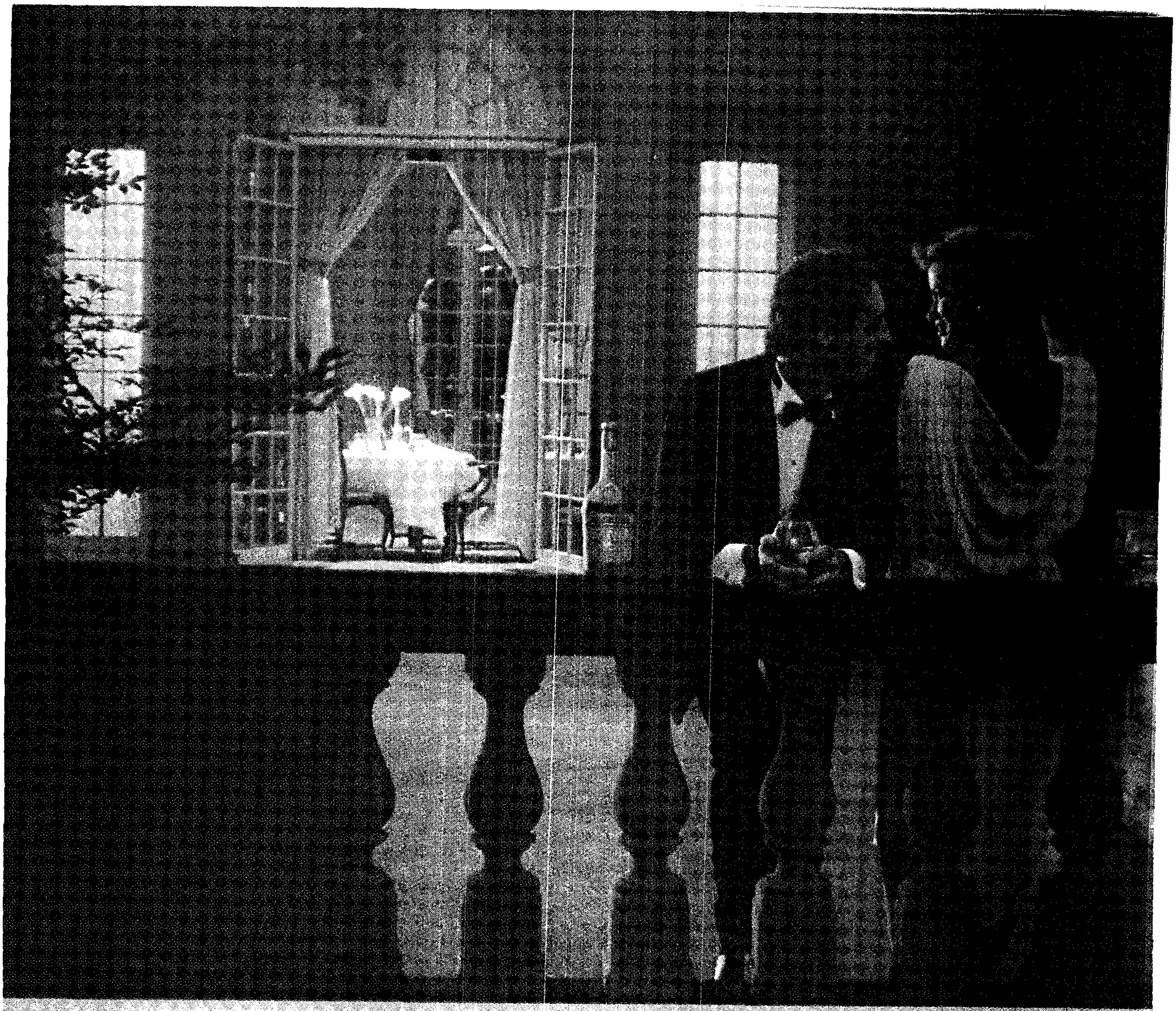

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:orm is aware of the version of "sonata
:orm" that nineteenth-century theo-
·ists codified—a neat, schematic pack-
ıge that did not begin to explain most
ɔf the eighteenth-century masterpieces
n the form. A new historical approach
vas needed—one that avoided the ab-
urdity of treating great eighteenth-
entury works as deviations from a
ıineteenth-century norm. This ap-
ıroach Rosen has begun to develop. He
loes not dismiss the old stereotypes,
or their vocabulary is still useful, but
ıe demonstrates the inadequacy of
heir restrictive descriptions and insists
hat "the history of sonata style can-
ıot be written as a gradual progress
ɔward the nineteenth-century mod-
l." There are countless general and
articular insights in this long essay.
Among the general ones, there is the
reatment of key relationships as a
ind of large-scale dissonance, and the
ısistence that in first-movement sona-
ı form development and recapitula-
on are inextricably linked. Among
ıe particular ones, there is the estab-
shment of many eighteenth-century
onventions that should not be treated
s eccentric; for example, the use of a
false reprise" in the development, the
mission of the opening phrase in the
ecapitulation, and first-subject reca-
itulation in a key other than the
ɔnic (as in Mozart's little C-Major
onata).

Rosen has broadened his outlook
nce "The Classical Style." It is good
ɔ find him more sympathetic to
laydn's Masses, for instance. He
uotes the music of several minor com-
ɔsers in two good chapters about the
ıfluence of the operatic aria and the
ɔncerto on sonata form. But he can-
ot forbear to comment that their se-
ıences are "staggeringly uninspired"
ıd their modulations "clumsy;" a
eling for the work of second-rate
ɔmposers is missing from the book,
ıd this will doubtless cause it to be
·iticized in academic circles. The
eatment of post-Classical sonata form
also rather cursory. Rosen has more
offer, however, than academic an-
ysts have. Any analyst can tell us
ınd soon any computer will be able to
ll us) the number of times that
eethoven avoided the dominant in
second-subject group and whether
ummel, Dussek, and Clementi did
e same. Rosen comes into his own in
:plaining what makes great music
eat. His analytic descriptions are
ectrically sensitive to the emotional
ntent of the music. The passages on
e ambiguity of the opening Allegro

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of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony; on Beethoven's reduction of the three-note motif "Lebewohl" in the E-Flat Sonata, Opus 81a; on the intensity with which Mozart develops a bridge passage in the slow movement of the "Dissonance" Quartet; on the historical wit that Haydn brings to the missing phrases and false reprises in the finale of the Opus 50, No. 3, String Quartet: all these bring the music to life in an incomparable way and make the reader thirst to hear it anew, against the background of the insights that Rosen has provided.

HENRY COWELL, who died in 1965, at the age of sixty-eight, was an inventive and prolific composer. In Baker's Dictionary, he is credited with eight hundred works in various forms. Every one I hear makes me want to hear more. "Exultation," a piano piece of 1919, gives its title to a fine début recording, on New World Records, by Bradford Gowen. "Exultation" is a marvellous miniature, splashing hand clusters of notes around the keyboard with naïve abandon. The partly random groups of pitches form both accompaniment and melody, and are cleverly set into a rhythmic framework that seems simple but always surprises. There was newly arranged music by Cowell in a recent concert by the Mirecourt Trio at the Abraham Goodman House: a selection of twelve tiny pieces from the many he wrote regularly to celebrate family occasions. Since his wife would have played the pieces at the piano or with her husband on recorders, it seemed perverse to perform all the delightful two-part inventions very seriously on violin and cello—a little more cheerful variety was needed. Shavings from a master's workbench are welcome, but a presentation of the hundreds of finished artifacts is a more urgent task.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

•

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FOOTBALL

Prenuptial Ceremonies

IT all came about almost as had been expected from the beginning. In theory, on Saturday an unbeaten Harvard would be in Philadelphia, putting away Pennsylvania, the week before Harvard would turn to an unbeaten Yale for the championship of the Ivy League. In practice, on Saturday a twice-beaten Harvard would be putting away Pennsylvania anyway, and not with the greatest of ease, at 28 to 17, and a once-beaten Yale would be putting away Princeton, with considerably more ease. But, as it was set down in the original script, Yale and Harvard will, despite their earlier defeats, meet in Boston on Saturday to decide that championship. Yale has it at the moment, but can hold on to it only if it does in Harvard. Otherwise, a complicated co-holding of the championship of 1980 ensues. At the Bowl, Diana and Grieve, two Yalies who had been their normal, efficacious selves when Yale was run right into the turf by an at last resurgent Cornell, rejoined their ten-o'clock-scholar comrades of the week before with a proficient demolition of a quite sprightly Princeton. They did it in League fashion, of course. Yale and Princeton are even-all, at 7–7, in the second quarter, yet Yale is, at fourth down, but inches away from a first down. It carefreely draws a penalty for delay of game, and the rush for Yale's next touchdown is reluctantly replaced by a try for goal—a successful one: Yale 10, Princeton 7. The ensuing Yale kickoff is permitted to roll dead inches away from that same Princeton goal, and Lockenmeyer, the best quarter Princeton has fielded in some time, is trapped behind his goal as he tries a pass. Yale 12, Princeton 7. The mandatory free kick that follows upon a safety is not well executed but is exceedingly well run back by Yale. In five more plays, it is Yale 18, Princeton 7. There is no runner in the League to match Diana; even when his maneuver is not particularly deceptive, he picks up mileage week after week. He did full duty again against Princeton, and so (almost) did Rogan, who, at quarter, went nearly without assist from either Manley or Dufek. All

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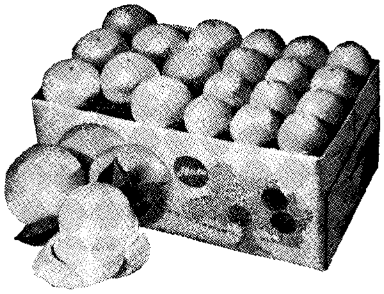

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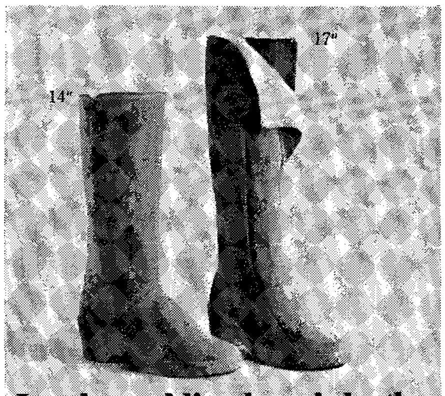

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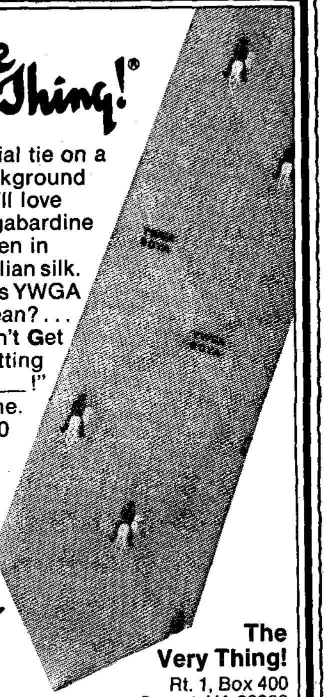

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these chaps will go up against Buckley, Harvard's (and the League's) best—except, perhaps, for Kemp, of Dartmouth. Blemished records or no, it will be The Place to be seen on Saturday.

Bennett, Army's favorite quarter, was held out of the match with Pittsburgh on Saturday—a match palpably one-sided. Sitting through a series of events in which the likes of Pittsburgh overturns the likes of Army at 45–7 can be as dull as observing the Christians vs. the Lions in the Coliseum at Sunday matinées. Allem, just promoted from backstop to starting quarter against Pittsburgh, did what he could against a team that threw fifty-four passes worth four hundred and thirty-six yards—a team whose blocking all afternoon left but one small hole, through which an Army back (Walker) acquired Army's only touchdown by running eighty-five yards in the second quarter.

Pennsylvania, whose hunt for a reliable quarter had gone on for weeks, came up a while ago with an unknown character, Vura, who has at least been able to run up a few touchdowns—three in the defeat by Princeton, two in the defeat by Harvard on Saturday. Columbia has used many quarters this autumn—five, at least—and no one of note has yet been discovered.

Maybe the best event of the League's week was Dartmouth's sturdy overhauling of Brown, well along in the afternoon, at 28–24. Not many customers show up for Brown these days, even when the going is good and both teams are stuffed with fettle. This was indeed one of the season's star turns, for Brown is an enterprise that requires a deal of overturning.

—J. W. L.

•

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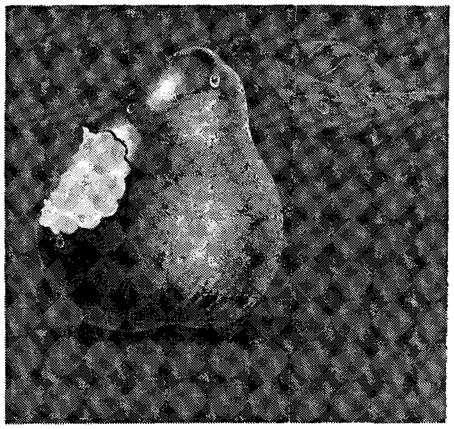

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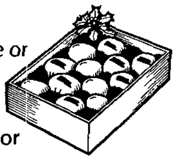

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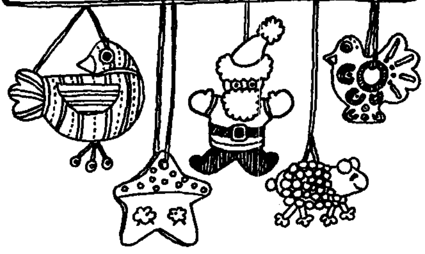

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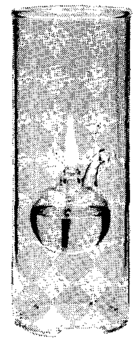

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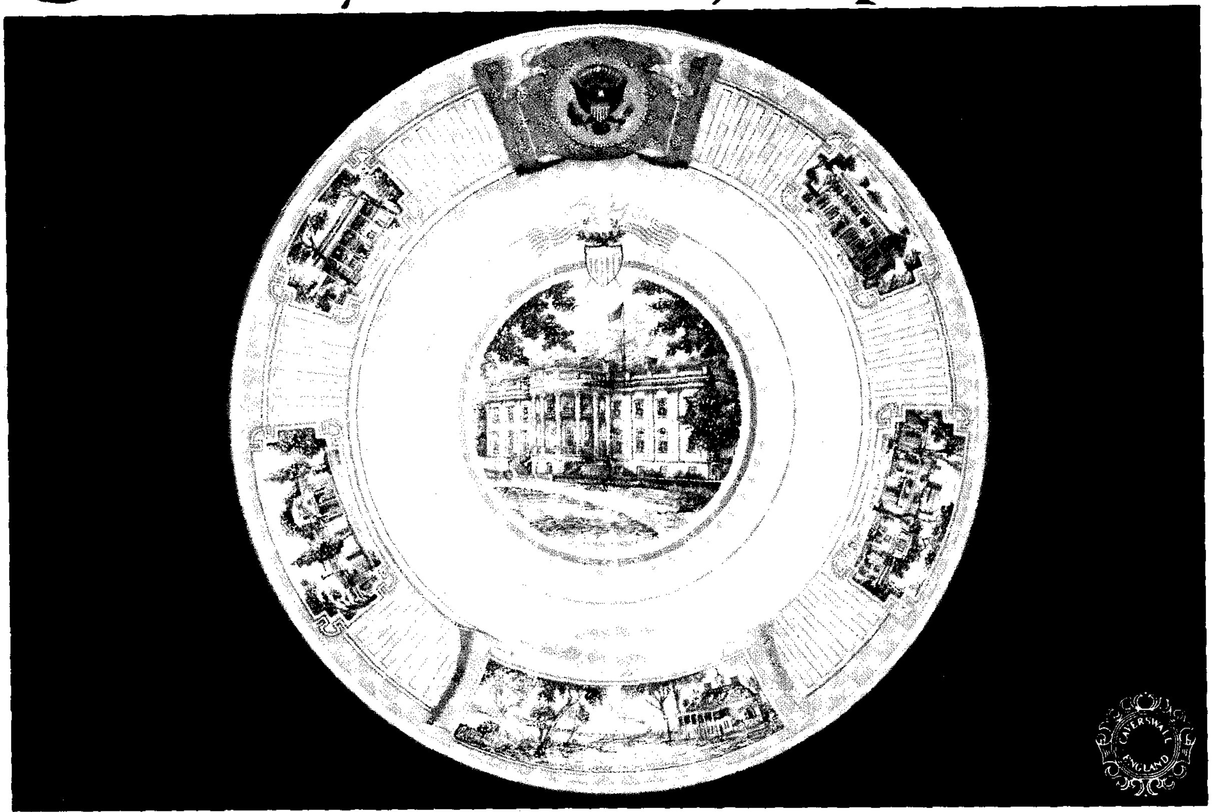

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

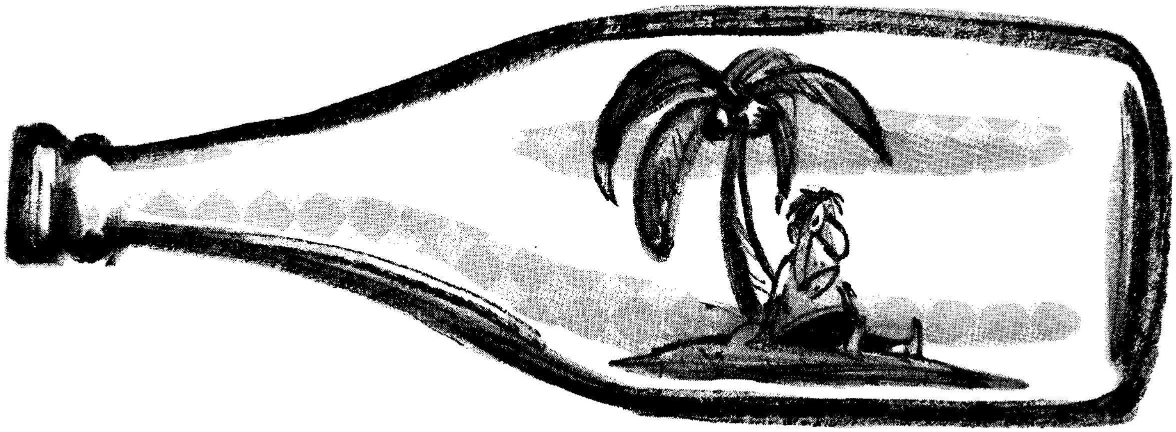
The Civilization of the Rump

IN the series of fifteen full-length movies that Jean-Luc Godard made in eight years—from “Breathless,” in 1959, through Weekend,” at the end of 1967—he urned away the fat of conventional oviemaking. His films were fine-rawn, quick, lyrical. After a twelve-ear stretch of polemical movies and xperiments with film and video, he ade “Every Man for Himself.” This 979 picture, which he calls his second first film,” has opened here nd has been widely hailed as a return o his great, innovative work of the xties. It's wonderful to feel the pull f Godard's images again, to feel the hythmic assurance. There was a ecial, anarchic sensuousness in the asty, jerky flow of a Godard film. nd there still is. In “Every Man for imself,” he demonstrates his non-halant mastery; he can still impose his wn way of seeing on you. But the ovie may also make you feel empty. ore than the fat has been burned out f “Every Man for Himself”: the juice gone, too.

The film is about money and peo-le selling themselves—their minds or eir bodies. The setting is a name-ss Swiss city, where the lives of the ree main characters are loosely in-rtwined. Paul Godard (Jacques Du-onc), a video filmmaker who works television, has left his wife and aughter. Now he is distressed because enise (Nathalie Baye), a colleague at e video center, is leaving *him*. sabelle (Isabelle Huppert), a prac-cal-minded prostitute, has only a arginal relation to the two others: e has plied her trade with Paul for a ight, and she meets Denise when she ranges to rent the flat Denise is iving up. These characters (and the eople around them) ave lost hope, are ithout direction, and on't take pleasure in nything. Sex has ecome an aberrant, echanical way to onnect, and work elds no satisfaction. hey go through the otions of living and arching, but they're ead—and they don't eserve to live. We ight almost be back the world of Antonioni, except that Godard has a gagster's temperament.

His philosophical shorthand jokes give the film a dry whimsicality. The camera may suddenly have a lapse of attention and wander off from the ineffectual principal characters (ineffectuality is a rule of life here) to follow the more entertaining movements of a passerby. Or Godard will toss a joke into the background of a scene: two young motorcyclists yell “Choose!” to the pretty girl with them; one of the men slaps her face, hard, and between slaps the battered girl refuses, crying, “Your turn to choose.” Godard may also locate his flip jokes in the relation between image and sound. All through the movie people keep asking, “What's that music?” The gag itself is used as a refrain. At the beginning, Paul is in his hotel apartment; the voice of an operatic soprano that comes from the suite next door irritates the hell out of him, and he bangs on the wall. Then when he leaves, the voice goes with him, like a Fury. But Godard doesn't bring off his old tricks with the surreal snap they once had; he doesn't seem as sensitive as he once did—the shadings are coarser, heavier. Sometimes the jokes are like clever, dispirited imitations of Godard's wit. How can anything be really funny when the people on the screen are so drab, so emotionally atrophied?

As Paul Godard, Jacques Dutronc never smiles; he's glumly dejected in a chic way. His hair swings across his forehead and onto his big specs. (He must see everything through elephant grass.) You don't notice that he has eyes—they're anonymous—and his voice says that he doesn't feel a thing. Nathalie Baye's Denise is less dislikable, maybe because her glumness seems to run deeper. When Denise, who is in emotional flight, is seen going to the mountains on her bicycle, with her dark hair streaming behind her, she's tantalizing, and you want to see her more closely, yet when you do her anxious uncertainty makes her opaque, null, and you don't have any particular reaction to her attempt to find a new way to live. Isabelle the prostitute takes up much of the second half of the picture, and any picture that features Isabelle Huppert is likely to be somewhat numbing. (Right now, if you want to go to the movies she's hard to avoid, though it's worth the effort.) Huppert is never completely *there*, but she isn't any other place, either. She drags her feet across the screen, her voice is placid and toneless, and her face is closed—not enigmatic, just closed. She hardly changes expression; she just gives you a little glimmer of something that is so small and wan no camera yet invented could turn it into an emotion. You feel that she expects the audience to find magic in her matter-of-fact passivity while she remains uninvolved—a visitor on the set. Godard does ritual homage to the delicacy of her features by posing her in a still-life with flowers and in a window that serves as a portrait frame, but it's not her face that gets the attention. In Godard's 1965 “Pierrot le Fou,” Belmondo says, “After Athens, after the Renaissance, we are entering the civilization of the rump.” Prophetic words, and Godard does his bit to usher it in with Huppert. Though her pale, freckled face and her light-reddish hair make her seem fragile at the top, she's sturdy from the waist down, and he gets a lot of action out of her round, plump, adolescent-looking bottom. It's licked, spanked, and violated; there are times when you could swear that it pouts as eloquently as her face. And when Huppert isn't on-screen a dairymaid shoves her bare



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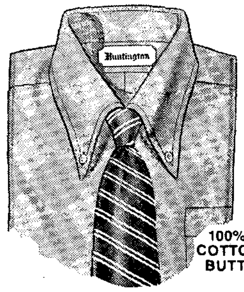

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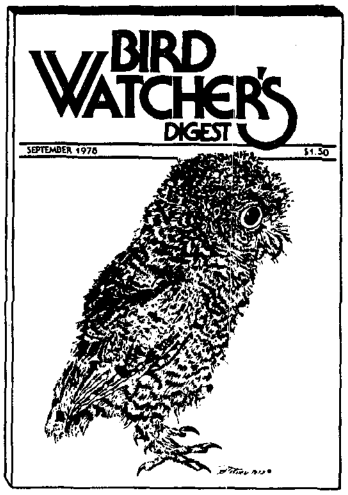
behind in the impervious faces of some cows.

"Every Man for Himself" lacks the friction that came from the multiple ideas and points of view in Godard's sixties films. He's still employing his provisional, trying-it-on style, but his thinking is absolutist, and the satirical bits have nothing to bounce off. It's all a statement of the same melancholy theme. Paul is corrupted, and so he mopes and displays malaise, like a mannequin. Godard's films were always full of mannequins—they acted out their dreams, strutting and posing and having a good time; they got so far into their dreams you couldn't tell if they were the real thing or not. You don't think at all about the limp, burnt-out Paul Godard. Who would want to know more about him? You can see what he is: he's the spirit of selling out. At the end, Paul Godard has been struck by a car; the driver speeds off, and though Paul's estranged wife and his daughter are among the onlookers, *no one comes to his aid. He is left to die* in the street, or perhaps to live—nobody bothers to find out. And this isn't a joke, it isn't irony—it's simply Godard (who was in a near-fatal accident some years ago) accusing us of deserting him. When he was making ascetic revolutionary tracts, audiences gave up on him, other filmmakers wearied of being denounced by him, and the press gradually lost interest in him. And so there we all are—the onlookers, who do nothing to help him. He's saying, "You're all hit-and-run drivers." His political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, shaded by masochism. This film says that we don't care about him, nobody cares about anybody, and he has given up on us. It's Every Man for Himself.

One of the blessings of Godard's sixties films was the absence of psychology: the characters did what they did, and the films didn't ask why. Suddenly we're confronted with a Godard movie in which the hero is named Godard (and Paul, after Jean-Luc's father), and in which he is unwanted by the woman he wants, is suffering moral rot, and is left to die alone. It's a masochistic film about rejection: Godard can't think of any reason for these people *not* to reject his surrogate. Both women in the movie have at least the will to go on and try something different, whereas Paul is at the end of his rope. Godard is saying, "This is what people are, this is what life is, there's nowhere for Paul to go." The



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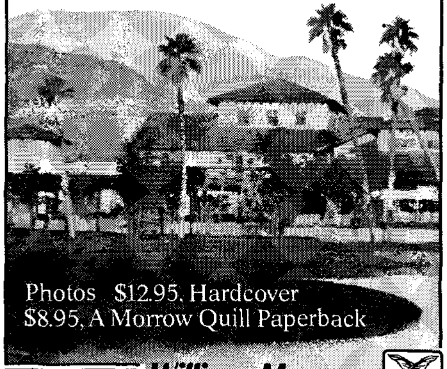

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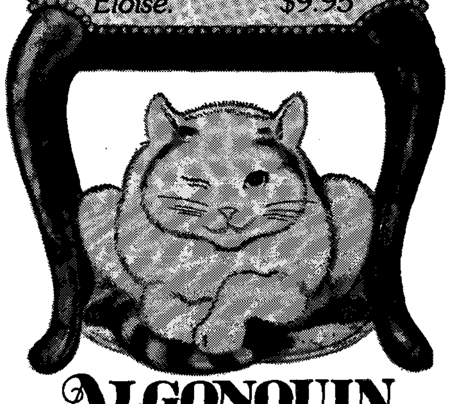

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car that hits him seems providential.

What made Godard's impulsive style so sharply exciting in the sixties was that his films were of the moment yet kept that moment fresh. He was the master of digressions that would spontaneously connect in a way that made you laugh while your head was spinning. Having got rid of the impedimenta of conventional storytelling, he brought fiction and documentary together, along with essays, parodies, love lyrics, dances, and questions—endless aesthetic and political questions that threw you happily off balance. His way of incorporating the topical, the transient, and the accidental subverted your schoolbook ideas of drama, and he tweaked your empathic involvement with his characters by offhand changes of tone. Neatness was never his goal; nothing was developed systematically. When he showed us the new consumer culture and urban anonymity, he also had an eye for the pop fun of this new soullessness; he understood how seductive amorality in the young can be. His films were more contemporary than anyone else's; they were full of the signs of the future which were all around us but which we hadn't quite become conscious of. Godard let us see the scary comedy of dissociation: the billboards and brand names and news events and revolutionary heroes that had all become part of the comic-strip look of the environment. "Every Man for Himself" does have some of the flavor of here and now, but though the picture wanders all over the place, it never comes together; it has no center. If it were possible to have lyricism without emotion, that might describe the film's style. Godard shows no love for his characters and none for his principal actors.

This is the *only* one of Godard's non-didactic pictures on which his name doesn't appear as writer or co-writer; the credit goes to Jean-Claude Carrière, who has often been Buñuel's scenarist, and Anne-Marie Miéville, who has worked with Godard before, and who co-edited this film with him. (Godard has said that the ideas were suggested by some of the writings of Charles Bukowski, who also did the English subtitles, along with Barbet Schroeder and Jean-Pierre Gorin; the three must have had a good time with the dialogue, which is translated in tough-guy slang.) Godard has explained his not having a writing credit by saying that he isn't a good scriptwriter, but when have his scripts been

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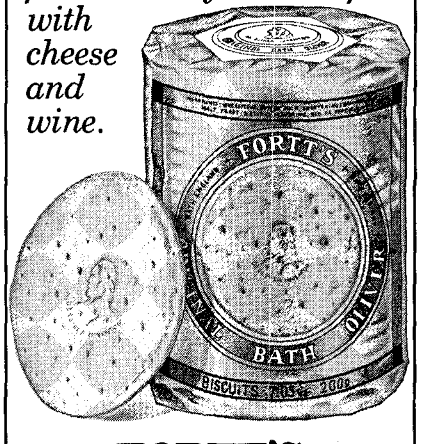

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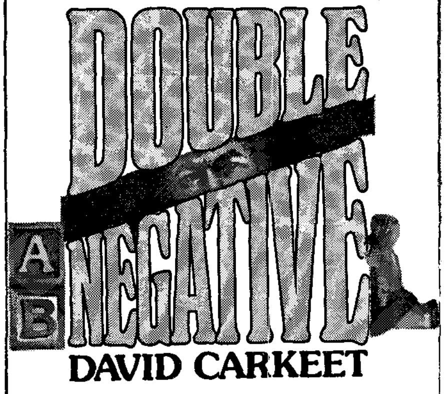

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ritten? He developed his own istinctive mix of narration, mono-ogues, and interviews partly to take ie place of prepared dialogue. Here ie narration (which is all in women's oices) isn't up to his standard. Most- , it labors the themes of what we're eing; reading from her journal, enise apostrophizes "that thing in ich man which silently screams: 'I n not a machine,' " and she offers ostract, damp thoughts about work id boredom and movement. Actually, e film was developed from a video-pe, used like an artist's sketch for a inting; this may be why Godard's edit reads "A film composed by an-Luc Godard." My guess about hy his name isn't among the writers that in some roundabout way he's pressing his scorn of scripts and ripted films—a scorn that perhaps he one among directors is fully entitled , and not even he on this film.

This is the only time I have ever lt that the smattering of narrative in Godard film wasn't enough; there's little going on in "Every Man for imself" that you want more drama. he movie features that old standby, e prostitute as metaphor, though odard himself said in an interview at "the whore's trade . . . brings ore money to dried-up scriptwriters id producers than to pimps." His fol-w-up remark was "I myself am only whore fighting against the pimps of nema." When Isabelle holds out on r pimp, she is pulled into the back of s Mercedes and made to repeat after m, "No one is independent, not the hore, not the secretary, not the bour-oise, not the duchess, not the maid, t the tennis champion, not the hoolgirl, not the farm girl." And we pply "Not the filmmaker." (There's big difference between selling your-f and not being independent, but ey've been merged here.) Godard d already used up this prostitute taphor. It was central in "My Life Live," and it was better there. When nna Karina represented the whore, could believe that she kept an area feeling to herself; with Isabelle ippert, there is no one under the ikeup. Godard returned to the theme "Two or Three Things I Know out Her," and it figured to a lesser tent in several of his other films. his time, he makes it more explicit d all-inclusive than ever before. 's saying "Everything is for sale." s simplistic cynicism, like that of the rroom pundit who tells you, "Every in has his price." We are supposed

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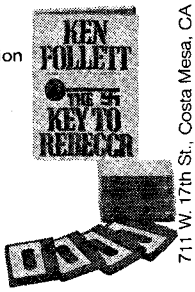

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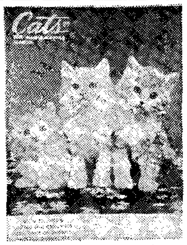

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to accept it as a basic truth of capitalist society that, like everyone else, Paul has sold himself and that this has infected his consciousness. He says, "I make movies to keep myself busy. If I had the strength, I'd do nothing." Who can believe that the actual Godard would rather do nothing? He doesn't make the movies of someone who'd rather do nothing. He wants to make movies, all right, but he also wants to get back at us. It's apparent from this film that he feels mistreated, neglected, and, as he said recently on a Dick Cavett show, "pushed away."

The look of "Every Man for Himself" isn't inhuman, though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what *might have been. During moments of* degradation, he cuts outside to a sunset, or to traffic that sparkles the way it does when you look through a windshield in the rain and everything is crystalline. The light is similar to the light in Godard's sixties movies, but with a pearly radiance; the faces and colors have a tempered edge. He doesn't use his old comic-strip boldness; he's willing to let things blend. It could be that he wants to break our hearts. The countryside is plushy in an almost banal, rhapsodic way.

Godard tries something new—an analytic stop-motion technique that freezes an action into a series of stills. Every now and then, a scene or part of one (beginning with Denise on her bicycle, during the titles) is decomposed in this way, and an ordinary action is turned into something formal, extravagant, even frightening. The effect is like that of Muybridge's studies of motion in the late nineteenth century; Godard appears to be reinvestigating the start of movies, looking at the images that constitute a movement. (This may have some relationship to his accident and the injuries to his own body.) Like the devices that Godard employed in the past to keep moviemaking in the viewer's consciousness, this one makes you more aware of the formal properties of a film. And it also has a rapt quality, like freeze-frame endings when they were new. (I dread to think how others may employ it—it could get really bad.) It's effective here partly because there's so little dramatic excitement that the film holds us largely by its graphic power anyway. We experience Godard's search for greater graphic meaning in the images as his way of controlling time and slowing life down—of saying that maybe things have been rushing

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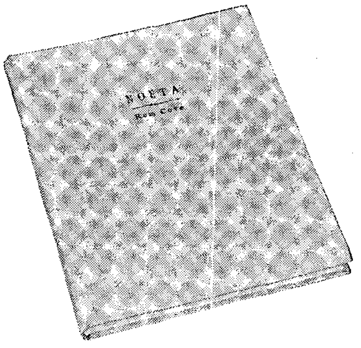

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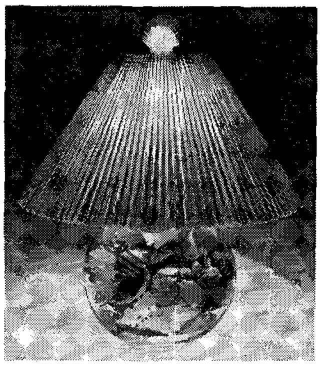

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y so fast that he's been missing omething. (He's almost *escaping* to his stop-motion.) His editing rhythm s so subtle that these stills don't seem o slow the film itself down, except in ne sequence, when Paul and Denise re grappling physically and the double emotion revealed is too obvious—ighting/embracing. The sequence has line of signpost dialogue—Paul says, 'We can't seem to touch without ruising"—which carries the obviusness even further. You feel Godard s trying to pull something complex ut of the scene that isn't there; hen this grappling was shown on he Cavett show, it was reassuring to ear Godard say he wasn't pleased ith it.

The alienation in "Every Man for imself" has a "commercial" aspect, hich is new in Godard's work: alnost all the audience laughter comes rom sex jokes and the deadpan attiudes toward weird sex. Godard startles the audience by the raw gutter anguage that Paul uses when he talks bout how he'd like to make it with his leven or twelve-year-old daughter nd when he's talking directly with er. (It's like some crazy literary form f exhibitionism.) And Godard tickles he audience by showing Isabelle droping her panties and lifting her behind or inspection while she looks blankly etached. Bought sex is treated as gadetry: a businessman who wants an rgy sits at his desk and, like an inventor arranging a mechanical hookup, ells the three other participants what o do; when they are all linked fore nd aft, he says, "The image is O.K., et's do the sound," and he tells them hat cries to produce and when. he sex scenes are demonstrations of ow joylessly corrupt everyone is; odard appears to be a catatonic morlist and a giggling pander in the same lm. His intentions don't fuse into it—they stay separate. It could be at he's too despairing to be really nny. Even the somewhat dubious oetry—when he slows down the acon into stills—seems a gesture of deair. I got the feeling that Godard oesn't believe in anything anymore; e wants to make movies, but maybe e doesn't really believe in movies nymore, either. Maybe he has given p caring what they're about; it could that the sex scenes are there to sell e picture—that self-contempt and ntempt for the public have come into lay, and that along with the expernenting he is doing some conscious horing. —PAULINE KAEL

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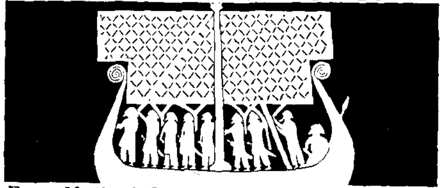

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Cold Warriors

I HAVE just finished reading a new novel of international espionage, by Alfred Coppel, called “The Hastings Conspiracy” (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95), and although I had read it in somewhat different form a good many times before, it gave me a very reasonable amount of pleasure. It also gave me something to think about. To worry about, in fact.

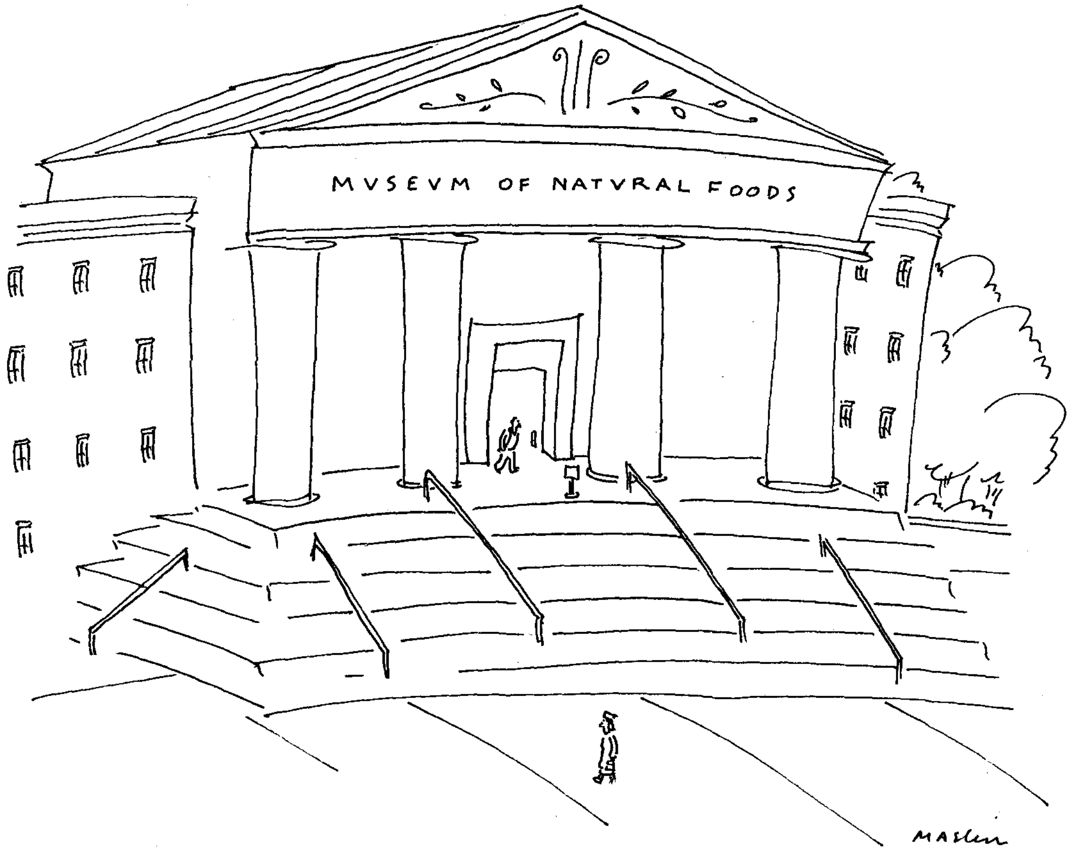
“The Hastings Conspiracy,” like most of its increasingly numerous kind, is ample in size (around a hundred and thirty thousand words), elaborately plotted and simply written, and richly peopled with carefully computerized characters, some of whom occupy the highest possible places. There is the President of the United States, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the President of the Soviet Union. There is the head of the K.G.B. and the head of the C.I.A. There is a youngish American trouble-shooter (a Special Forces veteran of Vietnam) for the Defense Intelligence Agency, and his friend and counterpart in the British D.I.5. There is a serious-minded (but sexually vivacious) Russian-Jewish girl sojourning in England on an Israeli passport. There is the Prime Minister’s discarded and forgotten bastard son, now grown up and turned professional assassin for the Soviets. And (to give the book its title and to set the plot in motion) there is a traitorous American C.I.A. underling who is on the run to England for a rendezvous with a prominent left-wing writer to give him a doctored American “contingency” plan for the invasion of England in the neighborhood of the Channel port of Hastings. The Soviets know of the plan and are eager for its publication in England and the ensuing Anglo-American estrangement. The British (thank God) are still in ignorance of this shattering document, and it is the trouble-shooter’s job to keep them so. Mr. Coppel is a wily writer. He knows how to keep things churning, he knows when and how to shift the scene from Moscow to London, from London to Washington, from Washington back to Moscow, and he knows when and how to spill a little blood and when and how to turn back the bedclothes. “The Hastings Conspiracy” thus seems destined (like his earlier “34 East” and “The Dragon”) to be a popular success. And that, I must say, bothers me. I don’t begrudge Mr. Coppel his many readers. He gives good measure. But, reading his new novel, I began to wonder (as I have wondered, though less insistently, in reading other novel by other writers of his kind) about it intentions. Is “The Hastings Conspiracy” merely an idle hour’s entertainment? Or is it intended to be a cautionary tale—a tract for our times? I Mr. Coppel out simply to divert hi considerable audience? Or is it also hi aim to convert them, to lead the around to his way of thinking abou the United States and its position i the contemporary world? That he has certain and unswerving understandin of the true nature of the world today i clear almost from the very first page.

On page 7: Mr. Coppel, the omniscient author, gives us the thinking o Soviet military leaders. “Their [th American] intelligence services, lon constrained by domestic political considerations, appeared to be incapable o understanding what was taking plac in Europe.”

On page 14: The same Soviet leaders are discussing the projected assassination of the British Prime Minister. Earlier assassinations (Tshomb Hammarskjöld, John Kennedy) ar recalled. The K.G.B. chief observe “It would be extremely difficult . . to perform such a killing cleanl with no chance of it being traced to u The investigation would not be performed by some presidential commissio of amateurs or ignorant congressmen. Th English have com down in the world, b in such matters the are professionals.”

On page 18: Th American troubleshooter considers th United States national-security advise “General Dracott ha blocked the most egregious [SALT] giveaways, but in so doin he earned the enmi of the Department State and the alwa hopeful liberals in t Congress who want desperately to belie in the Soviets’ peacef intentions.”

On page 149: A aide to the nationa security adviser characterizes a judge as b



ng "one of those who would defend he Constitution if the Russians were n the steps of the Supreme Court uilding."

On page 167: The President of he United States reflects that "it as equally to be expected that the ecretary of State, an academic to is fingertips, would regard the Secre- ry of Defense as an unregenerate awk, Cold Warrior, and servant of e 'military-industrial complex.' "

On page 180: The director of the .I.A. observes, "It's absurd that for a uarter of a century we have tolerated n *actively* hostile Communist dicta- rship ninety miles off the coast of lorida. It's absurd that we've sat on ur cans and let the Soviets just about ncircle the oil supply for all of West- rn Europe and half the United States. t's absurd that under an act of ongress a K.G.B. *rezident* in Wash- gton can write to the Agency and emand a copy of our budget."

On page 187: The Soviet President bserves, "Since the Americans lasped defeat to their bosoms in outheast Asia, we have been free to ress a little harder. We have estab- shed ourselves in Africa, in Afghan- tan, in Yemen. Not only have we laced ourselves in a stronger position gainst our Chinese enemy, but we ave all but encircled the sources of e imperialists' oil. We have kept the mericans bemused with détente and ALT talks while we placed our con- entional forces in positions of vital rategic importance in the Horn of frica, Malagasy, and Jamaica."

On page 189: A Russian general bserves of the Hastings memoran- um, "It comes directly out of the entral Intelligence Agency. . . . The mericans themselves will believe it. hey have been conditioned by their ee press to think the worst of their ntelligence community. In America e people have been led to believe that e C.I.A. and the F.B.I. and the ther secret intelligence and police or- anizations are more dangerous to eir precious liberties than *we* are."

On page 284: Of the British Prime inister, a liberal, Mr. Coppel writes, He disliked the way these intelligence eople saw something sinister in every ove the Soviets made."

On page 303: Mr. Coppel again ives us the thinking of the American resident. "The Russians . . . gained rategic advantage each time a SALT eaty was negotiated."

On page 312: The national-security dviser reflects that "American soldiers

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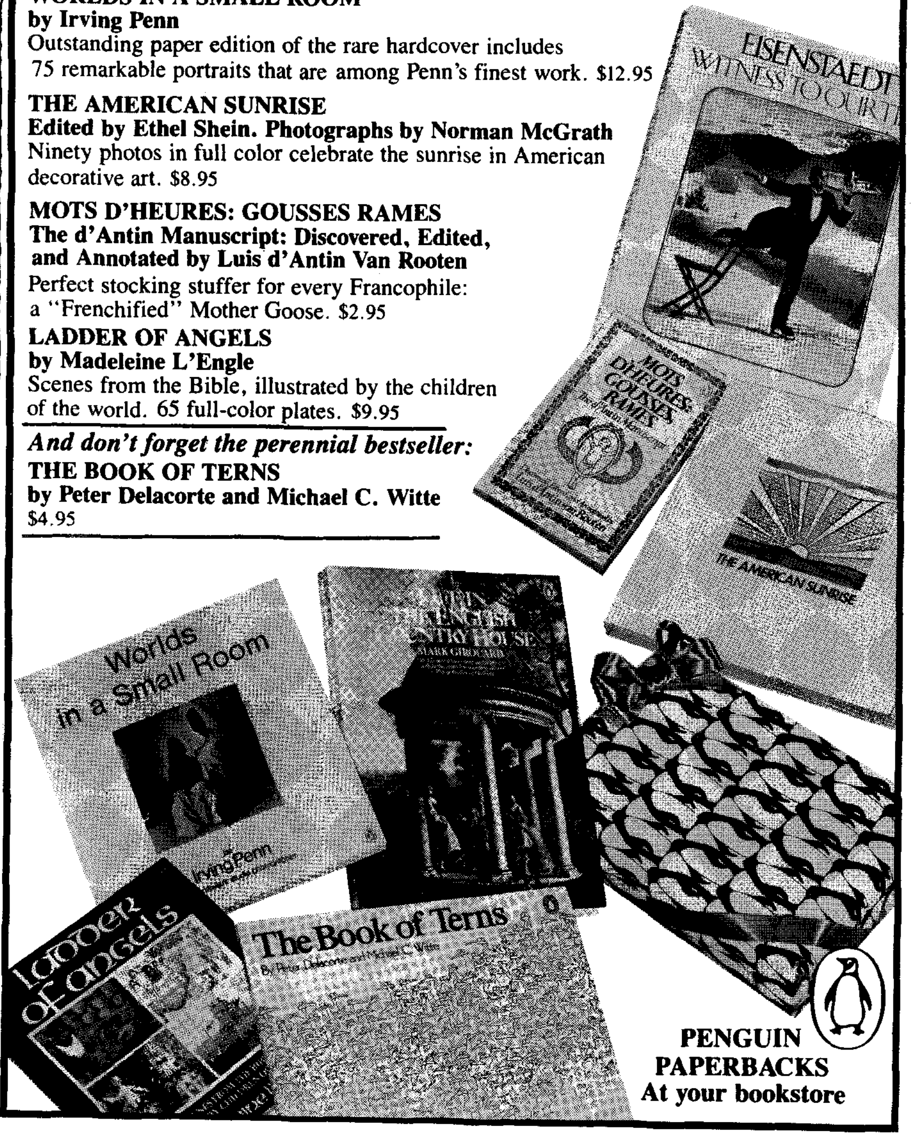

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always subordinated themselves to politicians. . . . This acquiescence had resulted—*would* result again—in terrible damage to the nation. History was filled with bitter examples. Washington's conduct of the Revolution had been crippled by the interference of the Continental Congress. . . . Political generalship had probably prolonged the Civil War by a year, perhaps two. Political decisions made at Yalta had lost all of Eastern Europe to the Soviets, and the soldiers had never said no. Politicians had involved the nation in Vietnam and politicians had nearly destroyed the fighting spirit of the Army there by refusing it a chance at victory."

The message, whether delivered in fun or with fervor, seems plain enough to catch the dullest eye. Commissions of amateurs or ignorant congressmen! Always hopeful liberals! An academic to his fingertips! Conditioned by their free press to think the worst of their intelligence community! An actively hostile Communist dictatorship ninety miles off the coast of Florida! Bemused with détente and SALT talks! Politicians! The fighting spirit of the Army! Good God! How much longer can we depend upon a plucky handful of despised Cold Warriors to recover our strayed Hastings memoranda, to hold the Soviet enemy at bay?

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

PETER THE GREAT, by Robert K. Massie (Knopf; $17.95). An intelligent, absorbing account of a personality, a nation, and a period. Mr. Massie shows that the czar who started to modernize Russia according to Western standards was in fact continuing a trend that had already begun. As it happened, Peter's foreign policies affected Western Europe's leaders—Louis XIV, William III, Marlborough, George I—as well as the Swedish warrior-king Charles XII, various claimants to the Polish throne, and assorted sultans and khans on Russia's southern and eastern borders. Peter was born in 1672, acceded in 1682, took power in 1689, and died in 1725. He was enormous, energetic, and insatiably curious. He was endlessly fascinated with gadgets and machines but had little capacity for abstract thought. Though he visited such comparatively liberal states as England and Holland, he never ap-

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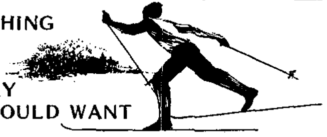

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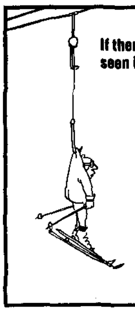

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preciated the connection between their wealth and their liberty, and his own reforms only strengthened Russian autocracy. Resistance in the Russian state became a matter of inertia. Suspecting his heir, the Czarevitch Alexis, of secret opposition, Peter had him tortured (and possibly killed). Peter's reign was almost wholly devoted to war, but Russia, with all its space and men, has always been able to survive defeats that would ruin smaller nations. This is an exceptional book, helpful in explaining Russia today as well as in delineating its past.

LOST NEW ORLEANS, by Mary Cable (Houghton Mifflin; $21.95). A new volume in the elegiac series that includes "Lost Boston," "Lost Chicago," and "Lost New York," and by far the most funereal of the lot. New Orleans, founded in 1718, has always been peculiarly prone to disaster: its boggy situation ("Perhaps *predicament* is a better word," the author notes) has always made building difficult and for many years was an annual invitation to yellow fever and malaria; its climate is hot and humid; it sits astride a regular hurricane route; and it was until very recently firmly in the grip of a guiding philistinism. This last, as it applies to architecture, is Mrs. Cable's chief concern. The architecture of New Orleans, both private and public, has embraced a vigorous variety of styles—Greek Revival, Gothic, Creole, Italianate, Moorish—and its buildings have just as vigorously been destroyed by fire, fashion, and greed. Mrs. Cable's text is generously supported and supplemented by pictures—architectural drawings, elevations, engravings, photographs—of interesting houses and public buildings, some saved by the efforts of the Louisiana Landmarks Society (founded in 1950), but more—many more—accompanied by captions such as "The house has now been replaced by a condominium," "It was razed in the mid-1970s," "Became a victim of . . . road-building activities in the 1950s." Mrs. Cable is an engaging writer, and she keeps her rage at still another example of America's business-first philosophy effectively under control.

SQUIRREL BOOK, by Eugene Kinkead (Dutton; $13.95). The squirrel considered here is the Eastern gray squirrel—the nimble native of Central Park and suburban back yards

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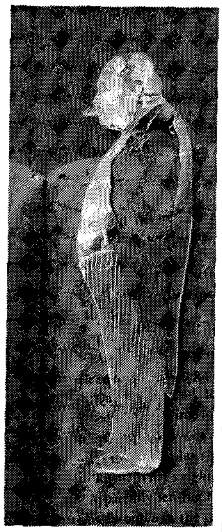

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that is taxonomically known as *Sciurus carolinensis*. Some time ago, Mr. Kinkead wrote a piece for this magazine about the Central Park squirrels which provoked a wide response, and the letters he received from all over the world sparked this bright and engaging little natural history, which touches on all aspects of the *S. carolinensis* cardholders—their domestic arrangements, their dietary habits, their aerial athletics, their inventiveness and ingenuity, their sassy appeal. Spirited drawings by John Hamberger.

COSMOS, by Carl Sagan (Random House; $19.95). This book, which interlocks with the television series of that name, will come as an often charming, sometimes eloquent surprise to people who may have been put off by what they have seen of the series. There are recollections of Sagan's rather lonely childhood in Brooklyn, full of visions of the stars; there are delightful anecdotes of his gaffes as a young student-scientist; and there is a great deal of solid scientific information, lucidly presented. Sagan is basically a planetary astronomer, and the book is best when he sticks to his specialty; when he ventures into other areas —particle physics, say—the exposition falters. There is one disturbing feature of the book's plentiful illustrations: many of them are artists' conceptions of scientific phenomena, and a non-scientist cannot be sure where the artist's imagination leaves off and the science begins. Very few scientists would have had the nerve to write a book like this, with all its possibilities for disaster. Sagan has done a remarkably good job.

NOTE: Brendan Gill's "The Dream Come True: Great Houses of Los Angeles," with photographs by Derry Moore, has been published by Lippincott & Crowell ($40). The text originally appeared in *The New Yorker* in somewhat different form. . . . "Selected Poems," by Mark Strand, some of which were first printed in these pages, has been published by Atheneum ($10.95 cloth, $5.95 paper).

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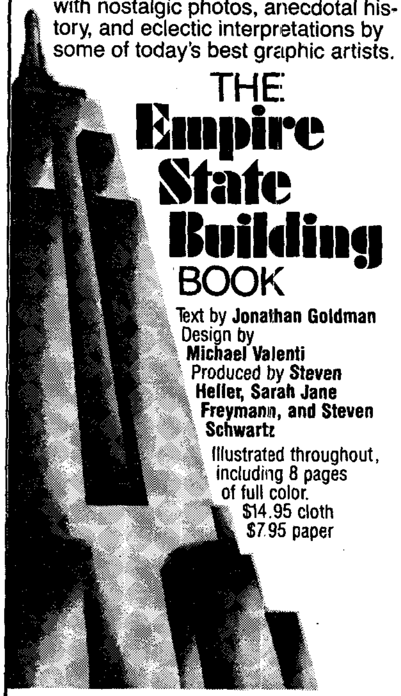
DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From the Hartford Courant*]

A state Department of Education report has suggested closing the Mystic Oral School for hearing, speech and language-impaired students as one way to combat declining enrollment.



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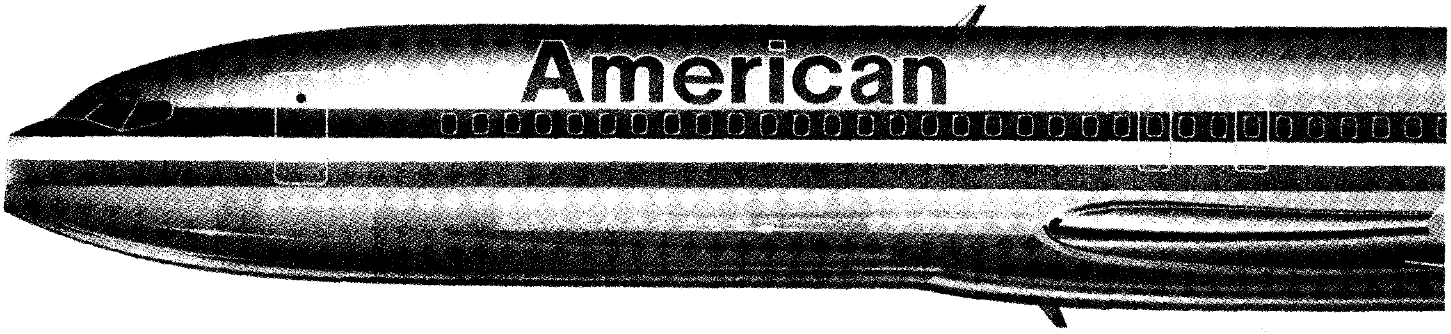

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